St. Nicholas

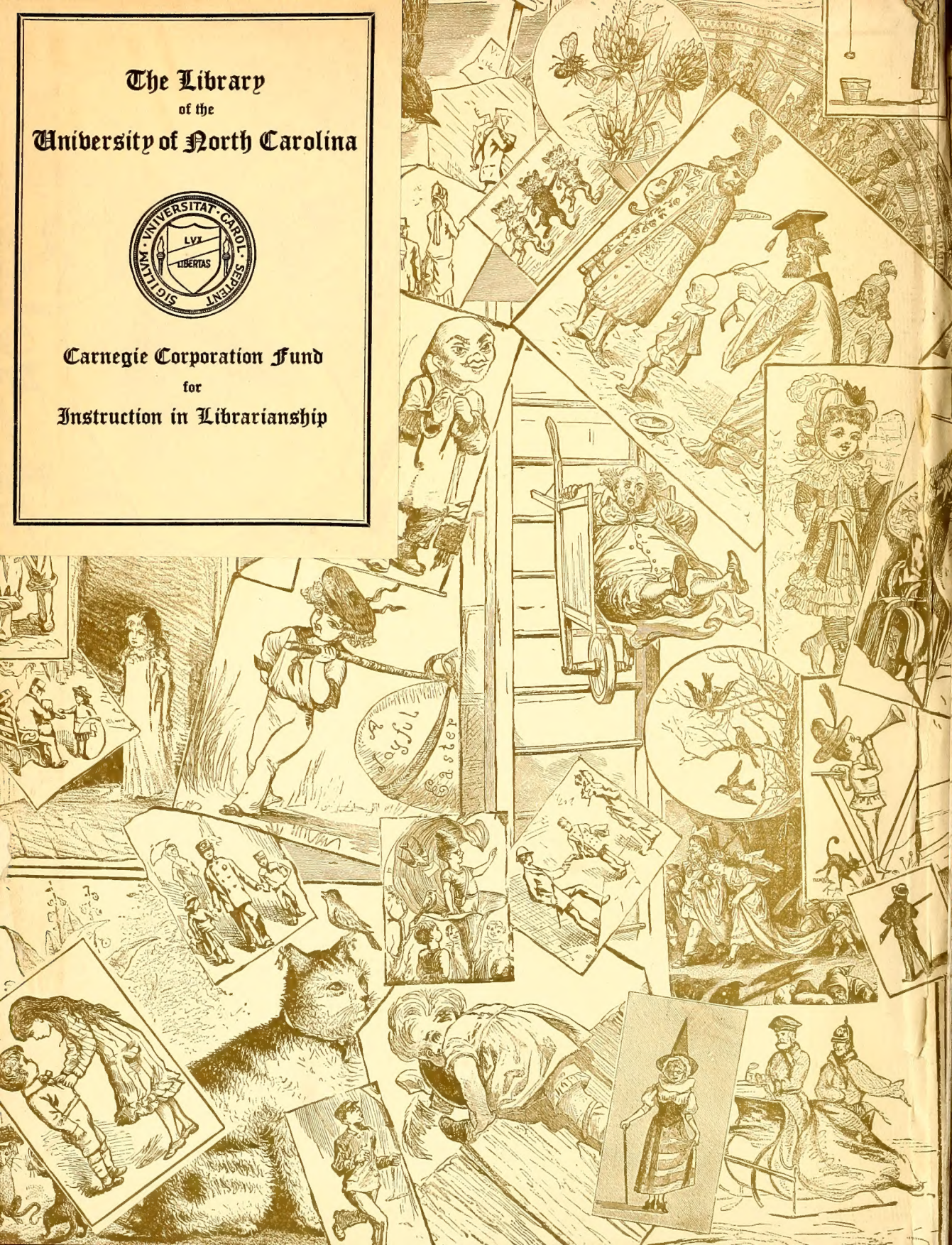
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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XXII.

PART II., MAY, 1895, TO OCTOBER, 1895.

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VOLUME XXII.

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SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1895, TO OCTOBER, 1895.



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IN FAIRYLAND.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXII. MAY, 1895. NO. 7.

WHAT BEFELL MELAATIJ.

BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

MELAATIJ lived with her grandmother in a little thatched cottage on the edge of the village of 'sGravendeel, in Holland. The cottage was built of yellow and black bricks set in curious figures, and there was a low door so cut in the middle that, while the lower part was closed, the upper part might be opened. It was painted green, and was quite overgrown with hop-vines. Beside the door was a long wooden bench, and on this bench might be seen several huge cans of brass, shining like gold in the sun. When it is said that there were two square windows, and a huge chimney about which the swallows flew, there is little to add.

Inside, the floor was made of bright, red tiles, and just opposite the door was the hearth, with the fireplace, huge and set with blue tiles; and over the fire of peat hung a large iron pot on a crane; and from the pot, which had a shiny brass rim, came a most appetizing sputtering and bubbling sound.

On one side of the room, and almost filling it, was a large mahogany double-decked bed, built into the wall, like a closet, with doors which were to be closed tightly to keep out the draughts at night—such a queer bed, with bright tulips painted in staring colors all over it. Arranged in a line on the wall were a number of old Delft plates and pitchers and mugs, and these, with the huge chest of linen, constituted the household treasures.

The houses of 'sGravendeel, after the fashion of most Dutch villages, were all built after one model, their gable ends facing the road which followed the dijke along the canal. And at either end of the village was a huge windmill, painted black and white, with long arms, on which were wide sails of tanned canvas, looking like brown velvet against the sky.

Except on market days, few people came through 'sGravendeel; and rarely was any noise heard, save the screaming of the geese, or the rumble of the two mills. The road along the dijke led from the neighboring village of Deel-op-den-Dyke to Dort; but, as I say, except on market days, people very seldom wanted to go to Dort, and the people of Dort seemed never to think of Deel-op-den-Dyke. So, save the waving arms of the two windmills, and an occasional sight of one of the miller's men, all dusty white, setting the sails in the direction of the wind, there was little stirring in the village.

With the first beams of the sun, the thrifty peasants betake them to the fields; and they work their small plots of land to such purpose that the whole country, as seen from the high windows of the mills, resembles a huge patchwork of different tones of green.

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"GROOTMOEDER STOOD KNITTING AWAY BY THE DOOR."

The women are as busy as the men in Holland,—indeed, busier: for while the men rest and smoke at the noon hour, the gleaming knitting-needles are brought out by the *vrouwen* (wives), and the blue stocking grows several inches.

But about Melaatij:* It was quite late in the afternoon, and Grootmoeder stood knitting away by the door of the little yellow and black house just under the waving arms of the mill. As her lips moved, counting the stitches, her eyes wandered along the dijke, and at length rested upon a cloud of dust, from the midst of which came a prodigious cackling of geese, and the shrill voices of children. On they came, the geese screaming, running, waddling, and flying ahead of the children, who, arm in arm and stretched across the dijke, drove them before, with a great stamping of their wooden shoes.

As they passed the mill, Grootmoeder caught sight of a little figure in a crimson bodice in the middle of the line of children.

Grootmoeder could hardly believe her eyes.

"Melaatij!" she screamed. "And is it thou? And where is black 'Tessij'?"—grasping the little one by the arm, and gazing down into her flushed, rosy face.

"*Ja, Grootmoeder.* I left her in the polder the apple-tree by," said the abashed Melaatij, hanging down her head.

"And alone? and thou knowest



BLACK TESSIJ UNDER THE APPLE-TREE.

* Pronounced "Mel-lat'ty," ij being the same as y; "Grootmoeder" is grandmother.



"A LARGE MAHOGANY BED BUILT INTO THE WALL, LIKE A CLOSET."

that Mijnheer Van der Brügge has vowed that he will her in the pound put, if he finds her the dijke upon again! Go thou, and bring her home! Hast thou thy mind lost, that thou leavest the best cow in 'sGravendeel to wander alone the polder in? And whilst thou chasest the geese for others! A great maid as thou art, with the head of hay upon thy shoulders! Off with thee to bring home the black Tessij before thou dost thy supper get!" And hardening her heart to the grieved look upon the child's face, she closed the door with a sounding slam.

Off went little Melaatij down the dijke, her blue skirt flying in the breeze, and her wooden shoes clattering noisily.

But black Tessij — the finest cow in all 'sGravendeel — where was she?

When Melaatij left her under the apple-tree in the polder, to join the throng of children after the geese, forgetting in her haste to close the gate of the bridge over the sluice, black Tessij saw her chance, and started upon a tour of her own; and where should she take it into her head to go, but up the dijke, to the big house of the mill-owner of 'sGravendeel, who owned the finest tulip-beds in all the country around.

Black Tessij proved that she had an eye for color; for when she came to the gate leading from the dijke to Mijnheer Van der Brügge's garden, and found it fast, she jumped lightly over it, selected the costliest and most variegated bed in the garden, went and lay down in the midst of it, and, calmly fetching up her cud, fell to chewing it as if a tulip-bed was the most natural resting-place in the world for a cow.

So that when Melaatij reached the apple-tree in the polder, black Tessij was nowhere to be seen. In vain she called and called and clapped her hands; she could hear nothing save the screaming of the geese in the distance, and the echo of her own voice coming back to her from the dijke, which wound its dusty way along the canal. Back she climbed again, thinking she might have missed her among the bushes as she came along; but no sight of the cow was to be seen.

After a moment's reflection she set off along a footpath that led across the polder to a clump of trees and dense underbrush surrounding the ruins of what had once been the great castle of 'sGravendeel, which had been destroyed a hundred years before.

"I shall find her here," thought Melaatij, as she ran along and, following the path, entered the cool shade of the trees. It was a lonely place, but the child knew no fear. She loved

the wood, the great trees, the ferns, and the mosses that grew rankly among the ruins. And soon she entirely forgot black Tessij, in the delight of the cool, soft moss and the tiny flowers that bespangled it.



MELAATIJ AND HER GROOTMOEDER.

She followed a lizard that jumped across the path and scurried away among the ferns, and failing to find his hiding-place, she sat herself down on the moss, and leaned against one of the huge blocks of stone that were scattered about, and conned over to herself the wonderful stories she had heard her Grootmoeder tell of buried treasure, and of Heer Baron Graafe who had lived in the castle, and the beautiful lady whom he had so illy treated that she died; and of the gold and silver he had wrung from the peasants, and hoarded and buried in iron chests in the woods. How he suddenly disappeared, and no one ever saw or heard of him afterward. How people had searched and dug for the treasure, but no one had been able to find it.

It was the belief in the village among the peasants that the treasure could only be found at sunset by a maid who had suffered a great misfortune.

This part of the story had ever been full of the most delightful mystery to Melaatij. She did not understand it in the least, but that only added to the charm. She had often wished that she might suffer; for that, she assured herself, would be to look like the statue of the Virgin in the Groote Kerk (great church) at Dort, and wear a long white veil, and a wreath of flowers. Melaatij often gazed long at the sweet patient face.

She had never suffered anything in her life, save perhaps a scolding from Grootmoeder when

she did not make the butter come fast enough in the long-handled churn; and — but she suddenly remembered that she was suffering now: for, had she not lost black Tessij, the finest cow in all 'sGravendeel? She mounted the ruined wall, and looked over into what had been the cellar of the castle.

The sunshine gilded the stones in spots here and there, and the ferns grew rank. A bird hopped along through the bars of sunshine on the grass, and eyed her curiously, as who should say, "Well, little girl, what can I do for you?" Then he twittered prettily, and who knows but what he was trying to tell her that black Tessij was in the best tulip-bed in the whole of Miingarden?



"HUNDREDS OF BUTTONS BEGAN TO RUN OUT."

"How nice it would be," mused Melaatij, with her eyes fixed on the bird, "to find a huge chest of gold, and go home proudly to Grootmoeder, and, as the chest was brought in by the men (for of course she could n't carry it herself), to say grandly:

"Here, Grootmoeder, is a chest of gold for thee, that thou mayst in thy old age peace and plenty have."

Yes. She would have Pieter and Jan Swijzel from the mill to carry the chest, and maybe she would give them a whole silver gulden each. (A gulden was as high as Melaatij had ever calculated.) Yes, a whole gulden each; and with the rest of the treasure they (she and Grootmoeder) would go to Dort and live. Yes, in a fine house near the Groote Kerk; and they would have pudding on the table every day, and she would not forget to buy the spectacles for Grootmoeder, whose eyes had been failing her of late, so much so that even the large print in the huge Bible would sometimes run together: upon which Grootmoeder would sigh, close the book, lay it carefully away in the closet, and resume her knitting.

Yes. Pieter and Jan would carry in the chest before all the village, and she would say grandly and proudly to Grootmoeder, "See! I have the treasure found for thee — the treasure of the Heer Baron Graafe!"

Perhaps it was buried just beneath where she sat! Mounting the ruined wall, she seated herself upon a loose stone, and bethought her of a lucky rhyme in vogue among the children, and which they always repeated whenever they happened to lose anything:

"Een-ah, twee-ah, drie-ah, Graacht,
Vijf-ah, zes-ah, zev'n-ah, Maacht!"

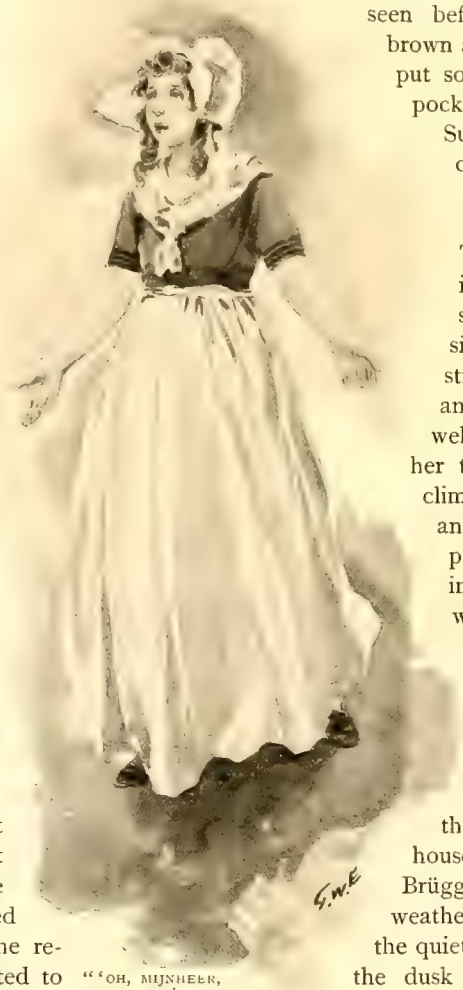
Nobody knew in the least what it meant, but that did not matter at all. It was lucky, and that was sufficient.

While repeating the lucky rhyme she beat time to it with her little sabots upon the stone;

and when she came to the final word "Maacht," she gave such a kick that off flew the sabot down among the weeds below. Slipping down from the spot where she had been sitting, she parted the thick bushes with her hands, carefully avoiding the nettles, and pushed her way among the thick ferns to the spot where she could see the point of the white sabot gleaming. The branches, springing back, almost blinded her; and, putting out her hands to keep them away, she suddenly felt the ground crumbling under her feet. She clung to the ferns and weeds to save herself, but the effort was useless, and down she went, with the stones and loose earth rattling and falling all about her. One stone struck her on the head. She saw for a moment the green leaves and the patch of golden sky above her; then all grew dark before her eyes, and she knew no more.

When little Melaatij opened her eyes again, the light was but faintly shining through the trees, for it was well-nigh nightfall. For a moment she did not realize where she was, or what had happened. But finally the pain in her head and her bruised knees became so bad that she remembered her fall, and attempted to rise, catching at a sort of projection which jutted out from the steep bank above her; but to her horror it moved loosely, as if it would fall. She had barely time to roll to one side ere the whole mass fell outward, and seemed to crumble away. The shape of it was square, and so remained; and when she touched it she realized that it was iron, but so rusted that it was like flakes of rotten wood.

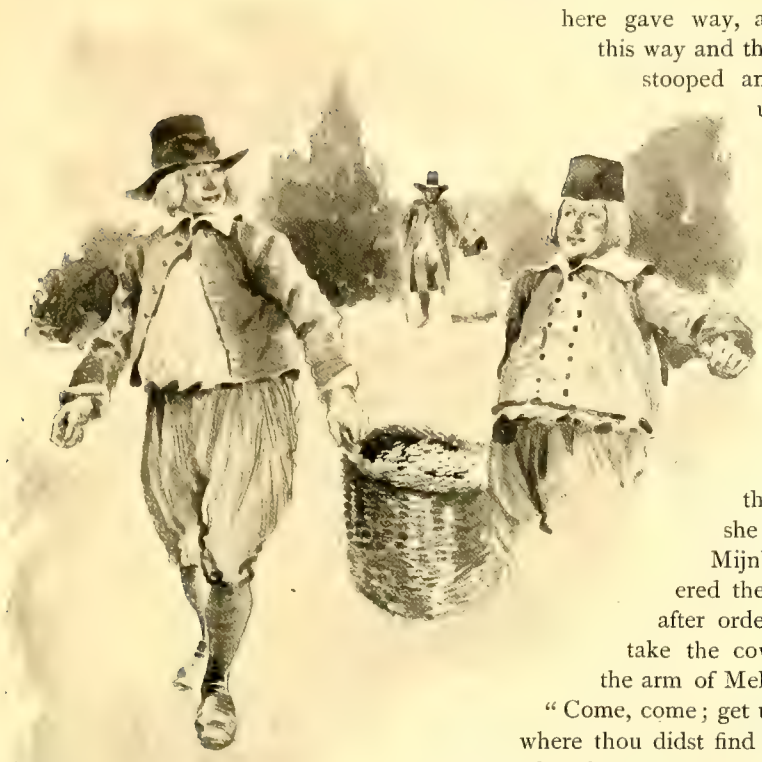
There were some rags in the square shape, and she gingerly poked them about until what seemed to be hundreds of buttons began to run out of the discolored mass in a stream. She stooped and picked some of them up, and examined them closely. They seemed to her to be like money, but such queer money — the like of it she had never seen before, and it was so brown and black, too! She put some of them into her pocket.



"'OH, MIJNHEER, DON'T TAKE TESSIJ!'"

Suddenly from afar off came the "moo!" of a cow, and at once she knew it for black Tessij's cry. And then it all came to her that she had lost black Tessij; and, forgetting the stream of queer brown and black buttons, as well as the cruel bruise on her temple, she hurriedly climbed up the steep bank, and ran swiftly along the path through the wood in the direction from which had come the sound of black Tessij's cry.

At the edge of the wood she paused an instant. She could see the top of the towers of the great house of Mijnheer Van der Brügge, and also the brass weathervane shining against the quiet evening sky. Below, the dusk hid the dijke; but there came sounds of shouting, and once the familiar bellow of black Tessij. On she ran now swifter than ever, and finally reached the small foot-bridge that led across the sluiceway to the dijke, then up the steep steps; and there she saw a crowd of villagers excitedly talking together, and among them Mijnheer Van der Brügge and the poundmaster, driving black Tessij before them. She screamed aloud at this.



"THEY LOADED THE BASKET."

"Oh, Mijnheer, oh, don't take Tessij! Oh, *als 't U belieft* (if you please)!"

At this Mijnheer Van der Brügge turned, and seeing a little girl with a torn skirt and only one sabot, and a huge bruise on her white forehead, on her knees at his feet, exclaimed:

"What! and is it thou, Melaatij? And dost thou know what thy black duivel of a cow has done? Well, then, I 'll tell thee," he said, as Melaatij sobbingly shook her head. "She has spoiled three hundred guldens' worth of rare tulips; and for this —"

How much more Mijnheer would have said no one knows; for at that moment, such was the little thing's terror at hearing of this damage to the tulip-bed, she excitedly struck her knees with both hands, so that her apron pockets, which she had filled with the queer brown and black buttons that she found in the wood, here gave way, and the contents rolled this way and that about her. Mijnheer stooped and picked some of them up. Then he glanced at her in astonishment.

"How now," he said harshly; "and where and how didst thou come by these?"

"Ah, Mijnheer," said the little thing, in terror, "I found them in the wood, *als 't U belieft;* and there are hundreds and hundreds more. I fell on them, Mijnheer." And then she began to cry.

Mijnheer stooped and gathered them all up carefully, and after ordering the poundmaster to take the cow poundward, he seized the arm of Melaatij, and said:

"Come, come; get up and show me quickly where thou didst find these. Dost thou know what they are?"

"Nay, Mijnheer, *als 't U belieft.*"

And then Mijnheer rapidly walked on in the direction from which the little one had come — so rapidly that she was well-nigh out of breath when they arrived at the wood's edge. There Melaatij led the way, and soon they came to the spot where she had fallen; and there was the same little bird hopping along, his head on one side, knowingly gazing at them; but Mijnheer did not care for the bird, or indeed seem to see it at all; for he said: "Now, where is the place where thou didst find these?"

"There — there, below, at the bottom of the bank, where the stones are loose," said Melaatij, pointing to the place.

And down leaped Mijnheer. Soon he gave a cry: "Go to my house and bring Jan at once, and Cläes also, and bid them fetch a basket."

Well, to make a long story short, Melaatij soon returned with the two men, and they soon loaded the basket with the queer brown and black buttons which Melaatij had found. But

you must know that they were not buttons at all, but pure gold and silver coins — so many of them that I am afraid to name the amount. For this was the long-hidden treasure of the Heer Baron Graafe, and the place where Melaatij so luckily fell had been the very spot where no one had thought of searching for it in all the many long years that it had lain there. Of course, having found the treasure, Melaatij was entitled to a certain part of it; and after the money was delivered to the Heer Treasurer at Amsterdam, and the rightful heirs appeared, and the money was divided, the Treasurer sent word to Melaatij that twelve thousand gulden (nearly $5000) was in the bank in her name.

Think what a proud moment it was in Melaatij's life when the messenger arrived in the town, and asked to be directed to the domicile of Jufvrouw Melaatij Taat, and the whole village escorted him to the neat cottage, where the official notice was delivered to the little girl, and receipted for by Mijnheer Van der Brügge, who was appointed her guardian! And there has been no more talk of the terrible deed of black Tessij, nor indeed of punishment for Melaatij; for she is now a little heiress, and is at school in Amsterdam — and who knows what else there is in store for her? — while Grootmoeder is living comfortably at the great house of Mijnheer Van der Brügge. And I may say that grootmoeder now has little trouble in reading the Bible, for she has a new one of larger and clearer print, and a beautiful new pair of gold-bowed spectacles, through which better to read the letters. And from where I am writing I can see the two mills waving their velvety-brown arms against the sky.



A MODEL CHILD.

By Helen Hopkins.

Her temper 's always sunny, her hair is ever neat;
She does n't care for candy — she says it is too sweet!
She loves to study lessons — her sums are always right;
And she gladly goes to bed at eight every single night!

Her apron 's never tumbled, her hands are always clean;
With buttons missing from her shoe she never has been seen.

She remembers to say "Thank you," and "Yes, ma'am, if you please";
And she never cries, not frets, nor whines; she 's ne'er been known to tease.

Each night upon the closet shelf she puts away her toys;
She never slams the parlor door, nor makes the slightest noise;
But she loves to run on errands and to play with little brother,
And she 's never in her life been known to disobey her mother.

"Who is this charming little maid?
I long to grasp her hand!"
She 's the daughter of Mr. Nobody,
And she lives in Nowhereland!

TEDDY AND CARROTS:

TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

By James Otis.

Chapter I.

A NEW-COMER.

"Say, boys, come 'round over here by the fountain, an' I 'll show you something!" Skip Jellison shouted to a party of his friends who were seated on a curbstone, not far from the Newsboys' Lodging House, gravely discussing a business proposition which had been made by Sid Barker.

"What 's the matter?" Reddy Jackson asked, replacing his fragment of a hat.

"Come over here; an' you must be quick about it, or the show will be ended."

Skip was so excited that his acquaintances and friends concluded it must be something of considerable importance to cause him to move in such a lively manner, and they followed him a short distance down the street, until it was possible to have a full view of the fountain.

There the cause of Master Jellison's agitation could be seen.

Seated on the edge of the iron basin, with a newspaper parcel unrolled in front of him, was a boy, apparently about twelve years of age, who, to the newsboy spectators, looked painfully neat and clean. Skip and his friends saw that the boy was a stranger in the city.

The new-comer had taken from their newspaper wrappings a small cake of yellow soap, and a piece of cotton cloth.

Laying these on the iron edge of the fountain basin, he calmly proceeded to wash his face and hands, using a plentiful amount of soap; and then, to the intense astonishment of the spectators, applied the impromptu towel vigorously.

"Well, that fellow 's too good for down town!" Skip said in what he intended for a sarcastic tone. "He b'longs up at the Fif' Avenoo."

"Oh, he 's jest got in from the country, an' is goin' to buy Brooklyn Bridge," Sid suggested.

"Look at him! Jest look at him!" Skip cried, in mingled excitement and anger that the boy should be so criminally neat.

The stranger had taken from his valise of paper a comb, which he calmly proceeded to use, the water in the basin serving as a mirror; and then, to the surprise and disdain of the spectators, he gave his clothes a vigorous brushing with a whisk broom.

"Well, see here!" and Skip spoke in the tone of one who is uncertain whether it is best to laugh or be angry, "that feller 's makin' me tired. S'pos'n' we go over an' give him a shakin' up, jest for fun. Come on!" and Skip led the way across the street at full speed.

The stranger looked up calmly when they approached, but betrayed neither astonishment

nor alarm; and Skip involuntarily halted a few paces away, as he asked gruffly: "Say, young fellow, what 're you tryin' to do?"

"Can't you see?"

"I thought I did; but these chaps here made sure there must be some mistake about it."

The boy gazed critically at those who were surrounding him, and then replied:

"Well, 'cordin' to the looks of the whole crowd, I should *think* you might be s'prised to see a fellow wash his face an' comb his hair."

"Now, don't get too fresh," Sid said threateningly, as he stepped forward to Skip's side. "We did n't come here to git the 'pinion of any country jay."

"Then why did you want 'er know?"

"'Cause. Say, you 'd better mind your eye, young fellow, if you count on stayin' 'round this city very long. There was a chap jest like you come down here last week tryin' to put on airs: an' his folks are huntin' for him now."

"Well, you need n't be worried anybody 'll be lookin' for me, 'cause there 's nobody wants to know where I am. So go ahead, if I 've been doin' anything you perfessors don't like."

Sid apparently decided that it was hardly advisable for him to make too many threatening gestures, because the stranger was not at all disturbed by them, and even seemed disposed to court the possibly dreadful encounter.

He finished brushing his clothes, and then packed his "valise," by rolling the different articles carefully in the newspaper. Then, instead of going away, as Skip and his friends seemed to think he should have done as soon as they arrived, he stood with his hands on his hips, as if waiting for them to take their departure. For a minute no one spoke, and the silence was really painful.

The newsboys were mentally taking the measure of this stranger who appeared ready to defy them; and the latter finally asked impatiently: "Well, what 're you fellers countin' on doin'? I reckon I 'm no great sight for you to stand lookin' at."

"Do you live here?" Skip asked.

"I 'm goin' to now. Had it tough enough gettin' here, an' don't feel like leavin' till I 've found out what there is in this city."

"Where did you come from?"

"Up Saranac way."

"Rode down in a parlor-car, I s'pose."

"Then you s'pose wrong, 'cause I walked."

"You don't look it." And once more Skip scrutinized the stranger carefully.

"I don't reckon I do. I count on keepin' myself kind er decent. It does n't cost anything for a feller to wash his face, comb his hair, or have his clothes clean, an' there 's many a time when it 'll pull him through in great shape."

"Goin' to live on the interest of your money, I s'pose?"

"Well, you s'pose right this time," was the quiet reply. "That 's my calkerlation; but it 'll be on what I earn, not what I 've got."

"Dead broke?"

"Not quite," and the boy took from his pocket a number of pennies, holding them in one hand, while he guarded himself against a possible attack. "There were twenty of 'em when I come 'cross the ferry, an' I b'lieve none of 'em have got away since."

"What are you goin' to do here?" Sid asked, beginning to fancy that possibly this stranger was a boy whom it would be worth his while to cultivate; and, in order to show his friendliness, he seated himself in a studied attitude of careless ease on the edge of the basin, while the others immediately followed his example.

"Whatever will bring in money enough for my keep, an' a little over."

"Thinkin' of sellin' papers?" Reddy asked.

"I reckon that 'll be 'bout the first job, 'cause I 've got to make money enough for my supper, or dig too big a hole in my capital."

"What 's your name?"

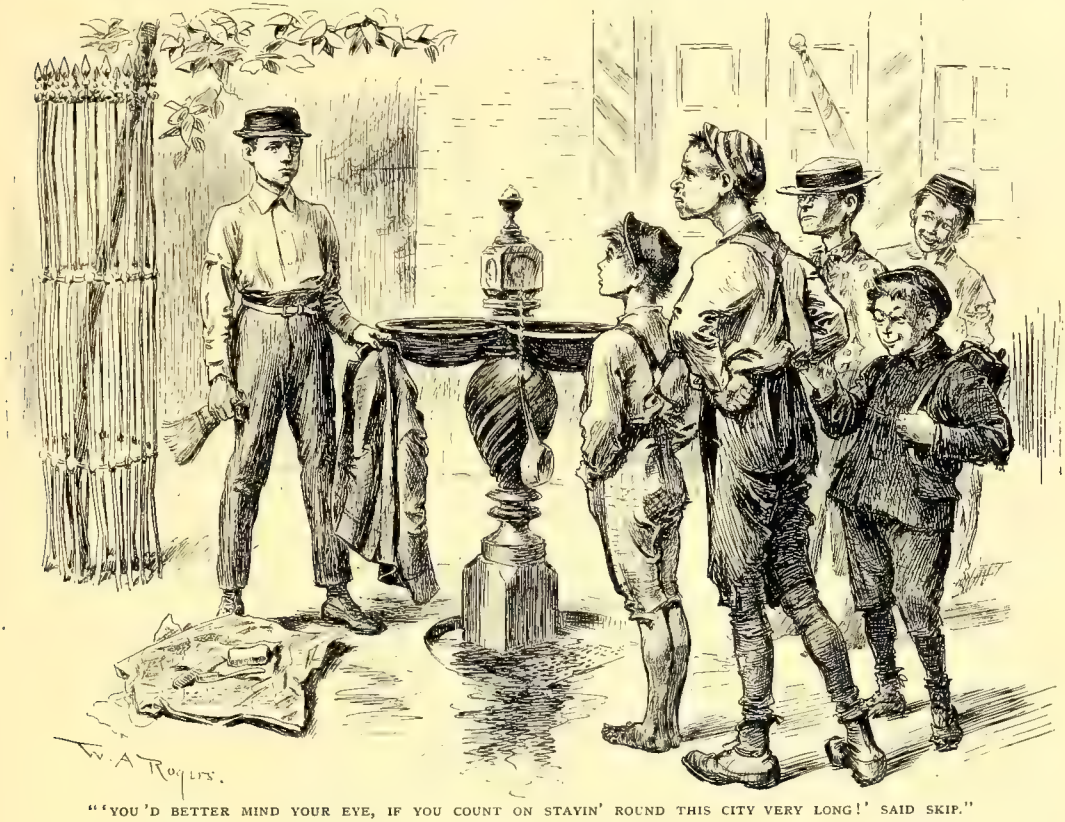
"Teddy Thurston."

"Do you s'pose the fellers down here, what run the newspaper business, are goin' to have you comin' in takin' the bread an' butter out er their mouths?" Sid asked angrily.

"No, I don't reckon they will; but you see I 'm not after that exac'ly. You fellers 'll never find me tryin' to get your bread an' butter; but I 'll tell you what you can count on for a fact," and now the stranger spoke in a very decided tone, "I 'm reckonin' on stickin' to the newspaper business, if there 's any money in it, jest as long as I want to. I did n't travel all the way down here to get scared the first

day. You see, I figger it 'bout like this: Sam Thompson, he came to the city last summer, an' some fellows—I don't know whether it was you or not—made it hot for him. It was n't more 'n a week before he was glad to walk back, although he came down in the cars. Now I thought I 'd begin right where Sam left off: I 'd walk the first way, an' then, perhaps, would show a green hand how to get his papers, an' where the best places were, eh?"

"That 's jest 'cordin' to how you start in, young fellow," and Sid arose to his feet in order to make his words more expressive. "If you want to go to work, an' mind your eye, I don't know but it can be done; but you won't get along this way. You 're puttin' on too



"'YOU 'D BETTER MIND YOUR EYE, IF YOU COUNT ON STAYIN' ROUND THIS CITY VERY LONG!' SAID SKIP."

stand a better chance of ridin' the other, if I had to go; but it 's got to be boys what are bigger than I am to scare me out er the plan. *I've* come to stay."

"Oh, you have?" and there was no mistaking the fact that Skip was sarcastic. "We may have something to say 'bout that."

"Then you want 'er talk quick, 'cause after I 'm settled down, it 'll be a pretty hard job to make any trade with me."

"Where you goin' to begin business?"

"I don't know yet. I 'll look 'round a while, an' catch on before night, somewhere. I reckon there are fellows in this town that many frills—that 's what 's the matter with you, an' they 'll have to be taken off."

"Well, perhaps they will"; and Teddy turned as if to leave his new acquaintances. "You see, I 'm pretty green, an' may be countin' on doin' too much. I 'll try it a spell, anyhow."

"We allers 'low, when it 's 'greed a new hand can go to work, that he stands treat the first thing."

"Oh, I see! Well, I don't have to do that, 'cause it ain't been 'greed yet. When I want you fellows to tell me what I can do, perhaps I may come down 'cordin' to your idees; but jest now I 've got too much business on hand";

and the stranger walked away, as if these young gentlemen, who claimed to control the newspaper business of New York City, were of no especial importance in his eyes.

"Look here, fellows," Skip said wildly, for he always contrived to work himself into a state of intense excitement over the most trifling matters, "the way he 's going on now, he 'll be the boss of Newspaper Row before mornin', 'less we take a hand in it."

"What are you goin' to do?" Sid asked in much too quiet a tone to suit his excited friend.

"Thump his head the very first time he tries to sell a paper, to start with, an' run him out er town before ter-morrer night."

"I don't see how you can tackle him now when he ain't doin' anything."

"Of course not; but he brags he 's goin' to; an' the first time he tucks a bundle of papers under his arm, I 'll give him one to remember!"

"Look out you don't git it the same 's you did last week, over in Brooklyn!" Teenie Massey cried in his shrillest tones, which hardly ever failed to excite Master Skip's anger.

"Don't you mind how I got it over in Brooklyn! I 'll tend to my business; you tend to yours. If we waited for you to do anything, we 'd all be bald-headed," was Skip's answer to this taunt; but Teenie was not at all abashed. It was his favorite amusement to arouse Skip's anger, and rely upon his diminutive stature to escape a whipping; for Master Jellison prided himself upon his ability to flog any fellow of his size in New York. "You fellows meet me in front of *The Times* office at noon, an' I 'll show him up in great shape, 'less he comes to hisself before then, which I reckon he will, 'cause he 'll never have the nerve to stand up ag'in' the whole crowd of us," said Skip.

Meanwhile the stranger was apparently giving no heed to the young tyrant who had decided it would be impossible for him to remain in the city; but continued on his way down-town, ignorant of, and perhaps careless regarding, the fact that he was to be debarred from earning a livelihood by selling newspapers, if Skip Jellison's power was as great as he would have others believe.

CHAPTER II.

THE ASSAULT.

THE appearance of the clean-looking boy, even though his clothes were rather shabby, attracted no particular attention among the small army of newsboys and boot-blacks to be found in the vicinity of City Hall Park; and Teddy Thurston was enabled to survey the scene around him without interruption.

During a few moments he interested himself in what, to the country lad, must have been a bewildering scene; and then, mentally "pulling himself together," he began to watch the young gentlemen who were selling papers.

Near by him were several boot-blacks who appeared to be doing a flourishing business; and he said to himself, jingling the coins in his pocket, as if trying to revive his courage:

"If I had money enough to buy brushes an' a box, I b'lieve I 'd black boots for a while. It seems as if there was a good deal of profit in it. One of those fellows has earned fifteen cents since I stood here, an' I 'm sure the paper-sellers are n't doin' so well."

Just at that moment a small boy, with particularly red hair and a stubby nose on which was a large smudge of blacking, finished his work of polishing a gentleman's boots, and pocketed with an air of satisfaction the three extra pennies which had been given him.

Then, standing very near Teddy, he whistled in the most contented manner possible.

The boy from Saranac looked at him a moment, as if trying to decide whether the city fellow would be willing to give the desired information, and then asked:

"Say, what do the brushes cost?"

"I paid Ikey Cain forty cents for these two," the stranger replied without hesitation, as he displayed the articles last mentioned. "They 're good ones. I could n't have got 'em less 'n a dollar down on Fulton Street."

"That settles me," Teddy said, as if speaking to himself; and then, without particular animation, he inquired, "What 's the cost of the boxes?"

"Oh, the fellers don't buy these; they make 'em. All you 've got to do is ask some man in a store for one, an', if he gives it to you, find

a chunk of wood an' whittle out this top part. It 's the blackin' what takes the profits off. I paid twenty cents for that bottle last Monday, an' it 's more 'n half gone already."

Teddy ceased jingling his coins, and was about to turn away, when his new acquaintance asked: "Was you thinkin' of shinin'?"

"Eh?"

"I mean was you goin' inter the business?"

"No, I can't; have n't got money enough. I reckon I 'll have to sell papers for a while."

"You 'll be jest as rich," the small boy said as he added another smudge of blacking to his nose by rubbing it in a thoughtful manner. "You see, when it rains, the fellers can sell papers all the same; but we have to lay off 'cause nobody wants their boots shined in wet weather. Where do you live?"

"Well, about anywhere, now. You see, I jest come down from Saranac, to find out how I could earn my livin'."

"What was you doin' up there?"

"I worked for Farmer Taylor a spell, but he would n't give me more 'n my clothes; an' when a fellow has to work a year on the farm for sich a rig-out as I 've got here, it don't seem as if he 'd get rich very soon."

"I ain't so sure," the boy with the blackened nose said, as he surveyed the stranger. "You seem to be rigged out pretty swell, an' I guess they fed you well enough — gave you all you wanted, eh?"

"Oh, yes, I got enough to eat, an' a fair place to sleep in; but it seems as though a fellow like me ought 'er have more 'n that, if he works hard all day for it."

"Well, I s'pose he had; but you see there 's a good many times when business is dull 'round here, an' if you have n't got the cash to pay right up to dots for a room, you 'll have a chance to sleep where you can. I 've been thinkin' of goin' on to a farm, myself; but I don't seem to get ahead fast enough to make a break."

Teddy was rather pleased with this new acquaintance. The red-haired boy was the first in the city who had treated him with the slightest degree of friendliness, and it would have been gross carelessness to neglect him.

"What 's your name?" he asked, as he moved slowly toward one of the benches, with an air which invited the boot-black to sit down.

"Well, it 's Joseph Williams; but nobody 'round here calls me that. The fellers sing out 'Carrots' when they want me, 'cause you see my hair is red."

"Yes, I could tell that in the dark," Teddy said with a smile, as he looked at Master Williams's flame-colored head.

"I don't care what they call me. If it does 'em any good to sing out 'Carrots' whenever I go by, why, let 'em do it. But that 's what makes me think 'bout goin' to farmin'."

"What is?"

"'Cause they yell so much 'bout carrots. I don't know as I 'd like sich things, for I never eat any; but it seems as if a feller that 's so red-headed as I am b'longs in the country."

"I don't know how you make that out."

"Neither do I; but that 's the way it looks to me. Must be nice to be where there 's grass, so 's you can get up in the mornin' an' run 'round in the fields."

"Yes; but that 's what you would n't be doin'. If you was livin' on a farm you 'd have to hustle, an' there 's enough work in the mornin' without runnin' 'round the fields, I tell you."

"What did you use ter do?"

"Well, first place, I fed the cows. We did n't keep any sheep; but I looked after the hosses an' pigs, an' then there was a pesky little calf that gave me lots o' trouble. But look here," Teddy added quickly, "there 's plenty of time for me to tell you 'bout a farm. Jest now I want 'er do somethin' to earn my livin'. Can you show me where to get some papers?"

"Are you goin' inter the business sure?"

"Only for a little while. I don't count on sellin' papers all my life. You see, I 'low to make money enough so 's I can go inter somethin' reg'lar for myself."

"Oh, you do, eh?" and Master Carrots indulged in a bit of sarcasm. "Well, I reckon it 'll be a pretty long while before you earn that much. You 'll be mighty lucky to have all you want 'er eat, an' a place to sleep. What have you got in your pocket?"

"Nothin' pertic'lar. That 's my baggage," and in order to prove his friendliness toward the red-haired stranger, Teddy displayed the

contents of the newspaper parcel, greatly to the surprise of his new acquaintance.

"What 's that little brush for?"

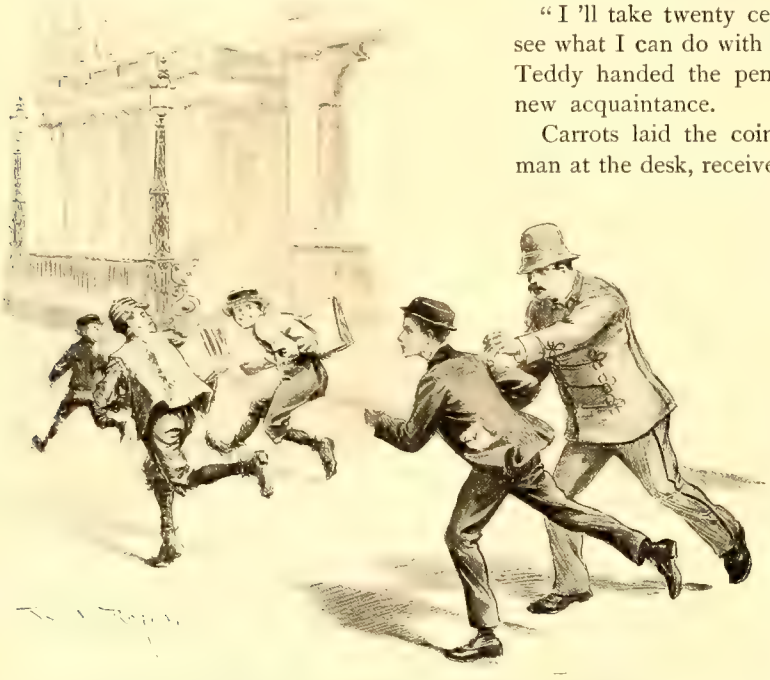
"Why, to clean my teeth, of course."

Carrots looked at his new friend in surprise which amounted almost to bewilderment.

"Well," Teddy asked, "what 's the matter?"

"Well, seems as if you was puttin' on a good deal of style for a feller that has n't got money enough to buy the outfit for the boot-black trade."

"I don't know as there 's anything so queer 'bout that; but you fellows seem to think there 's no call to keep yourselves lookin' clean."



TEDDY IS ARRESTED, WHILE HIS ENEMIES ESCAPE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Well, you see, we don't claim to be swells."

"Yes, so I see," Teddy replied; then he added: "Say, these fellows seem to be sellin' a good many papers. S'pos'n' you show me where to buy some?"

"All right; come along"; and, slinging his box over his shoulder, Carrots started across Printing House Square, threading his way in and out among the vehicles in a manner which seemed to Teddy almost criminally reckless.

More than once, before the short journey was ended, did the boy from Saranac fancy he would be trampled under the feet of the horses; but by dint of his own exertions, aided now and then by a vigorous pull from his guide, he was soon standing in an ill-ventilated room, where half a dozen fellows were clamoring for round, flat pieces of brass.

"Here—I don't want those," Teddy said, as Carrots led the way to the desk where the disks were being sold.

"But you 've got to have the checks if you count on gettin' papers. Give me your money. How many do you want?"

"I 'll take twenty cents' worth, anyhow, an' see what I can do with them as a starter"; and Teddy handed the pennies confidently to his new acquaintance.

Carrots laid the coins in front of the busy man at the desk, received the bits of brass, and with them went to the counter on which large numbers of newspapers were lying, where he received Teddy's first stock in trade.

"Find out what the news is, an' yell the best you know how," Carrots said, pushing the young gentleman from Saranac toward the street door; and five minutes later the new merchant was following his friend's advice to the letter, by crying his wares in such a manner as excited the mirth of the other dealers.

"It seems to me I ain't doin' this jest right," Teddy said to himself, and then he waited a moment, listening to the more experienced venders.

It was not long before he succeeded in imitating their cries, and had already sold four papers when Skip Jellison, who was accompanied by his friends Sid Barker and Teenie Massey, appeared in view.

"There he is!" Teenie cried in his shrillest

tones. "Now let 's see you go for him! He 's actin' as if he owned the whole town!"

Skip prepared for battle by rolling up his coat-sleeves, and settling his dilapidated cap more firmly on his head. Then, running swiftly forward, he confronted Teddy as he was on the point of selling a paper to a gentleman through a horse-car window.

Skip did not wait to be attacked, for he believed in striking the first blow as a means of confusing the enemy; and before Teddy recognized the boy who had threatened him, he received a severe blow in the face which caused him to reel backward.

The paper fell from his hand, the horse-car continued its way, and this important transaction in news was nipped in the bud, to the serious loss of the young merchant.

Teddy was bewildered for an instant, as Skip had expected, and he did not recover his self-possession until Master Jellison had struck him once more, this time without serious effect, since the blow, being a hasty one, glanced from the boy's shoulder.

It sufficed, however, to throw Teddy's stock of papers into the mud of the street, thereby ruining several so that they would not sell to fastidious customers; and this, more than the injury received, aroused Teddy's ire.

The boy from Saranac may have been ignorant concerning the customs of the city, but he was thoroughly well aware that it was necessary to defend himself; and an instant later Skip found he had quite as much on hand as he could attend to properly.

Teddy, giving no heed to his wares, struck out with more strength than science, and forced his adversary to beat a swift retreat.

"Now you 've got it!" Teenie shrieked, as if delighted that Skip had met an opponent who was a match for him.

But Skip paid no heed to Teenie, and, raising his fists as an invitation to Teddy to "come on," awaited the conclusion of the battle, confident as to who would be the victor.

Teddy had no idea of holding back; for this attack was but the beginning of a series which were intended to drive him out of business, and it was necessary it should be repulsed if he wished to earn his livelihood by the sale of newspapers.

Therefore he advanced boldly, and aimed what was intended for a stinging blow at his antagonist's face; but it was met by Skip's arm, and before Teddy could raise his hand again, Teenie squeaked loudly and shrilly enough to have been heard at the post-office:

"Cops! Hi, fellers, here 's de cops!"

Teddy was wholly at a loss to know what was meant by this cry, although he understood it was one of warning; and as he looked around to ascertain the cause, Skip turned and immediately started at full speed across the park, intent only on escaping from the blue-coated guardians of the peace.

With a cry of triumph, Teddy followed in pursuit; but before he had traversed twenty yards a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he found himself in the clutches of one of the park guards.

"I 've made up my mind that this sort of thing 's been going on long enough," the officer said, shaking the boy from Saranac as he led him toward the approaching policeman. "You little ragamuffins seem to think this park 's kept for you to fight in, but now I 'm going to show you what 's what."

"Just let me get hold of the fellow who knocked my papers in the mud, and I 'll show *you* what 's what!" Teddy cried, not understanding that he had been arrested. "They are n't goin' to drive me away from this town, if I know myself."

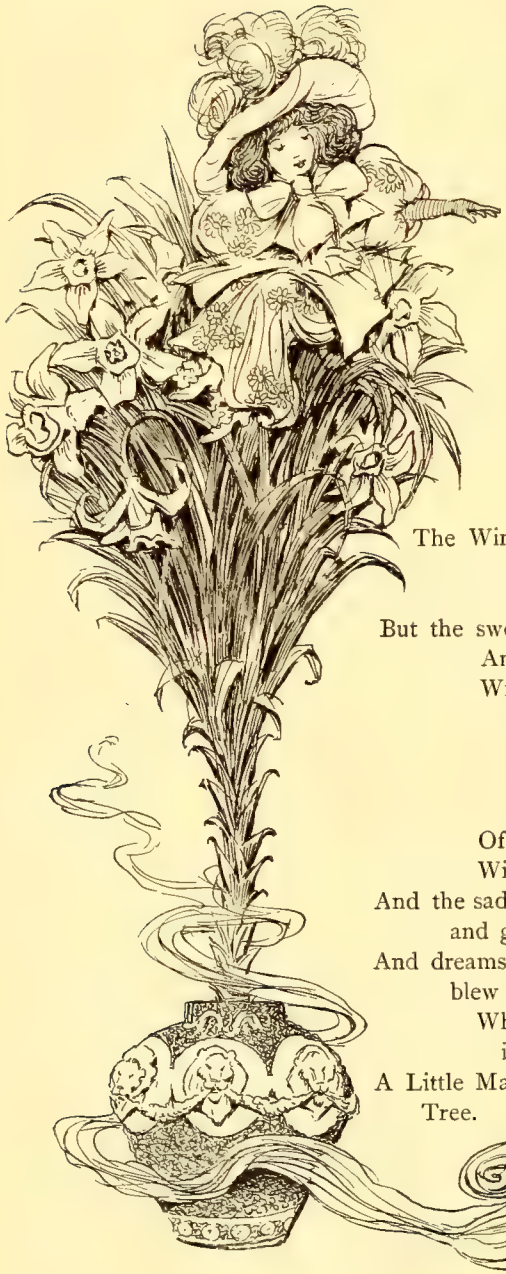
"Well, now there won't be anybody able to do that till after you settle with the court," the guard said, as he handed his prisoner over to the policeman; and Teddy's face grew pale as he realized that his attempted entrance into the business community of New York city was to be checked in an ignominious manner.

(To be continued.)

The Jonquil Maid.

(A Springtime Fancy.)

By Arthur Macy.



A Little Maid sat in a Jonquil Tree,
Singing alone, in a low love-tone;
And the Wind swept by with a wistful moan;
For he longed to stay
With the Maid all day;
But he knew,
As he blew,
It was true
That the dew
Would never, never dry
If the Wind should die;
So he hurried away where the rosebuds grew.
And while to the Land of the Rose went he,
Singing alone, in a low love-tone,
The Little Maid sat in a Jonquil Tree.

The Wind swept back to the Jonquil Tree
At the close of day,
In the twilight gray;
But the sweet Little Maid had stolen away,
And whither she 's flown
Will never be known
Till the Rose,
As it blows,
Shall disclose
All it knows
Of the Maid so fair
With the sunset hair.
And the sad Wind comes, and sighs, and goes,
And dreams of the day when he blew so free:
When, singing alone,
in a low love-tone,
A Little Maid sat in a Jonquil Tree.

A RAIN-SONG.

By Evaleen Stein.

Tinkle, tinkle,
Lightly fall
On the peach-buds, pink and small;
Tip the tiny grass, and twinkle
On the willows green and tall.

Tinkle, tinkle—
Faster now,
Little rain-drops, smite and sprinkle
Cherry-bloom and apple-bough!
Pelt the elms, and show them how
You can dash!
And splash! splash! splash!
While the thunder rolls and mutters, and the lightnings flash and flash!

Then eddy into curls
Of a million misty swirls,
And thread the air with silver, and embroider it with pearls!

And patter, patter, patter
On the mossy flags, and clatter
On the streaming window-pane.

Rain, rain,
On the leaves,
And the eaves,
And the turning weathervane!

Rush in torrents from the tip
Of the gable-peak, and drip
In the garden-bed, and fill
All the cuckoo-cups, and pour
More and more
In the tulip-bowls, and still
Overspill
In a crystal tide, until
Every yellow daffodil
Is flooded to its golden rim, and brimming o'er and o'er!

Then as gently as the low
Muffled whir of robin wings,
Or a sweep of silver strings,
Even so
Take your airy April flight
Through the merry April light,
And melt into a mist of rainy music as you go.

A BIRD-CALL.

By Sara M. Chatfield.

Bird of the azure wing,
Bird of the silver note,
Come! for it is the spring,
And high the white clouds float.
Come, bluebird, come!

Bird of the crimson breast,
Robin — we miss you well;
Robin, we love you best.
Come! for the cowslips swell.
Come, robin, come!

Bird of the circling flight
'Gainst twilight's pearly skies,
Soft call the winds of night,
Lonely the water cries —
Come, swallow, come!

CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

By Albert Stearns.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

Chapter IX.

"Go away!" shrieked Bob. Instantly the genie disappeared.

"What 's the matter with you, Bob?" demanded Chris, determined not to reveal the secret of the lamp if he could avoid it.

"Did n't you see it?" quavered his cousin, his teeth chattering.

"Did n't I see what?"

"Why, that thing over by the window. I could n't have imagined it."

"I don't see anything there," said Chris.

"It is n't there now," replied the trembling Bob; "but — but — Chris, I believe I 've had a nightmare."

"You 'd better lie down and go to sleep," advised Chris.

"I don't feel as if I could sleep any more to-night. It must have been that cake I ate at the sewing-circle; but still, that was more than twenty-four hours ago."

"Well, you shut your eyes, and I guess you 'll get to sleep without any trouble," said Chris.

Just then there came a sharp rap upon the door.

"Who is it?" asked Bob.

"It 's me," was the reply, in the shrill voice of Mrs. Storms. "I wish yeou tew boys would remember that my room is right under yeourn, an' stop cuttin' up. Ef yeou don't, I 'll hev tew wake up yeour folks, fer I *ain't* a-goin' tew be kep' awake *all* night."

"We won't make any more noise, Mrs. Storms," said Bob, as he turned over and closed his eyes, whispering to his cousin: "I hope I sha'n't have that same dream again."

Chris mentally echoed the wish as he slyly removed the lamp from under the pillow and placed it on the table by the bedside.

In a few minutes both boys were asleep again; when they awoke it was broad daylight. Bob had "slept off" the impression made upon him by the genie, and laughed and joked about his supposed nightmare while he dressed. He told the story at the breakfast-table, and Mrs. Storms remarked darkly that in all her life she had never "heern tell of ennybody with a clear conscience hevin' a nightmare."

As soon after breakfast as he could escape, Chris went out to the barn with the lamp under his coat, and summoned the genie.

The erratic spirit appeared in a shape even more terrible than that he had chosen to assume on the occasion of his last appearance. This time he looked like a composite lion and unicorn, with a slight suggestion of a war-horse.

Chris had prepared himself for a shock, but he could not help starting nervously as the genie materialized out of thin air. However, he said sharply:

"I 'll trouble you to change yourself into Pulsifer Jukes again, in as quick time as possible."

The command was instantly obeyed: the next moment the genie stood before his master in the semblance of that benevolent-looking old man.

"That 's always the way," he grumbled. "You never stick to one idea more than an hour at a time. I thought you gave me the privilege of appearing in any shape I pleased."

"So I did," replied Chris, sternly; "but you 've abused it, and henceforth I want you to appear as Pulsifer Jukes unless I give you orders to the contrary. Why, you nearly exposed the entire business by the way you acted last night."

"I only did my duty," said the genie, sulkily. Then he added, "And I sincerely wish that young fellow had retained possession of the lamp. I liked his looks."

"And you don't like mine. Is that what you mean?" asked Chris.

"I did n't say so," returned the genie; "but really I *don't* see, for the life of me, why you make such a tremendous secret of the fact that you have gained possession of the lamp."

"We won't discuss the point now," said Chris. "I want to get you to do something for me. I 've been appointed pitcher of the Lincolnville Baseball Club, and there 's to be a game this afternoon. Now, I want to win that game for the Lincolnvilles."

"Oh, you do?" said the genie, with a peculiar smile.

"Yes, I do. Now, between ourselves, I 'm no pitcher at all, and I want you to help me out."

"You mean that you expect me to give you the ability to win the game?" questioned the genie.

"That 's it."

"Well, I can't do it."

"Wh-what?" stammered Chris, in dismay.

"I say I can't do it. I 'm about as able an all-round genie as you 'll find in a day's walk; but I have my limitations, and I can't make you over. If you want to be able to pitch, why, go ahead and learn how. Practise, watch other pitchers, attend all the games you can, and in time you may be able to play respectably."

"But good gracious!" exclaimed Chris, aghast, "the game comes off this afternoon."

"Oh, you can't pitch in that game," said the genie; "that 's out of the question. But I 'll tell you what I 'll do: I 'll take your place."

"Did you ever play ball?" asked Chris.

"Never; but you know *me*," laughed the genie. "Yes, I 'll take your place, and no one will ever know the difference."

"No, you won't," said Chris, stubbornly. "I 'll play myself, and I 'll win, too."

"Let us hope so," said the genie, shrugging his shoulders. "If you want me, send for me. I don't think I 'd better make any engagement for this afternoon."

"You may go," said the boy, abruptly; and his slave vanished.

Chris was greatly disappointed by the outcome of this interview. He left the barn, filled with misgivings as to the result of the game. How bitterly he now regretted his success in gaining the confidence of the Lincolnville boys! If he failed to make good his promise, he would be the laughing-stock of both nines.

His nervousness communicated itself to Bob, who could not imagine what had "come over" his cousin, and that afternoon the two boys appeared upon the ball-ground with very long faces. Bob had begun to fear that Chris was going to make a failure of his self-imposed task, and Chris was almost sure of it.

The field was located in a pasture just back of Bob's house. As Chris entered it, he was met by Nat Marston, who was captain of the Dusenbury nine. Nat greeted him with:

"Why, hallo, Chris; what are you doing here?"

"I 'm in Lincolnville on a visit to my cousin; that little fellow over there."

"Bob Green? Oh, I know him; did n't know he was your cousin. So you 're going to be one of the spectators, eh?"

"Not exactly," replied Chris, assuming an air of importance. "I 'm to pitch for the Lincolnvilles."

"Wha-a-at?" cried Nat, in astonishment.

Chris repeated the assertion.

"How did they happen to put *you* in?" asked Nat, with a stifled laugh.

"Because they thought I could fill the bill," returned Chris, stiffly.

"Well, I 'm glad they did"; and Nat ran off chuckling to tell his men the news.

A few minutes later the game was called; the Lincolnvilles were at the bat, the Dusenburys in the field.

The Dusenbury pitcher was looked upon by the boys as a phenomenon, for he was master of a very peculiar and difficult curve. On this occasion he began well for his reputation, for two of the Lincolnvilles struck out without touching the ball.

"Now, then, show us what you can do, Wagstaff!" shouted Sam Reid, the captain of the Lincolnville nine, to Chris, who was third batter; at which several of the Dusenbury boys smiled audibly.

As a "teaser" the pitcher delivered a ball that was beyond Chris's reach. He struck at

it, missed it, of course, and the umpire promptly called:

"One strike!"

The plainly expressed derision of the Dusenburys added to poor Chris's nervousness, and he allowed a fair ball to pass without striking.

"Strike two!" shouted the umpire.

Then Chris "swiped" excitedly at another wild ball; and, amid the uproarious laughter of the Dusenbury boys, the umpire declared:

"Three strikes, and out! Side out."

The crestfallen Lincolnvilles took the field. As Chris entered the pitcher's box, the captain said to him, half angrily, half entreatingly:

"Now go ahead and show what you are made of."

"I will, I must!" muttered Chris. "There 's no such word as fail."

But in this case there was. When, after a great preparatory splurge, that was watched sneeringly by the Dusenbury boys and in silent, breathless expectation by the Lincolnvilles, he delivered the ball, it hit the first Dusenbury batter.

"Take your base!" called the umpire.

With an ugly look at Chris, the batter trotted down to first; and several very uncomplimentary comments on his playing reached the pitcher's ears—for which they were probably intended.

Then two men in succession took their bases on balls, which made three bases full.

At this point Phil Burns, who was considered a "crack" batsman, came to bat, and knocked a ball down against the barn. This was the longest hit ever made on that field; three men were brought home on bases, while Phil made a home-run. The game then stood four for the Dusenburys to nothing for the Lincolnvilles.

During the remainder of the inning the Dusenburys batted Chris all over the field, to the intense disgust of the Lincolnvilles, who were not allowed to change pitchers, which they would have done could they have gained the consent of their opponents. When they were finally put out by a foul fly, captured by the catcher, and two field flies, caught by Bob and the left-fielder, the score stood thirteen to nothing.

The Dusenburys trotted out into the field with a very jubilant air; the Lincolnvilles were correspondingly depressed.

"It was a mighty lucky thing for us," Chris heard the Dusenbury catcher say, "that those fellows took it into their heads to put Wagstaff in as pitcher."

"I don't see it," grumbled the boy to whom he spoke. "Why, there 's no fun in the game; it 's simply a walk-over."

Before Chris had recovered from this blow, Bob came running up, his chubby face crimson with excitement and mortification.

"See here, Chris," he began, "what 's the matter with you? The fellows are all going for me because I had you put in. Why, you 're ruining everything! For goodness' sake, brace up!"

"I guess things will go better in the next inning," responded Chris, with a sickly smile. "I 'm sure they will."

At first they did. Eight runs were scored before it came Chris's turn at bat, when he promptly struck out. The man who followed him sent a hot grounder into the left field, making a beautiful base hit; after which, by skilful base-running, he stole his way around, getting in another run for the Lincolnvilles. The next man succeeded in getting to third base, where he was caught by a tricky play between the baseman and the pitcher, and walked down to the bench with an air of angry disgust. The next player was stopped at first, which sent the Lincolnvilles into the field again.

"See here, Wagstaff," shouted the captain, as Chris advanced toward the pitcher's box, "you can take the right field. We 've had enough of your pitching for a while."

As Chris walked away in deep humiliation, he heard Bob appointed pitcher. This added to his nervousness, and in his new position he muffed two easy flies; and the Dusenbury boys scored eleven more runs on that inning.

Chris 's ill luck continued; and at the end of the sixth inning the Dusenburys were eighteen ahead.

At this juncture Chris walked up to Sam Reid and said shortly:

"I want leave of absence for a few minutes."

"What for?" asked the captain.

"I — it 's time for me to take my medicine."

"Well, I guess you need it," said Sam, pointedly. "Go ahead, but get back in time to take your place as fourth striker. We 'll have to go right on."

It *was* time for Chris to take his medicine, but it was not for that purpose that he ran back to the house.

"I 'll show them!" he muttered fiercely as he ascended to his room. "Those Dusenbury fellows will be laughing out of the other side of their mouths before the next inning is over."

He unlocked his valise and took out the lamp and rubbed it; instantly Pulsifer Jukes stood before him, a broad grin on his face.

"I 've been expecting you to call me for the last hour," he said. "Really, I don't know when I 've laughed so much."

"You 've seen the game, have you?" asked Chris, trying to assume a careless air.

"Yes," giggled the genie, "I had the curiosity to be on hand. Such playing! He! he! he! Say, did you ever see a game of base-ball before? Honest, now!"

"Between you and Bob and the rest of them," returned the boy hotly, "I was so rattled that I could n't play at all."

"That 's right, blame me!" shrieked the genie. "Why don't you say it was all my fault? See here, what do you want this time?"

"I want you to change yourself into my double and play the game for me."

"*Enough said!*" And the genie rushed from the room.

From his window, Chris saw his representative take his place to strike. The three men preceding him had all made base hits, and the bases were full. The genie's appearance was greeted by a despairing groan from the Lincolnvilles, and one boy said:

"If we only had a batter like Phil Burns he would bring in these three men; but there 's no show now."

The first ball was an easy one, but the genie missed it by at least a foot; at which a Dusenbury boy called out, "He has holes in his bat!" and every one laughed, though the manifestations of mirth on the part of the Lincolnvilles were by no means as boisterous as those in which the Dusenburys saw fit to indulge.

When the genie failed to hit the second ball, Chris murmured despairingly:

"He can build palaces, but he can't play ball for sour apples. I might have known — By jingo!"

The genie had struck the third pitched ball such a terrific blow that the bat broke in two. Toward the barn, then over it, went the ball, every boy in the field staring at it in amazement. Phil Burns's hit was as nothing compared with it.

Down near third the Lincolnville coacher was shrieking frantically:

"Sprint, you snails, sprint! Gre-e-at Scott! *was n't* that a dandy crack!"

The attention of the spectators was almost diverted from the three men already on bases, who were running for home, by the amazing swiftness of the genie as he scudded down to first. Having arrived there, he stopped and stared about him, an expression of perplexity upon his face, as if looking for the ball.

In his excitement at this singular conduct on the part of his representative, Chris entirely forgot himself, and yelled, "What 's the matter with you? Run!" But luckily the tumult on the diamond was so great that no one heard him.

"What on earth ails you, Wagstaff?" shouted the captain. "Have you gone to sleep there?"

By this time the boy who had been on first when the strike was made reached third, and started for the home-plate, the other two having already scored.

The genie now apparently roused himself, and resumed his run at the same rate of speed that had so astonished the boys when he was on his way to first. He crossed second base like an express train, whizzed down to third like a flash; and in another second, after nearly running over the man ahead of him, landed on the home-plate, having first turned a complete double somersault.

He did not appear to be in the least out of breath as he cried:

"Score Wagstaff!"

A scene of frenzied enthusiasm in the ranks of the Lincolnvilles followed; the Dusenburys seemed paralyzed with astonishment and dismay.

Bob rushed up to the genie and shook his hand violently, saying:

"You must n't mind what I said a while ago, Chris — I was excited. Why, I never saw anything like that run in my life."

"Oh, that was nothing!" replied the genie, carelessly. "You 'll see queerer things than that if you stay right here and keep your eye on me. As for what you said, I don't remember anything about it, and it would n't make any difference to me if I did."

"It 's awful good of you to say that," murmured Bob, gratefully.

A new ball was now put into play, a small boy having been despatched in search of the other one.

The genie's feat seemed to have put new life into the Lincolnvilles; every man played, as Bob put it, "for all he was worth." At the end of the first half of the seventh inning, the home club had scored fourteen more runs, the genie having made another astonishing home-run.

The Lincolnvilles now felt that they had a reasonable chance of success; the Dusenburys agreed with them, and were evidently losing heart.

"You 're a queer fellow, Chris Wagstaff," said Sam Reid to the genie. "Why did n't you show what you could do before?"

"That 's all right," responded the playful spirit, with a knowing wink. "There 's more to this business than you have any idea of, my friend. Do you want to put me back as pitcher?"

This was exactly what the captain had intended to do, and he replied:

"I suppose I may as well."

"You could n't do better," the smiling genie replied, and he took his place in the pitcher's box.

As Phil Burns came to bat, the captain of the Dusenburys said to him: "Now go ahead and show what 's in you, old man!" and Phil replied with a confident smile, "Don't worry! I 'll knock Chris Wagstaff all over the field."

As the first ball left the genie's hand, it looked very wild; observing which, Phil decided that it must pass at least three feet beyond the plate. So he stood with his bat over his shoulder expecting the umpire to call a ball. But to his amazement, the ball gave a sudden twist through the air and passed exactly over the plate.

"Strike one!" called the umpire.

"How did Chris ever get on to *that!*" muttered the batter. "Well, no matter. I 'll knock the cover off it next time."

The next ball seemed an easy one, being apparently just where Phil wanted it, and he struck at it with tremendous energy, expecting to put it down against the barn at least. But it seemed to dodge round the end of his bat, and curved into the catcher's hands.

"Strike two!" announced the umpire, while Phil dropped his bat in amazement.

A murmur of applause rose from the Lincolnvilles, but was quickly suppressed by a gesture from the captain.

His face rather pale, Phil picked up the bat, but he could not regain his confidence. The next ball started as well as its predecessor had done; but as the batter struck at it, it seemed to jump at least two feet in the air, and was missed by Phil, though easily captured by the catcher.

"Strike three — striker out!" promptly shouted the umpire.

As Phil walked away, his face expressing all the mortification he felt, Bob Green shouted to the captain, who was playing first:

"Did n't I tell you Chris could do it? Are you sorry you took him now?"

The rest of the Lincolnville Club were quite as delighted as was Bob; if the supposed Chris kept on as he had begun, their triumph seemed assured.

Phil's successor at the bat, who was at best an inferior player, was so completely demoralized by what he had just witnessed that he allowed two good balls to pass without striking at them, and then lunged furiously at one which he could not by any possibility have touched.

As he heard the familiar "plunk" of the ball as it struck the catcher's gloved hands, and the shrill voice of the umpire pronouncing him "out," he dashed the bat to the ground and made room for the next striker, who, though considered strong in his batting, also failed to touch the ball.

As the genie sauntered toward the home-

plate, a complacent smile on his face, little Bob turned a handspring and screamed:

"A whitewash! *We 're* all right, boys!"

The Dusenburys entered the field this time with very long faces; while the Lincolnvilles came up to the bench in a sprightly manner that was in marked contrast to their demeanor of a short time before.

The eighth inning was, from start to finish, a triumph for the home club, which succeeded in obtaining eleven runs, the genie maintaining his — or, rather, Chris's — reputation, making two more home-runs, easy ones, this time. The Dusenburys finally succeeded in getting the Lincolnvilles out, but the genie's pitching was as wonderful as at first, for he struck out three men in rapid succession, placing another whitewash on the visitors. The Lincolnvilles were now seven ahead.

From his station at the window, Chris saw the Lincolnville boys crowding around the genie, and it must be confessed that he felt a little envious.

"He played mighty well, there 's no mistake about that," he muttered; "but why could n't I have done it? I can, another time. I don't like the idea of taking credit for what I have n't done, either. I believe I 'll go down and finish the game. The Dusenburys can't possibly win now."

"I sha'n't need you any more this afternoon," said Chris. "I 'm going down to play the last inning myself."

"You 're *what?*" shrieked the genie, turning almost purple. "Are you crazy? Why, see here, I 've got things fixed now so that the Lincolnvilles are sure to win the game, but you 'll —"

"That 'll do! Disappear!" interrupted Chris.

The next moment he was alone.



"THIS TIME HE LOOKED LIKE A COMPOSITE LION AND UNICORN, WITH A SLIGHT SUGGESTION OF WAR-HORSE." (SEE PAGE 548.)

As the Lincolnvilles gathered near the bench, Chris seized the lamp and rubbed it. Instantly the genie stood before his master.

"What do you want?" he asked excitedly, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "I can't stop to fool with you now. Out with it."

"Where have you been?" asked the captain of the Lincolnvilles as Chris hurried down to the diamond, comprehending that the game had been going on during his interview with the genie. "Been to take another dose of medicine? We want you on hand all the

time; you 're our mascot. Why, since you 've been gone two men have been put out."

"I 'm all ready for business now," replied Chris. "When do I come to bat?"

But Chris performed no such feat; he had become so nervous that he pitched four "balls" in succession, giving the next man his base.

At this the Dusenburys brightened up still



"HE LANDED ON THE HOME-PLATE, HAVING FIRST TURNED A COMPLETE DOUBLE SOMERSAULT." (SEE PAGE 551.)

"Oh, it won't be your turn for some time yet," answered Sam.

As it happened, Chris's turn did not come at all, for the third batsman struck out as promptly as his predecessors.

Having whitewashed their opponents, the Dusenburys came in from the field feeling that if Chris's pitching did not prove too much for them, they still had a slight chance of winning.

The "mascot" went into the box with a good deal of confidence in his ability to do some extraordinary playing. But this feeling was soon dispelled; for the first man at bat knocked a long fly that passed over the center-fielder's head, and he reached third before the ball was restored to the diamond.

At this the Lincolnvilles looked rather startled; but Bob confidently asserted:

"That 's all right; it was nothing but an accident. Watch him paralyze the next man!"

more, and the next man sent an elusive grounder skipping past the short-stop; and, amid great excitement, two men scored, which brought the Lincolnville lead down to five.

Then, although the next batsman successfully "pounded" the ball, it proved an easy fly, and was gathered in by an outfielder.

But in spite of this slight encouragement to the Lincolnvilles, Chris continued to pitch badly, and the Dusenburys filled the bases.

The excitement was now at a white heat. At this critical point it was Phil Burns's turn to strike.

"Now, then," implored Nat Marston, "bring in those men. You can do it if you only think so. The barn is in the same place it was before!"

Chris set his teeth, muttering:

"He sha'n't send it down to the barn *this* time."

Nor did he; but he hit the very first ball, and sent it soaring to the furthest limit of the left field, which had been left open.

The coacher literally howled himself hoarse as the runners tore around the bases and came to the plate in rapid succession, Phil closing with a home-run. The Dusenburys' chance of capturing the honors now seemed very bright; for they had only one man out, and it was necessary for them to make but one run to tie and two to beat.

"We 've got 'em now, boys!" shrieked the Dusenbury captain. "We 'll take 'em into camp, sure as fate!"

The Lincolnville boys were filled with consternation; and Sam Reid asked the umpire to call "time," which favor was granted. Then he walked up close to Chris, and said in a low tone and in a wrathful, threatening manner:

"See here, Wagstaff, you 're 'throwing' this game. If we lose, we shall know whom to blame."

And then, without stopping to listen to Chris's indignant expostulation, he returned to his place, and signaled to the umpire that he was ready to continue the game.

Poor Chris's brain was in a whirl, and he so far forgot himself as to toss in a ball. This, however, proved the best thing that could have happened; for it was quite unexpected, and the batsman sent up a foul fly, which was secured by the catcher.

"Two men out!" murmured Chris. "Now if I can only catch the next fellow, I 'll save the game after all."

But the "next fellow" went to first on balls, reached second on a "pass," stole third, and came home on a "liner" muffed by Chris.

This muff and a wild throw to first allowed the striker to get down to second.

The score was now a tie. If the man on second could reach home, the Dusenburys would be victorious.

Both clubs were now literally breathless with suspense. As the Dusenburys were playing on a "broken leg," the coacher instructed the runner to take every chance; following which advice, he succeeded in sneaking to third. The batter brought him home, and the Lincolnvilles were beaten.

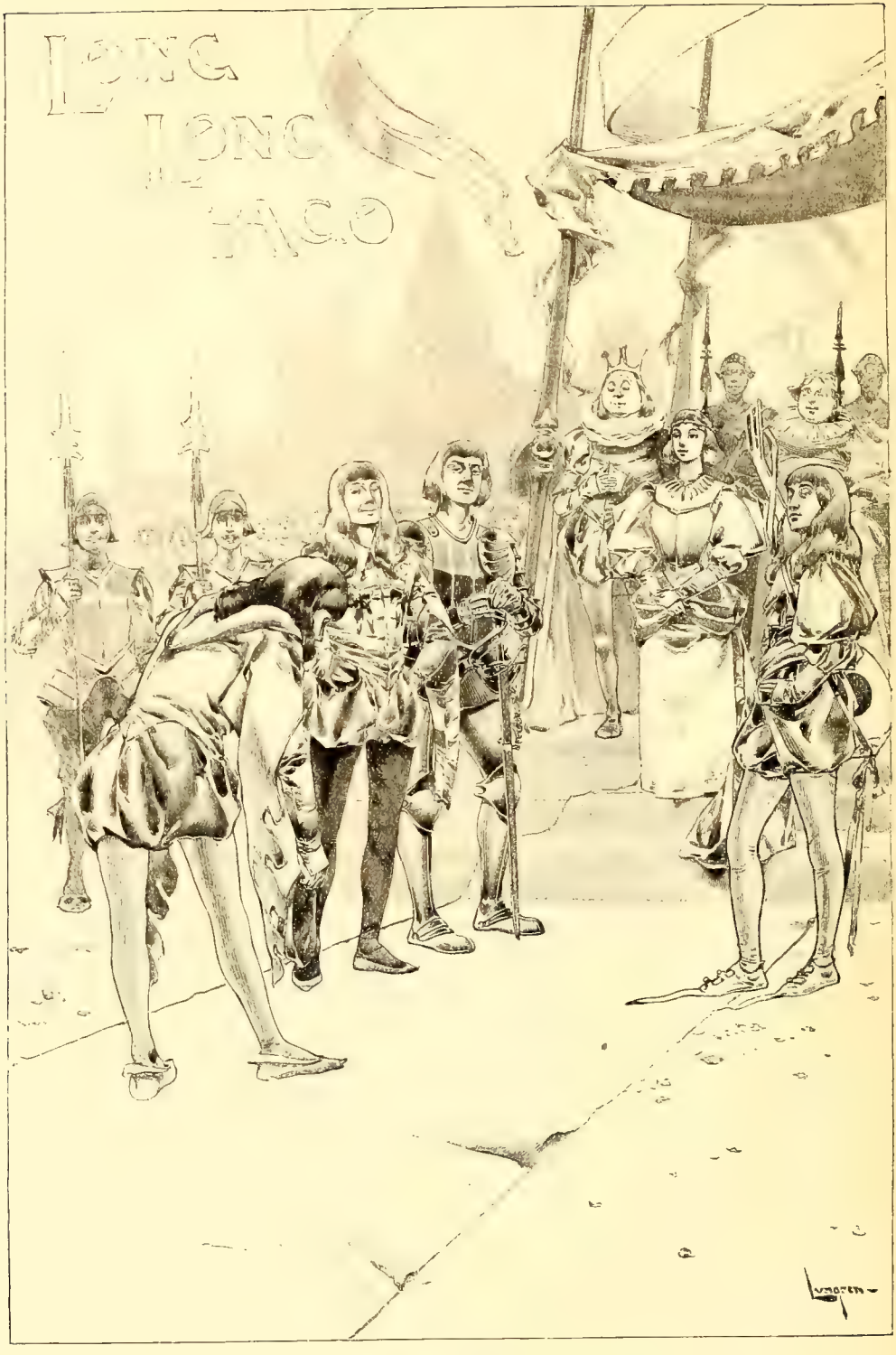
Chris was so sick at heart that he scarcely knew how he pitched the next ball, and he knew still less how it happened that he caught the hot "liner" that came singing from the bat.



"'YOU 'RE WHAT?' SHRIEKED THE GENIE." (SEE PAGE 553.)

Thus ended, in favor of the Dusenburys, the most remarkable game ever played on that field — or perhaps on any other.

(To be continued.)


IAGO

LONG, LONG AGO.

(A Story in Rhyme.)

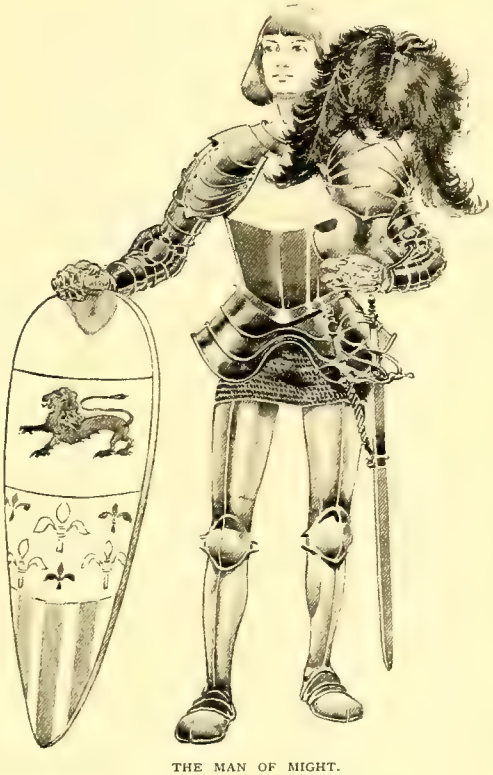
By Tudor Jenks.

Once on a time, long, long ago
(To-day things do not happen so),
There lived a King and a noble Queen
And the fairest Princess ever seen.
She was fair, and she was stately,
And both her parents loved her greatly.
They gave her necklaces and rings,
Toys and candies, and lots of things —
Everything her heart could wish,
To a big glass globe of golden fish,
And a lovely golden thimble, too,
In an elegant case of ormolu.
Now, every Prince in that lovely land
Sought to win her shapely hand.
Some were poor, and some had money;
Some were dull, and some were funny;
Some were brave as Julius Cæsar,
Some were not — but none could please her.

At length the King said, "You must marry:
Indeed, you should not longer tarry.
I 'm getting old, my hair is gray,
I may resign, now, any day;
I don't like you to reign alone —
Some worthy Prince should share your throne.
So choose whatever Prince you may
In any manner, form, or way.
Whate'er you wish, it shall be done;
But fix your choice, my love, on one."
The Queen, too, in her dulcet voice
Remarked: "Indeed, do make a choice.
Propose, then, some ingenious plan
By which we may select the man.
For Princesses, the single state
Is altogether out of date."

The Princess sighed. Said she, "Papa,
I wish to please you and mama.
But really, I would like some hints
To know how best to choose a Prince.
I 'd like to have one rather tall —
A king, I 'm sure, should not be small —
And not too dark, but not too fair;
No dandy, but one dressed with care;
A man as wise as he can be,
But not too wise for foolish me;
A man who writes a sparkling letter,
And if he dances, all the better;
A warrior, if he draws his sword,
A monarch worthily adored —
In short, I 'd have a perfect man,
Or one as near that as I can."

The Queen looked vexed. The father smiled.
"Quite right," he said, "my darling child!
Aim high, and do your best, my dear;
But I have looked for many a year



THE MAN OF MIGHT.

To find within the whole world wide
A Prince who 's worthy such a bride:

And all in vain. But I will do
Whatever you can wish me to.
Some men are wise, and some are bright,
And some in war do most delight;
While others love the peaceful arts.
No actor can play all the parts
Upon the stage. But there 's a plan
By which to find this perfect man.
It shall be tried, and we will see
Exactly what the end shall be.
We 'll summon all the Princes here,
And then we 'll prove them all, my dear,
Until, when every Prince is tried,
The best shall win a peerless bride!"

Full of devotion to the brim.
What parlous feat would one not dare,
To win a Princess sweet and fair
Who brought as portion with her hand
The throne of such a thriving land?

Among them was a Prince whose name
As yet was all unknown to fame;
He 'd learned to fight, and dance, and sing,
But was not best at anything.
But he had pluck, and, lacking skill,
He never failed for want of will.
He did his best.

First, lists were set,



"'QUITE RIGHT,' HE SAID, 'MY DARLING CHILD.'"

From far and near the Princes come
With sound of trumpet and of drum;
On foot, in litters, and by sea —
But all of royal pedigree,
All young, all gallant, all in trim,

And eagerly the warriors met.
With lance in rest and vizor down,
All rode to win the floral crown
With which to deck the royal brow
And win the royal beauty's bow.



THE FOREIGN KNIGHT.

The strongest won: a mighty Knight
Quite six feet tall, in armor bright.

The Prince not best at anything
Fell early in the jousting-ring
Without a word.

Then songs were sung,
And on the breezes sweet notes rung.
The mighty Knight did not appear:
For music he had not an ear—
A stripling clever won the prize,
And blushed beneath the lady's eyes.

The Prince not best at anything
Had even dared to play and sing,
But could not win.

Then came the chance
For those who 'd learned to skip and dance.
In whirls and mazes round they went
Within a lofty dancing-tent;
They pirouetted, slid, and skipped,
And on the very air they tripped.
The Minstrel and the Man of Might
Were certainly nowhere in sight;
The Warrior was by far too strong—
The Minstrel cared for naught save song.

The Prince not best at anything
Essayed a sort of Highland fling,
But yielded to a foreign Knight
Who danced upon a foot as light
As thistle-down, and won the prize
Beyond a doubt.

Then each one tries
His skill at games and riddles fit
To test his nimbleness of wit.
The three prize-winners stood aside,
They did not care to risk their pride
Except where they had proved their skill.
But still strove on the Prince of will.
Here, too, he failed again to win,
But stood quite ready to begin
Another task.

Then said the King:
"The reason that I strove to bring



THE MINSTREL.

Together here these Princes true,
Was that no other plan I knew
By which to find what suitor best
Would prove, when I applied the test.
Some men are good, and some are wise,
And some for skill and enterprise
Are most renowned. In all the band
Which one deserves my daughter's hand?"

Then proudly rose the warrior Knight:
"I am the winner in the fight.
Give her to me. It is my right."

The Minstrel spoke: "The wreath was mine
For minstrelsy. I must decline
To yield my claim. You can but shine
In warfare's arts, and there alone!"

The Dancer spoke in milder tone:
"What is a Prince if lacking grace?
Let War and Song take lower place;
Grace wins the bride of kingly race!"
And all pressed forward, claims to bring,
Save one not best at anything.

Then spake the Princess, very low,
Unto the King: "I did not know—
I cannot dance, nor fight, nor sing.
I am not best at anything.
I fear these others all would be
By far too wise or brave for me!
Pray let them go; and give my ring
To him not best at anything.
Let them each glory in his art,
The Prince who dared has won my heart!"
And so the one who gained the bride
Was he who every contest tried.
Who did not under trial quail
But dared to enter, strive, and—fail!
He did his best at everything,
And proved a really model King.

To-day it might not turn out so—
All this was—oh, long, long ago!



THE ONE WHO GAINED THE BRIDE.

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

By Howard Pyle.

[*Begun in the April number, 1894.*]

Chapter XL.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

As the boat swept into the great lift and fall of the ocean swell, Dred leaned forward and rested his forehead upon the tiller, which he still held. His body shook and heaved, and Jack sat like one turned to stone. The thought went through his mind, "He is dying! Will he die as he sits there? Can it really be that he is dying?" Then Dred looked up, and his face was as white as ashes. Great beads of sweat stood on his forehead. "Some water," he said hoarsely. "Give me some water, lad."

Miss Eleanor Parker still lay in the bottom of the boat where she had been sheltered. Jack went forward blindly across the thwarts, and brought out a cup of water. His hand shook and trembled; his eyes saw, but did not see what he was doing. His throat was constricted as though it would choke him. Then he came back with the cup of water; it slopped and spilled over his hand. Suddenly Miss Eleanor Parker shrieked. She had aroused; in her first glance she had seen the blood. "Oh, what is it?" she cried. Dred had raised himself again from the tiller, upon which he had been leaning. He groaned. Jack pushed past the young lady, without speaking to her or noticing her. Dred reached out his hand as Jack gave him the cup of water. It shook, and part of the water spilled as Dred put it to his lips and, throwing back his haggard face, drank it off. The young lady was sitting staring at him, white even to the very lips. "Oh, oh!" she said, wringing her hands. "Oh, oh!" Jack panted; his breath came hot in his dry mouth. He tried to moisten his lips again and again, but they remained dry.

The yawl, its course unheeded, had come up into the wind. It rose and fell with the slow heaving of the ground-swell, the sail fluttering and flapping. Dred leaned with one elbow upon the seat beside him. "Ye 'll have to go up for'ard, Mistress," he said presently, in a hoarse voice, "till I tie this place up." She got up and went forward to the bow, where she crouched down, hiding her face in her hands. She remained there a long time, until at last she heard Jack say:

"'T is all right, Mistress. You can come back here again now."

He supported Dred as the wounded man lay down upon the bench; then he covered him over with the overcoats. He did not leave Dred to help the young lady as she came aft. She sat down upon the bench opposite to where Dred lay. She looked at him, and then suddenly burst out crying. Dred lay with his eyes closed. His face was white, and his forehead covered with a dew of sweat. He opened his eyes for a moment and looked at her, but said nothing, and closed them again. Jack, his breast heaving and choking, sat at the tiller. He drew in the sheets, and the yawl once more came up to its course.

The pirates must have landed from the sloop, for they had come out across the land and down to the beach. They fired a few musket-shots after the boat, but the bullets went wide of the mark; and presently, as Jack held the yawl to her course, they were out of gunshot. Dred lay motionless, his head upon his arm. He had begun every now and then to sigh recurrently. He opened his eyes and looked at Jack and then at the sail. The young lady was sobbing and crying; and Jack, as he looked at Dred, felt the tears running down his own cheeks.

They sailed on and on, the boat with its tragic freight, under the bright, warm, mellow light and the sweep of the wind. Jack wondered how the sun could shine so brightly, and

the air be so sweet and fresh. "I want another drink of water," said Dred, hoarsely.

"Will you get the water for him, Mistress?" said Jack.

She wiped her eyes with her handkerchief, and went forward to the barraca in the bows, presently coming back with a brimming cup of water. Dred raised himself upon his elbow, and drank it off. Then he lay down again as he was before. For a long time he lay there with his eyes closed. Again they sailed a long distance. Presently he opened his eyes. "You 've got to run ashore, lad," he said in a low, uncertain voice. "I can't stand this any more; I 've got to get ashore."

"Can I get through the breakers?" said Jack chokingly.

"Ye 'll have to," said Dred; "for I can't bear it here." Jack drew in the sheet and brought up the boat with its bow diagonally toward the shore. The sand-hills of the inlet were lost in the distance. All danger of pursuit was over. As the yawl drew nearer to the beach, Jack could see that very little surf was running. "You 'll have to bring her around with her bows to the sea," said Dred, opening his eyes; "and then take to the oars and let the surf drive her in to the beach. Try to keep her off, lad; keep her bows steady." He panted as he spoke.

Jack left the tiller and shipped the oars. They were now close to the beach, and the ground-swell was sharpening to the breakers that broke a little further in. He brought the bows of the boat around to the sea, and then backed water toward the shore. "Keep her off," panted Dred; "she 'll go in fast enough of herself."

Presently they were among the breakers; these were not very heavy, but enough to make it necessary to be careful. Suddenly a coming breaker shot the yawl toward the beach. As the water ebbed, the boat tilted upon the sand. Jack dropped his oars and leaped out. The sweep of the next wave struck against the yawl and tilted it violently the other way. The barraca and the oars slid rattling. Dred groaned, and the young lady grasped convulsively at the rail.

Jack held to the bows, and when the next wave came he pulled the boat around up on the beach. The wash of the breaker ebbed, the sand sliding from under his heels. Then came another wave, and with its wash he dragged the yawl still further up the beach. He ran up with the bow-line and drove the anchor into the sand. He came back, his shoes and stockings and loose breeches wet with the salt water. "You get out, Mistress," said he; "then I 'll help Dred." She obeyed him silently. She went up a little distance from the shore, and sat crouching down upon the sand. "Now, Dred," said Jack. Dred groaned as he arose slowly and laboriously. "Easy, easy, lad," said he, as Jack slipped his arm around him. He laid his arm over Jack's shoulder, and heavily and painfully clambered out of the boat. He sat for a while upon the rail; the wash of a breaker swept up around his feet and ankles. "What a lucky thing 't was," said he, looking down at the thin sweep of water, "that we had high tide to carry us through the inlet, else we 'd 'a' been lost." He steadied himself. Then he rose, leaning heavily upon Jack. Jack supported him as he walked up to a little bank of sand upon the beach. He made an effort as though to sit down.

"Can't you go a little further?" said Jack.

"Not much further," he whispered.

"Oh, Dred," said Jack, "I 'm afraid you 're worse—I 'm afraid you 're worse!" Dred did not reply. His hand touched Jack's cheek. It felt cold and limp.

"What can I do?" asked the young lady, rousing herself.

"Why," said Jack, "fetch up what wraps there are, and the overcoats, and be quick."

He seated Dred upon the sand. Dred sank down, and lay at length. Jack supported his head until the young lady came with a great heap of clothes. Then Jack made a pillow of one of the overcoats, and with some of the clothes from the young lady's bundle they made a shelter for Dred's face.

"Bring me a drink of rum, lad; I feel sort of faint-like," said Dred. Jack ran off down to the boat, and presently came back with the bottle. He poured out some of it into the cup, and Dred drank it off. It seemed to revive him. "Come here, lad; there 's summat I want

to say to ye." Jack came close to him, and the young lady also approached. "I want to speak to Jack alone, Mistress, if you 'll leave us alone a bit," said Dred. She turned and walked away.

Jack watched her as she sat down upon the sand some distance away, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. The sun stood midway in the heavens, and it was very warm. Jack stripped off his coat and sat down alongside Dred. Dred reached out his hand. Jack hesitated for a moment; then, seeing what Dred wanted, took it. Dred pressed Jack's hand. "I believe I 've got my — dose this time, lad," he whispered.

"Don't say that, Dred," said Jack. "I —" and then he broke down, his body shaking convulsively.

"I don't know," said Dred. "I kind of think — I won't get over this. But if I should die, — I want to ax you, lad, — don't you ever tell the young Mistress 't was I that shot her brother."

"No, I won't," gasped Jack; "I won't tell her, Dred."

Dred pressed the hand he held. "There 's another thing — I want to tell ye, lad," said he; "and that 's about that there money — as we took out of that there Virginia bark when — I shot the young gentleman. 'T was true, as I have told you, that — 't was buried; but 't were n't true that I helped the Captain bury it. He buried it hisself one night; but I follyed him, and I see where he buried it. He did n't know that —" Dred stopped for a moment, as though to gather his strength — "it belong to Colonel Parker. It do. It was buried — just as we got it off the bark." Again he stopped, panting. "Well, one thing I wanted to stay there for, Jack, was to get a chance to — raise that there money that we stole. But I did n't say naught; for I knew where 't were hid. Well, I 've stole money and things in my life — and I 've been a bad man, I have. Well, lad, I can't help that now; 't is all over and done."

He stopped again. Jack waited a long time. "You were telling me about the money," said he at last — "the money that you saw Blackbeard hide."

"Oh, ay!" said Dred, rousing himself with an effort. "I 'd nigh — forgot about — that — ay, the money. Well, lad, — d' ye remember — that tree — where — we found the — young lady the day — she tried to run away? D' ye think ye could find it again?"

"I think I could," said Jack.

"Well, up a little bit to the west o' — that tree — there be a cypress, — some'eres half grown. Ye 'll have to look about a bit — to find it. Ye 'll find a nail — driv into it. I see Blackbeard drive that nail — into it — that — night he buried the chist. 'T is not much to know it by — but if Blackbeard ha'n't gone — and dug up that money, — which I don't believe he has, — it be there yet."

"Which side of the tree is the nail on?" said Jack.

Dred did not answer for a while. "'T is on the swamp side," said he. Then he lapsed away into silence. He loosened his hold upon Jack's hand, and let his own fall.

Jack recognized suddenly, with a thrill, that Dred was a great deal worse than he had been. He had been growing gradually weaker and weaker, but Jack noticed it only now. Jack sat watching; Dred seemed to be drowsing. "I want another drink of rum," said he, presently; "I feel weak again."

Jack got up. The bottle and cup were at a little distance. The cup had sand in it, and he wiped it out. The young lady was sitting a little distance away. She arose. "Is he any better now?" she asked.

Jack could not answer. He shook his head. He knew that Dred was going to die. He was so blinded that he could hardly see to pour out the liquor. He brought it to Dred. "Here 't is, Dred," said he; but there was no reply. "Here 't is, Dred," said Jack again; but still there was no answer.

Jack thrilled dreadfully. He bent down and set the cup to the wounded man's lips, but Dred was unconscious of everything. Jack stood up and tossed out the liquor upon the sand. "Mistress!" he called out in a keen, startled voice — "Mistress, come here! I do believe he 's dying!"

She came over and stood looking down at Dred. She was crying violently. Jack sat

squatting beside him. He reached out and picked up Dred's hand, but it was very cold and inert. The young lady sat down upon the other side. They sat there for a long, long time, but there did not seem to be any change. The afternoon slowly waned. It was nearing sunset. "You 'd better go and rest a bit," said Jack at last to the young lady; "you 're worn out with it all. I 'll call you if there 's any change."

She shook her head; she would not go.

The sun sank lower and lower, and at last set; but still there was no change. The young lady moved restlessly now and then. "You 'd better get up and walk a bit," said Jack, as the gray of twilight began to settle upon them. "You 're cramped sitting there so long." Then she got up, and walked up and down at a little distance. Jack sat still. The twilight settled more and more dim and obscure. There was a slight movement. Jack leaned over and touched Dred. He drew back his hand quickly, and sat for a moment dumb and inert. He knew in an instant that the end had come.

Jack arose.

The stars had begun to twinkle in the dim sky, but sky and sea and earth were blurred and lost to his flooded eyes. He walked over toward the young lady. She stopped as he approached. "How is he?" said she.

"He 's—he 's dead!" said Jack; and then he put his arm across his face and began crying.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE NEXT DAY.

JACK was awakened at the first dawn of day by the sea-gulls above him. They mingled for a little while with his dreams before he fairly awoke. He was standing up. The sun was shining. There was the beach and the sandy distance. Dred came walking toward him up from the boat. A great sudden rush of joy filled Jack's heart. "Why, Dred," he cried, "I thought you were dead!" Dred burst out laughing. "I was only fooling you, lad," said he. "I were n't hurt at all."

Jack opened his eyes. The sun had not yet risen. He was full of the echo of joy, believing that Dred was alive, after all. He stood up. The motionless figure was lying in the distance, just as he had left it the night before.

But, after all, Dred might not be dead, and there might be some truth in his dream. He might have been mistaken last night. Perhaps Dred was still alive.

He went over to where the silent figure lay, and looked down into the strange, still face, upon the stiff, motionless hands. Yes; Dred was dead. As Jack stood looking, he choked and choked, and one hot tear and then another trickled down either cheek.

Then he began to think. What was he to do now? Something must be done, and he must do it himself. He must not ask the young lady to help him. She had not yet awakened, and Jack was glad of it. He went down to the boat. There was nothing there that he could use. He walked off some distance along the beach, hunting for something. He saw something in the distance. It was a barrel that had, perhaps, been cast up by a storm, and now lay high and dry upon the warm, powdered sand which had drifted around it, nearly covering it. He kicked the barrel to pieces with his heel, and pulled up two of the staves from the deeper layer of damp sand beneath. He had walked some distance away. He went back to where the still figure lay motionless in the distance.

* * * * * *

He was trembling when he ended his task. Suddenly, while he was still kneeling in the sand, the sun rose, throwing its level beams of light across the stretch of sand, now broken and trampled where he had been at work. He smoothed over the work he had made. The damper particles stuck to his hands and clothes; he brushed them off. Then he took down the shelter that he and she had built up over Dred's head the day before. He carried the oars and the young lady's clothes down to the boat. Then he came back and carried down the overcoats.

By that time she was awake. Jack went straight up to her. She was looking around her.

"Where is he?" she said.

Jack did not reply, but he turned his face in the direction. She saw where the smooth sur-

face of the sand had been broken and disturbed, and she understood. She hid her face in her hands, and stood for a moment. Jack stood silently beside her. "Oh," she said, "I was dreaming it was not so."

"So was I," said Jack, brokenly. Again he felt a tear start down his cheek.

"It did not seem to me as if it could be so," said she. "It does n't even seem now as though it were so. It was all so dreadful. It does n't seem as though it could have happened."

"Well," said Jack, "we 'll have to have something to eat, and then we 'll start on again." The thought of eating in the very shadow of the tragedy that had happened seemed very grotesque. He felt somehow ashamed to speak of it.

"Eat!" said she. "I do not want to eat anything."

"We 'll have to eat something," said Jack; "we can't do without that."

The task of pushing the yawl off into the water was almost more than Jack could accomplish. For a while he thought they would have to wait there till high tide in the afternoon. But at last, by digging out the sand from under the boat, he managed to get it off into the water. "I 'll have to carry you aboard, Mistress," said he.

He stooped and picked her up, and walked with her, splashing through the shallow sheet of water that ran up with each spent breaker upon the shining sand. He placed her in the boat, and then pushed it off. The breakers were not high, but they gave the boat a splash as Jack pulled out through them.

Jack rowed out some distance from the shore. She sat silently watching him. Then he unshipped the oars and went forward and raised the sail. By this time the morning was well advanced. The breeze had not yet risen, but cat's-paws began to ruffle the smooth face of the water. Then, by and by, came a gentle puff of breeze that filled out the sail and swung the boom out over the water. Jack drew in the sheet, and the boat slid forward with a gurgle of water under the bows. By that time the breeze had begun blowing very lightly and gently.

They had sailed on for a long distance without speaking. They sat motionless, he sunk in his thoughts, and she in hers. Jack was trying to realize all that had happened the day before, but he could not do so. It all seemed to loom big and dreadful, but there was nothing sharp and distinct in its outlines. It did not seem to be real. How was it possible for him to pass through such things, and for them not to be more real to him? It seemed as though it might have happened to some one else. The young lady sat looking steadily out ahead. What was she thinking of? Of Virginia, perhaps. Yes; that must be it. And he was going back to Virginia, too; he would soon be there now — in a few hours, perhaps. How strange that he should be going back there — the very place from which he had escaped two months before! Was there ever anybody who had so many adventures happen to him in two months as he? He remembered how he had run away; how he had rowed across the river the night of his escape; how he had come so strangely face to face with Dred on the wharf at Bullock's Landing. Except for that chance meeting, Dred would have been living yet. How little they had thought of the chain of events that was to bring death to him! Dred was alive then, and well, and enjoying himself. Now he was dead. Then Jack remembered how he had reached out the evening before, and had lifted Dred's senseless hand. There seemed to him something infinitely pathetic in the stillness and inertness of that unfeeling hand.

"Do you know," said the young lady, suddenly breaking the silence, "it does not seem possible that I am really to see my father again, and maybe so soon? I 'm trying to feel as though it were so, but I can't. It does n't seem as though it could be so — as though I could really ever get back to Virginia. I wonder what they will all say and do? Oh, it seems as though I could n't wait any longer! I wonder how much further 't is to the bay?"

"Why, I don't know," said Jack; "but it can't be much further. I 've been thinking that those sand-hills on ahead must be Cape Henry. I only saw it in the evening, when I was on Blackbeard's sloop, the time we were

bringing you down to Bath Town; but the hills look to me like Cape Henry. And, do you see, the coast runs inward there? I can't tell whether 't is the coast making in a little there, or whether 't is the bay."

"My father will never forget what you 've done," said she, looking straight at him.

"Will he not?" said Jack.

"He will never forget it."

Her words brought a sudden rush of delight to Jack. He suddenly realized what a great thing it was he had done. He had brought her safe off from the pirates — through the very jaws of death! Yes; it was a great thing to have done. Yes; Colonel Parker would certainly do much for him now. Indeed, what would he not do? As he realized it all, the future became very bright. It seemed to throw back a brighter light upon all those dreadful things that had passed, and they became suddenly new. They were steps that he had been climbing all unconsciously to some great success.

"Do you know, you have never told me how you came to be kidnapped?" said she. "I wish you would tell me all about it."

"Would you like to hear about it?" said Jack. "Why, then, I 'll tell you, if you 'd really like to hear about it."

And Jack told his adventures from the beginning.

It was late in the afternoon when the light wind carried them slowly in around the high sand-hills of the cape. Then they saw that there were several sails in sight. One of them, far away,— apparently a schooner,— was coming down the bay as though to run out around the cape to the southward.

"See that boat?" said the young lady. "It is coming this way. Don't you believe we could stop it, and get the captain to take us back to Virginia?"

"I don't know," said Jack; "'t is like she won't stop for me, but I 'll try if you 'd like me to."

He altered the course of the yawl so as to run up across the course upon which the distant vessel seemed to be sailing. They watched her in silence as slowly, little by little, in the light wind, she came nearer and nearer. "I ought to have something to wave," said Jack, "to make her see us. I don't believe she 'll stop for us," he added.

"Why not my red scarf?" said the young lady. "Stop! I 'll get it for you."

She handed the bright red scarf to Jack, who tied it to the end of an oar. The schooner was about half a mile away. Jack stood up in the boat and began waving the scarf at the end of the oar. He hallooed. As the course of the schooner was laid, she would run past them about half a mile away. "I don't believe she 'll stop for us," said Jack; "but maybe she will. Bear the tiller a little to the left. That 's as it should be. Now hold it steady and I 'll wave again." Even as he spoke the distant group of men on the schooner suddenly broke and dispersed. The next moment Jack saw that they were hauling in the fore and main sails, and that she was coming about. "She 's going to stop, after all," he said.

The schooner had gone a little past them before her sails swung over. Then she came down toward them, bow on. Jack laid down the oar, and, taking the tiller again, brought the yawl up into the wind, and lay waiting for the schooner to make her way down to them. She ran down to within thirty or forty yards, and then, coming up into the wind, lay rising and falling, swinging slowly back and forth with the regular heave of the ground-swell. She looked very near. There was a group of faces clustered forward, looking out at them across the restless water. Another little group of three men and a woman stood at the open gangway. A large, rough man, with a red face prickled over with a stubby beard, hailed them. He wore baggy breeches tied at the knees, and a greasy red waistcoat. "Boat ahoy!" he called out. "What boat is that?"

Jack was standing up in the yawl. "We 've come up from North Carolina," he called back. "We 've just escaped from the pirates."

"Is that Miss Eleanor Parker?" called the other instantly.

"Ay," said Jack. Then he added, "The young lady asked me to stop you and to ask you if you would take us up, say to Norfolk or to Yorktown."

"Tell him papa will pay him if he will," said she.

"She says her father will pay you well if you 'll do so," called Jack.

The three men at the gangway talked together for a moment or two; then the big, stout man, who was evidently the captain of the schooner, called out again: "Colonel Parker 's at Norfolk now, or leastwise he was there this morning when we left. You can reach there yourself to-night, if the wind holds at all."

"Oh, don't let him go!" said the young lady to Jack. "Tell him how eager I am to get back, and that papa will pay him."

"The young lady says she wants to get back as soon as she can," called Jack. "She says if you take us up to Norfolk she 'll see that her father pays you."

Again the group at the gangway spoke together. Then the captain of the schooner called out:

"Bring your boat over here."

Jack seated himself, and set the oars into the rowlocks. He pulled the bow of the boat around with a few quick strokes, and then rowed toward the schooner. In a minute or so he was close alongside. The men and the woman were standing on the deck just above, looking down at him. The six or eight men of the crew were also standing at the rail, looking at them. Jack could see that the schooner carried as a cargo three or four hogsheads of tobacco and a great load of lumber. "Did you bring the young lady off from the pirates all by yourself?" said the captain to Jack. "Why, you 're a mightily young fellow to do that, if you did do it."

"I did n't bring her off my own self," said Jack; "there was one of the pirates that helped us to get away. But Blackbeard came up with us at Currituck Inlet, and before we could get away the man who helped us was shot. He died last night."

"Well, then," said the captain, "it was Blackbeard, after all, who carried off the young lady, was it?"

"Now," he continued, "as for taking you back to Norfolk, I 've been talking to my mate and Mr. Jackson here. Well, I 'm willing to take ye both back up to Norfolk if the young lady 'll guarantee that her father 'll pay me ten pounds for doing it."

"Ten pounds!" cried Jack. "Why, that is a deal of money, master, for such a little thing."

"Well, 't is the best I 'll do. It may lose me three days or more, and I won't do it for less."

"Oh, it does not matter," said the young lady to Jack, in a low voice. "I 'll promise him that papa will pay him ten pounds."

Jack felt that the captain was taking advantage of her eagerness to return; but he also saw that she would not allow him to bargain. "She says her father will pay it, master," said he; "but 't is a great deal of money to make her promise."

"'T is the best I 'll do," said the captain. "Well, then, if she 's satisfied, you may come aboard, and I 'll tow the yawl up arter us."

"Yes, I 'm satisfied," cried the young lady; "and thankful enough."

"Very well. Here, Kitchen,"—to the mate,—"help her ladyship aboard." He spoke with a sudden accession of deference.

The mate jumped down into the boat,—he was in his bare feet,—and he and Jack helped the young lady aboard. Jack followed immediately.

"Here, Molly," said the captain to the woman, who was his wife, "take her ladyship into my cabin, and make her comfortable."

"The bunk ha'n't been made up yet," said the woman.

"Well, then, make it up as quick as you can. Come into the cabin, and the steward will fetch you summat to eat. Fetch that bag aboard, Kitchen; and see the boat 's made fast astern."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Jack was standing looking around him like one in a dream. The crew and the man whom the captain called Mr. Jackson (whom Jack took to be a passenger) stood staring at them. The schooner was a common coaster. The decks were littered and dirty; the captain and the crew rough and ordinary.

"This way, Mistress," said the captain's wife, and she led the way aft, and down into the cabin. It was close and disagreeable, and smelled musty and stuffy. Jack and the young lady sat down by the table. The woman went into an inner cabin beyond. She left the door

open, and JACK from where he sat could see her making up a tumbled bed in the berth. He could also see through the open door a sea-chest, some hanging clothes, a map, and a clock. The schooner was getting under way again. Jack could hear the patter of bare feet passing across the deck overhead; the creaking of the yards; and then the ripple and gurgle of the water alongside.

"When did you leave Bath Town?" said the captain, who had followed them down into the cabin.

"On Wednesday morning early," said Jack. Now that all was over, he was feeling very dull and heavily oppressed in the reaction of the excitement that had kept him keyed up to endure. His hands, from which the skin had been rubbed by rowing, had begun to throb and burn painfully. He had not noticed the smart before. He looked at them, picking at the loose skin. "Nobody cares how my hands hurt," he thought, "now Dred is gone."

"Wednesday! Why, 't is only Sunday now. D' ye mean that ye 've sailed all the way from Bath Town in five days in that yawl boat?"

"Is this Sunday?" said Jack. "Why, so 't is." He had not thought of that before.

"How long will it take to get to Norfolk?" asked the young lady.

"Why, we ought to get there some time to-night, if we have any wind at all," said the captain.

"The berth 's made up now, if your ladyship 'd like to lie down," said the captain's wife, appearing at the door of the inner cabin.

After the young lady had gone, the captain and the man named Jackson plied Jack with questions as to all that had happened. He answered dully and inertly; he wished they would let him alone, and not tease him with questions. "I 'm tired," said he at last. "I 'd like to lie down for a while."

"I suppose you be feeling kind of used up, be n't you?" asked Jackson.

Jack nodded his head.

"Won't you have a bite to eat first?" asked the captain.

"I 'm not hungry," said Jack. "I want to rest, that 's all."

"I 'm going to let you have the mate's cabin," said the captain. "You said I made ye pay too much for carrying ye back to Norfolk. Well, I 'm doing all I can to make ye comfortable. I give my cabin to her young ladyship, and I give the mate's cabin to you, and if you 'll only wait I 'll have a good hot supper cooked."

The mate came in, still in his bare feet. He sat down without saying anything, and stared at Jack.

"I 'm going to let him have your berth for to-night, Kitchen," said the captain.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE RETURN.

THE breeze had been very light all night, so that it was nearly daylight when the schooner came to anchor off Norfolk. The captain had come out upon deck, and he and the mate, who had a lantern hanging over his arm, stood talking together.

"I do suppose you 'd better take the boat and go find his honor Colonel Parker. His schooner was lying over yonder, where them lights be, yesterday morning." The mate took off his knit cap and held it in his hand while he scratched his head. "Anyways," said the captain, "you 'll have to go and hunt him up."

Colonel Parker's schooner was still at Norfolk, but Colonel Parker himself was not aboard. He had been less well again, and, having been to the town to see the doctor, had stopped there overnight. The mate of the coaster told Lieutenant Maynard of the young lady's return, then he went on directly to the town. Mr. Maynard, as soon as he heard the news, ordered one of the boats to be manned, and had himself rowed aboard the schooner on which the young lady was.

Colonel Parker came off from the town in the coasting-schooner's boat. The first man he met when he stepped aboard was Lieutenant Maynard. "Why, Maynard, is that you?" said Colonel Parker. Maynard had never seen him so overcome. He grasped the lieutenant's hand and wrung it and wrung it again. His fine, broad face twitched with the effort he made to suppress his emotions. "Where is she?" said

he, turning around almost blindly to Captain Dolls, who, with his mate, had been standing at a little distance, looking on. "This way, your honor," said the captain, with alacrity.

He led the way across the deck to the great cabin. Lieutenant Maynard did not accompany Colonel Parker. "She 's in my cabin here, your honor," said the captain. "I let her have my own cabin, your honor; for 't was the best aboard. Her ladyship 's asleep yet. If your honor 'll sit down here, I 'll send my wife to wake her and to help her dress."

"Never mind," said the Colonel. "Where is she?—in here?" He opened the door and went into the cabin. She was lying upon the berth, sleeping. She had only loosened her clothes when she lay down the night before. She was lying fully dressed. "Nelly!" said Colonel Parker, leaning over her,—"Nelly!" She did not stir. The door stood a little ajar. Captain Dolls, in the great cabin beyond, stood looking in. Colonel Parker did not notice him. "Nelly!" he said again,—"Nelly!" and he laid his hand upon her shoulder.

She stirred; she raised her arm; she drew the back of her hand across her eyes; she opened her eyes. They looked directly into his face. "What is it?" said she, vacantly.

Colonel Parker was crying. "'T is I—'t is thy poor father, Nelly." The tears were trickling down his cheek, but he did not notice them. Suddenly she was wide awake. "Papa! Oh, papa!" she cried, and instantly her arms were about his neck, and she was in his arms.

She cried and cried. Colonel Parker, still holding her with one arm, reached in his pocket and drew out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes and his cheeks. As he did so he caught sight of Captain Dolls looking in at them. The captain instantly moved away, and Colonel Parker closed the door.

Presently his daughter looked up into his face, her own face wet with tears. "Mama," said she,—"how is poor mama?"

"She is well—she is very well," said he. "My dear!—my dear!"

Once more she flung her arms about his neck. She pressed her lips to his again and again. She was still crying. "Oh, Papa, if you only knew what I 've been through!"

"I know—I know," said he.

"Oh, but you can't know all that I 've been through—all the dreadful, the terrible things. They shot poor Dred, and he died. And I saw them shoot him—I was in the boat—I saw him die. Oh, papa, I can't tell you all! Oh, it was so terrible! He lay on the sand and died. There was sand on the side of his face, and the young man, Jack, did not see it to brush it off, and I could not do it, and there it was."

"There! there!" said Colonel Parker, soothingly. "Don't talk about it, my dear. Tell me about other things. The sailor who came to bring me off told me there was a young lad with you when they picked you up down at the capes. Is he the young man you call Jack?"

"Yes; that is he."

"He is aboard here now, is he not?"

They talked together for a long time. She had lain down again. She held his hand. He sat upon the edge of the berth beside her. As they talked she stroked the back of his hand, and once she raised it to her lips and kissed it.

"'T was mightily kind of the good man, the captain of this vessel, to bring thee all the way back from the capes, Nell," said Colonel Parker; "'t was mightily kind."

"Oh, yes," said she; "I clean forgot to tell you. He did not want to bring us back at first, but said he would if I promised that you would pay him ten pounds."

"What!" exclaimed Colonel Parker. "Did he make you promise ten pounds before he would bring you back from the capes?"

"Yes," said she. "Did I, then, do wrong? But oh, papa! I wanted so much to get back, and I was so tired of being in the little boat, and it was so dreadful! 'T was there that poor Dred was shot, and there were marks of blood near where he sat."

"But what a rascal!" said Colonel Parker. "Why, five pounds would have been twice as much as it were worth. 'T was a rogue to make thee promise that."

"Oh, Papa," said she, "is it not, then, worth ten pounds to have me back again?"

He looked fondly at her. "My dear—my dear," said he, "'t were worth a million—yes, ten million! But, nevertheless, 't was a rogue," he added, "to trade upon thy needs."

(To be continued.)

WHAT THE LIGHTS TELL.

By Ensign John M. Ellicott.



ELECTRIC-LIGHT SIGNALS AT SEA. ARDOIS SYSTEM.

A railroad-train cannot turn to the right or left at will, for it is bound by the iron tracks to go the way they lead, and the trains coming toward it are guided in another set of tracks to pass safely by. Therefore the engineer may rush his train along over the guiding tracks, through the brightness of day or the darkness of night, with no fear save for the most unforeseen and infrequent accidents. On the sea, however, a ship can go whichever way she is turned, and other ships may meet her coming from any direction. The broad ocean, then, may be looked upon as covered with an enormous network of tracks crossing one another in all directions, where a ship may be switched from one track to another at will. In the daytime ships can be seen from each other, and be turned aside to pass in safety; for not only can they be seen, but the direction in which they are going is known. Still, even in the daytime certain rules must be followed to insure perfect safety. How, then, do ships, pursuing so many intersecting tracks, pass the others safely in spite of the darkness of the night?

Imagine yourself on the bridge of a big ship. It is really a bridge, you know, high above the deck, extending from side to side near the bow, and projecting a little beyond the sides so that from each end a man can see straight ahead

without rigging or masts to interfere. It is night, and very dark. Even the ship is only a long dark shadow under your feet. Over the sky may be a pall of cloud, and you peer away into the darkness, but cannot even tell where sea and sky come together. All is inky blackness above and below. Spreading outward from the bow of the ship is a foaming, phosphorescent wave, which tells how rapidly she is rushing onward over the unseen waters and into the dangers of the impenetrable gloom. In the middle of the bridge stands a man holding a wheel and gazing at a compass lit up by a little lamp. With that wheel he turns the rudder to keep the ship steadily pointed in the same direction by the compass. That direction is her track. Other ships may be on that track; other ships may be crossing that track in the darkness. How are they to be avoided?

On each side of the bridge stands a man peering continually into the gloom ahead, while back and forth, almost incessantly, paces a fourth man, an officer, who, like the others, is continually gazing ahead or glancing at the compass. He is the officer of the deck. On him rests the responsibility of avoiding all other vessels which may cross his vessel's track or be approaching her upon it. Upon his quickness and judgment depends the safety of the ship. In the daytime he has seen one, two, or perhaps a dozen ships around him during a single hour, and he well knows that just as many may be around him during any hour of the night. How, then, is he to know where they are, and how to keep out of their way?

Their lights will tell.

When you face toward the ship's bow the side at your right hand is called the starboard side, and the side at your left hand is called the port side. On her starboard side a ship carries at night a green light, and it is so shut in by two sides of a box that it cannot be seen from the port side or from behind. On her port side she carries a red light, and it is so shut in that it cannot be seen from the starboard side or from behind. If the ship is a steamship she carries a big white light at her foremast-head, but if she is a sailing vessel she does not. This white masthead light can be seen from all around except from behind.

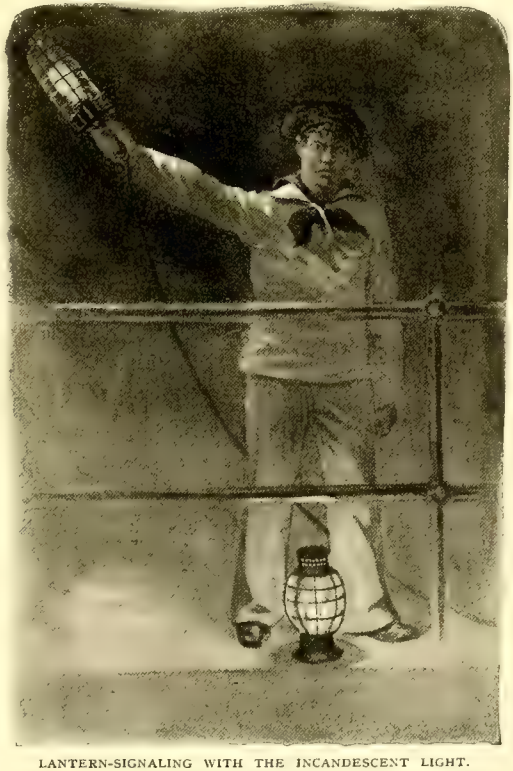
So long, then, as the officer of the deck sees no lights, he feels sure that there are no vessels near him, and paces his watch in security; but presently there flashes out of the gloom ahead a small bright speck; then it is gone; then it shows again; and one of the lookouts who has craned his neck forward in the intensity of his gaze cries out:

"Light ho!"

In an instant the officer of the deck is by his side, glasses in hand, inquiring:

"Where away?"

Then he, too, sees it, and by it is informed of another vessel's presence near him on the dark ocean. Then comes an anxious time when with strong glasses he strives to tell the color of that faint light; for he is as yet in-



LANTERN-SIGNALING WITH THE INCANDESCENT LIGHT.

formed only of the other vessel's whereabouts at the moment, and knows not which way she is going, nor what manner of vessel she may be. This last is what the light next reveals, for if it be white it is the masthead light of a steamer; but if it be red or green, the absence of a white

light reveals a sailing vessel. It is for the red and green lights, commonly known as the side lights, that the officer of the deck most intently watches, for by them he can tell which way the vessel is going. If her red light shows, he knows that her port side is toward him and she is crossing to his left; if it is her green light, her starboard side is toward him and she is crossing to his right; but if both the red and green are showing, she is heading straight in his direction. Thus he learns by these running lights where the other vessel is, what she is, and in what direction she is going; and he knows in plenty of time whether she is on his track, or whether she is crossing it in one direction or the other. All that is not enough, however, to avoid collision; for both he and the officer on the other vessel must know exactly what to do, and what the other is going to do. He must know, so to speak, on just what track to switch, and on just what track the other vessel will switch to avoid him. This is settled by fixed rules, which are the same the world over, and are known to all men who follow the sea. They are called the "Rules of the Road."

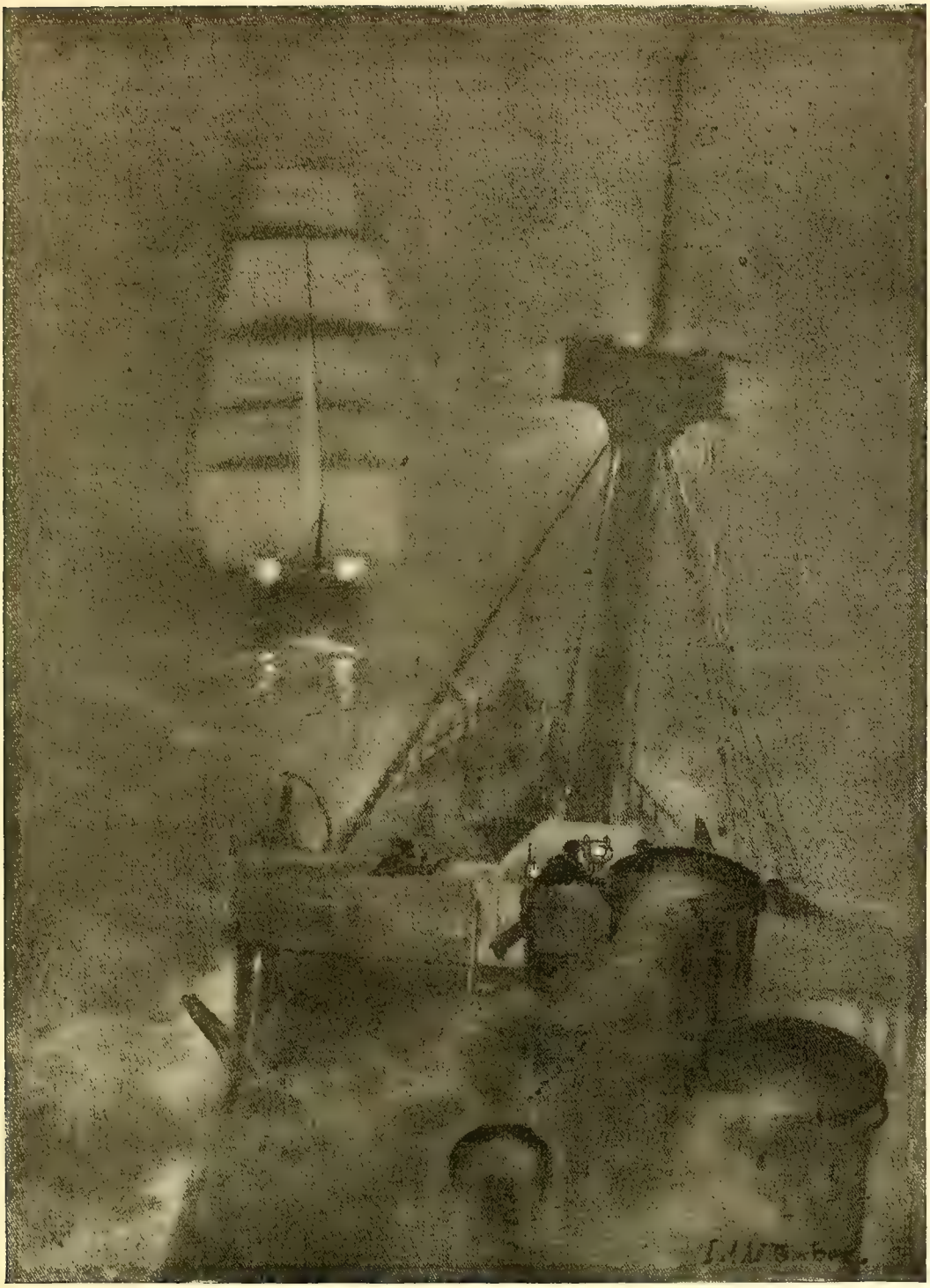
The rules of the road say that when two vessels are coming bows on,—that is to say, on the same track,—each vessel shall turn off to the right far enough to avoid the other; that when two vessels are crossing,—that is, when their tracks would cross each other,—the one which has the other on her starboard (right) hand must turn to starboard (the right), and go behind the other vessel, while the latter keeps on her track or course; and that a steam-vessel must always get out of the way of a sailing vessel, a vessel at anchor or disabled, or a vessel with another in tow.

Thus the lights tell, in the darkest night, which way the ships are going, and what kind of ships they are; while the rules of the road tell, both for night and day, in which direction the ships must turn to keep out of each other's way. If a vessel has another vessel in tow, she carries two masthead lights instead of one; and when a vessel is at anchor she has no side lights or masthead light, but a single white light made fast to a stay where it can be seen from all around her.

In rivers and crowded harbors it is often impossible to follow the rules of the road; and sometimes even at sea the officer of the deck of one vessel discovers that the other is not heeding the rules. Then the steam-whistle is used to tell the other vessel what the first is doing. Thus, one whistle means "I am going to the right"; two whistles mean "I am going to the left"; and three whistles mean "I am backing"; while a series of short toots means "Look out for yourself; get out of the way!"

There is one class of vessels which is most annoying to those who direct the course of large steamers. These are small fishing-vessels. On the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, on the coast of Spain, and on the coasts of China and Japan big fleets of these little vessels are found at all times. They show no lights at night, preferring to save the expense of oil, and take their chances of being sent to the bottom; but when they see a big ship rushing down upon them, they light a torch and flare it about. Often they pay for their folly with their lives. The torch is seen too late, or not seen at all, and the great iron bow of the steamship crushes into the frail little craft, perhaps cutting her clean in two; and the unhappy fishermen sink into the foaming wake of the churning propellers, leaving not a soul to tell their wives at home what became of them.

Much more can be told at sea by lights at night; for they can be used by ships to signal to each other. Rockets are carried to be fired in case of distress, and when seen at sea they always mean that the ship or boat from which they are fired is in great need of help. The red, white, and blue lights which you burn in the evening of the Fourth of July are also made up into combinations to form a signal code, and are called Coston Signals, after the man who devised them. Since electric lights have come to be used on shipboard, a Spanish naval officer, Lieutenant Ardois, has invented a system of signals consisting of a string of lamps several feet apart on an electric cable stretching from the masthead to the ship's rail. Each lamp is double, one part being red and one white, and either the red or the white can be turned on independently. Then in a convenient place he sets up a circular disk electrically connected with the lights, on which white and



DANGER AHEAD!

red spots representing different combinations of these lights are grouped together, and each group represents a letter of the alphabet, a point of the compass, a number, or a word. A switch on the disk can be used to turn on different groups in succession until a signal is complete. So far this Ardois System has been used only on men-of-war, and it cannot be read more than four miles away, because at a greater distance the lights blend together. The best night signal-lights are those invented by Lieutenant Very, of our navy, and named, after him, Very's Signals. They consist of a white, a red, and a green star, each fired into the air from a pistol, so that by firing one, two, or three of them in quick succession and in different orders, with a pause between the groups, different letters or signal numbers can be made until a sentence is complete. They can be easily read from vessels twelve miles away.



SENDING UP A ROCKET-SIGNAL AT SEA.

On our men-of-war lights are used at night in port to tell when the captain, or an officer of still higher rank, is out of the ship. When the captain is absent, one white light is displayed at the end of the spanker-gaff. The spanker is the sail at the stern of the ship, and the spanker-gaff is the spar from which the sail hangs. Its end is called the peak, and a light hoisted there is called a peak light. When a rear-admiral is absent from his flag-ship, three peak lights are hoisted. If he were a vice-admiral there would be four lights; and if he were a full admiral there would be five. If the Secretary of the Navy were sojourning on board of a war vessel and were temporarily absent, six lights would be hoisted; and for the President of the United States there would be seven. These lights are hoisted in a string one under the other, and are hauled down as soon as the official whose absence they indicate returns on board. The hoisting of the lights, you see, means "not at home," and saves many fruitless official visits and wasted social calls. During the daytime the going and coming of captains and flag-officers is seen and reported to all captains and flag-officers of other ships, but after dark the lights must tell.

In nearly every navy in the world it is the custom for a man-of-war, when leaving port at night, to hoist two peak lights to indicate her character as a public vessel; and all other men-of-war present do the same as an acknowledgment that they are aware of her departure. As soon as the departing vessel is out of the harbor, the lights are extinguished on her and on the vessels left behind.

On land the iron tracks lead a train safely across mountains and past deep ravines which would utterly destroy it should it swerve from the tracks to one side or the other; but at sea myriads of the countless tracks would, if fol-

lowed, lead a ship to destruction upon rocks or shoals, or the very land itself. How is a ship to avoid taking one of these treacherous tracks in the darkness of the night?

Again, the lights tell.

Along all coasts where civilized nations dwell or trade—and these now include nearly all the coasts of the world—there are placed light-houses—which are usually tall towers with powerful lights on top—at such frequent intervals that one is seldom lost to sight before another is seen farther on. The better lights are so powerful that they can be seen twenty miles or more out at sea. On shoals, too, where lighthouses cannot be built, ships are anchored to stay there all the time, with big lights at their mastheads at night. All these lighthouses and light-ships are marked down on the charts; each has a name, and books are published and carried by ships at sea containing full descriptions of each light. These lights differ one from another, so that along any particular stretch of coast one can tell which light he sees by watching its color and behavior, and looking on the chart or in the light-book until he finds it. Thus, some lights are white, some red, and some are green. Some, again, flash red and white alternately. Others flash out and then for a short interval of time disappear; and this interval is a regular one, and is written down in seconds or minutes on the chart and in the book, so that a navigator can time it by his watch, and thus tell which light is flashing. Other lights are arranged to swing a bright beam back and forth across the sky so that the beam is often seen long before the light itself.

Suppose, then, you are sailing or steaming along in sight of land. In the broad daylight the coast is plainly seen, and it is easy to follow a track which will take you safely past the shoals and headlands. By the capes and mountains and villages which you watch coming into sight, one after another, and then pick out on the chart, you can tell at all times just where you are, and keep steaming or sailing on in perfect security; but presently comes the twilight, and all these things fade out into nothing but a dark, irregular line against the sky, which grows fainter and fainter until it is swallowed up in the darkness of the night. How helpless you would be, then, with the wind and the unseen currents pushing you off your track, if you could not see anything to guide you; but out of the darkness there flashes up a big, bright light—perhaps two or three of them—in the direction of the unseen land. You watch the lights, you note their color, you time the intervals between their flashes. You go to the compass and note the direction or bearing of the lights from your ship, and finally you go to your chart and pick out those lights, mark with a pencil their lines of bearing, and where the lines come together, there you are. Thus you can pick out light after light as it comes in sight, and, marking your place on the chart as often as you please, fearlessly guide your ship on through the darkness until the light of another day again shows you the land.

But woe to you if you mistake one of those lights for another, and do not quickly find out your mistake! Almost certainly you will run into dangerous places. Not long ago a splendid brand-new ship started on her first trip from England, laden with valuable freight, and bound through the Mediterranean Sea. She steamed across the Bay of Biscay in safety, and then followed the coast of Spain. During a dark night her captain picked out a light which he mistook for the one on Tarifa Point—the point around which vessels turn to go through the Straits of Gibraltar. So he turned his ship to the east, and steamed confidently onward. Alas! it was not Tarifa Point, but Cape Trafalgar, many miles to the northward. Straight on to the coast of Spain that poor ship rushed until she struck, driving high upon the rocks and sand, and stopping only when she lay crushed among the breakers, a total wreck!

The captain's mistake was no doubt due to the tendency of white lights to look reddish in thick or hazy weather; for Tarifa light is red and Cape Trafalgar's white, each with a flash lasting about five seconds. Almost the same mistake was made by the officers of one of our naval vessels a few years ago. The United States steamship "Despatch" left New York for Washington, one stormy autumn afternoon. All through the night she was in sight of the lights on the New Jersey coast, but toward morning the weather grew thick with spray and drizzling

rain. Then a white light was mistaken for a red one, the ship's course was changed a little toward the coast, and she was soon pounding upon the sandy beach, never to float again.

The placing of electric lights in ships has given them another means of discovering and avoiding dangers in the night. This is by the use of search-lights. When these great lights blaze out and drive their straight white beams through the darkness, it is as if the ship herself had eyes with which to look and see where she is going. Thus, in the darkest night a ship may enter even a poorly lighted harbor, rolling these great eyes from side to side to pick out buoy after buoy, and point after point, until the anchorage is safely reached. Darkness, then, has no terrors for the careful navigator; for he can guide his ship safely past other ships at sea, safely along the unseen coasts, and safely into the calm waters of a sheltering harbor, by what the lights tell. But thick fogs are more to be dreaded, for they hide the helpful lights.

HELIOS'S FOUR-IN-HAND.

By James Baldwin.



PHAËTHON IN THE CHARIOT OF THE SUN.

Helios, as you know, was the most famous charioteer that the world has ever seen. Just how long he had been driving the chariot of the Sun nobody could tell; but it must have been many, many years. People said that he had never done anything else; and the oldest inhabitant had no recollection of the time when he began. He never missed a day — not even Sunday; and on holidays he was always up and at it early, cracking his whip cheerily to

awaken the children. He was sometimes a little late in getting a start on cold winter mornings, but whenever he did so he was sure to make up for lost time, and finish the journey just that much earlier in the afternoon. He seemed to dislike the cold very much, but that may have been because he was so old. Starting from the home of the Dawn in the far, far East, he made a daily trip to the verge of Old Ocean's stream in the distant West. How it was that he always got back to his starting-point before the next morning was somewhat of a mystery. Nobody had ever seen him making his return trip, and hence all that men knew about it was guesswork. It matters very little to us, however; for that question has nothing to do with the story which I am going to tell.

The old charioteer always slept soundly in the morning, and seldom awoke until he heard his young sister, the maiden whom men call Aurora, rapping at the door of his bedroom, and making her voice echo through the halls of the Dawn.

"Up, up, brother Helios!" she would cry. "It is time for you to begin your journey again. Up, and delight the world once more with your shining morning face and your life-giving presence!"

Then Helios would hasten to the meadows where, through the night, his steeds had been feeding, and would call them each by name:

"Come hither, beautiful creatures! Hasten, for Aurora calleth. Eös, thou glowing one! Æthon, thou of the burning mane! Brontë, thou thunderer! Sterope, thou swifter than lightning! Come quickly!"

The wing-footed steeds would obey. The servants would harness them to the golden car, and Aurora and the Morning Star would deck their manes with flowers and with wreaths of asphodel. Then Helios would step into the car and hold the long, yellow reins in his hands. A word from him, and the proud team would leap into the sky; then they would soar above the mountain-tops and mingle with the clouds, and grandly career in mid-air. And Helios, holding the reins steadily, would gently restrain them, or if they lagged would urge them forward with persuasive words. It was the grandest sight that men ever saw, and yet they never seemed to think much about it — perhaps because it was seen so often. If Helios had failed for a single day, what a wonderful hubbub and fright there would have been!

The wife of Helios was a fair young lady named Clymene, who lived not far from the great sea, and who, according to some, was a nymph, but according to others a fisherman's daughter; and they had an only son named Phaëthon. This son Helios loved above all things else on earth; and he gave him many rich and noble gifts, and counseled him to be brave and wise, and especially to be contented with his lot in life. And Phaëthon grew to be a tall and comely lad, fond of his looking-glass, soft-handed, and proud of his ancestry. Some of his companions, who were only common mortals, liked to flatter him because of his supposed wealth, while there were many others who despised him because he affected to look up to the Sun.

"See the upstart who calls himself the son of Helios," sneered one.

"Ah, but he will have a sorry fall some of these days," said another.

"You are a pretty fellow to claim kinship with the charioteer of the Sun," said a worthless loafer named Epaphos, one day. "With your white face, and your yellow curls, and your slender hands, you are better fitted to help your mother at the spinning-wheel than to be a leader of men."

"But," said the boy, "my father Helios, who drives the burning chariot, and who —"

"Don't talk to me," interrupted the unmannerly fellow — "don't talk to me about your father, the chariot-driver. Why, you would be frightened to death to drive your sister's goat-cart over the lawn, and you would shriek at the sight of a real horse. How dare you claim descent from the charioteer of the skies? Nonsense!"

"A pretty son of Helios, indeed!" laughed the other rowdies who were with Epaphos; and some young girls that were passing tossed their heads and smiled.

"I will show you!" cried Phaëthon, angrily. "I will do what none of you dare do: I will ride the wild horses of the plain; I will harness them to the king's war-chariot, and drive

them in the great circus! I will prove to you that I am worthy to be called the son of Helios!"

"Perhaps you will take his place as driver of the sun-chariot? A day's rest now and then would do the old man great good," sneered Epaphos.

Phaëthon hesitated. "My father," said he, "is one of the immortals, and I am earth-born. And yet — and yet —"

"And yet," shouted his tormentors, "until you have driven the sun-chariot through the skies, nobody will believe that you are the son of Helios!"

And they went on their way laughing.

"You may sneer, and you may laugh," said Phaëthon, "but the time will come when you will honor me, both for what I am and for what I can do."

After that there were many who made sport of the boy's pride. They did this not because they bore any ill will toward him, but because they found a sort of pleasure in twitting one who had set himself up as better than themselves. One by one the young men who had hitherto been his comrades drew themselves away from his companionship; and his girl friends, although they still admired his good looks and pleasant manners, treated him with a coldness which every day became more marked. When he passed along the street the small boys would hoot at him and call out, "Charioteer!" and derisively ask if his father knew he was out. Even the old men who had known him all his life advised him to buy a spade and go to work in his mother's garden, and stop gazing into the sky.

But Phaëthon took little notice of these taunts. Steadily, and with a determined purpose, he set about making himself ready for the great undertaking of his life. He exercised himself daily in feats of strength; he practised running and leaping and throwing weights, until his muscles were hardened and made as elastic as Apollo's bow. Then he took lessons in horsemanship from the greatest riding-masters in the world. He spent months on the grassy steppes of the Caspian, where he learned to lasso wild horses, and, leaping astride of them, to ride them bare-backed and bridleless until they were subdued to his will. He entered the chariot races at Corinth, and with a team of four outdrove the most famous charioteers of Greece; and at the great Olympic games he won the victor's crown. No other young man was talked about as much as he.

"A bright young fellow with a brilliant future before him," said some.

"A fine example of what hard work and a little genius can do," said others.

"A lucky chap," said still others,—"a mere creature of circumstances. Any of us could do as well, if as many favorable accidents would happen to us to help us along."

"A vain upstart," said those whom he had beaten in the race—"a fop with a girl's face, and more hair than brains, whom the gods have seen fit to favor for a day."

"He claims to be of better blood than the rest of us," said the followers of Epaphos; "yet everybody knows that he was born in a miserable village a long way from Athens, and that his mother is the daughter of a fisherman."

But the young girls whispered among themselves: "How handsome he is, and how deftly he managed the reins! What if he be indeed the son of Helios! Would n't it be grand to see him sitting in his father's chariot, and guiding the sun-steeds along their lofty road?" And they said to him, "Phaëthon, if you will drive your father's fiery team for only one little day, we will believe in you."

At length Phaëthon made a long journey to the golden palace of the Dawn in the far distant East. Helios, with his steeds, had just returned from the labors of the day, and he was overjoyed to see his earth-born son. He threw his arms about him, and kissed him many times, and called him by many endearing names.

"And now tell me," he said, "what brings you here, and at this quiet hour of the night, when all men are asleep. Have you come to seek some favor? If so, do not be afraid to tell me; for you know that I will do anything for you — that I will give you anything that you ask."

"There is something," said Phaëthon, "that I long for more than anything else in the world; and I have come to ask you to give it to me."

"What is it, my child?" asked Helios, eagerly. "Only speak, and it shall be yours."

"Father, will you promise to do for me that which I shall ask?"

Then Helios lifted up his hands, and vowed by the river Styx which flows through the under-world, that he would surely grant to his son Phaëthon whatsoever he desired. And this he did, knowing full well the terrible punishment that would be his in case he should not observe that vow. Nine years he would have to lie on the ground as though he were dead, and nine other years he would be shut out from the company of his friends; his sun-car would be broken in pieces, and his fleet horses lost forever, and the whole world doomed to everlasting night.

The young man was glad when his father had made this vow. He spoke quickly, and said: "This, then, O Father, is the boon which I have come to ask, and which you have promised to give: It is that I may take your place to-morrow, and drive your chariot through the flaming pathway of the sky."

Helios sank back terrified at the request, and for a time could not speak.

"My child," he said at last, "you surely do not mean it. No man living can ever drive my steeds; and although you have kinship with the immortals, you are only human. Choose, I pray you, some other favor."

Phaëthon wept, and answered: "Father, there are some people who do not believe that I am better than mere common men, and they scorn me to my face. But if they could once see me driving the sun-car through mid-air, they and all the world would honor me. And I can drive your steeds; for have I not mastered the wildest horses of the desert, and have I not driven the winning chariot in the Corinthian races? By long years of patient training I have fitted myself for this task."

Through all the rest of the night Helios pleaded with the young man, but in vain: Phaëthon would not listen to any refusal. "This favor I will have, or none," said he. "I will drive the sun-car through the heavens to-morrow, and all men shall know that I am the son and heir of Helios."

At length Aurora, in her yellow morning robes, knocked at the door, and Helios knew that no more time could be spent in vain entreaties.

"Ah, my son!" he said, "you know not what you have asked. Yet, since I have made the vow I will not refuse you. May the immortals have you in their keeping, and ward all danger from you!"

Then the four horses were led out and harnessed to the car, and Helios sadly gave the reins into Phaëthon's hands.

"Thy folly will doubtless bring with it its own punishment, my son!" he said; and, hiding his face in his long cloak, he wept.

But the young man leaped quickly into the car, and cried out, as his father had been wont to cry: "On, Eös! On Æthon, Brontë, Sterope! On, ye children of the morning! Awaken the world with your brightness, and carry beauty and gladness into every corner of the earth. Sterope, Brontë, Æthon, Eös, on with you!"

Up sprang the steeds, swift as the thunder-clouds that rise from the sea. Quickly they vaulted upward to the blue dome of heaven. Madly they careered above the mountain-tops, turning hither and thither in their course, and spurning the control of their driver; for well they knew that it was not their old master who stood in the chariot behind them. Then the proud heart of Phaëthon began to fail within him. He quaked with fear, and the yellow reins dropped from his hands.

"O my father!" he cried, "how I wish that I had heeded your warning!"

And the fiery steeds leaped upward and soared in the heavens until they reached a point higher than any eagle had ever attained; then, as suddenly, they plunged downward, dragging the burning car behind them; then, for a long time, they skimmed close to the tree-tops, and dangerously near to the dwellings of men. From the valley of the Nile westward, across the continent of Africa, they passed in their umanageable flight, and the region that had once been so green and fertile was scorched into a barren desert. The rivers were dried up, and the fishes in them died. The growing grain, the grass, the herbs, the trees — all were withered by the intense heat. The mountains smoked, the earth quaked, and the sky was lurid with flame. The fair people who dwelt

in that ill-fated land hastened to hide themselves in caves and among the rocks, where many of them perished miserably from thirst and the unbearable heat; and those who survived and came forth again into the light of day were so scorched and blackened that their skins were of the hue of night, and no washing could ever make them white again. Then all living creatures, great and small, cried out in their terror, and besought the ever-living powers to save them from destruction. And Mother Gæa, queen of earth, heard them; and, pitying them, she prayed to great Zeus, ruler of gods and men, that he would do something to stop the mad course of the driverless steeds ere the whole world should be wrapped in flames. Zeus, from his palace on high, heard her prayer, and hurled his thunderbolts upon the head of the hapless Phaëthon. The youth, stricken and helpless, fell headlong from the car; and the team of Helios, frightened into obedience, soared aloft to their accustomed pathway, and, though driverless, pursued their journey to the shore of the western ocean. Helios was there awaiting their coming, and when he saw that Phaëthon was not in the car deep sorrow filled his heart; he covered his face with his cloak, and it was long ere he removed it, and his smiles were seen again as of yore.

As for Phaëthon, he fell into the great river Po, and messengers hastened to carry the news of his death into the country of his birth. When those who had taunted him and goaded him on to his fate heard what had happened, they began at once to bewail his sad death, and to laud his courage and skill.

"Alas," cried they, "a great hero, a true son of Helios, is lost to the world! What a pity that he did not hearken to our advice, and stay here among his mother's kindred! Had he done so, we would have honored him as one having kinship with the great, and he might have lived to see a happy old age."

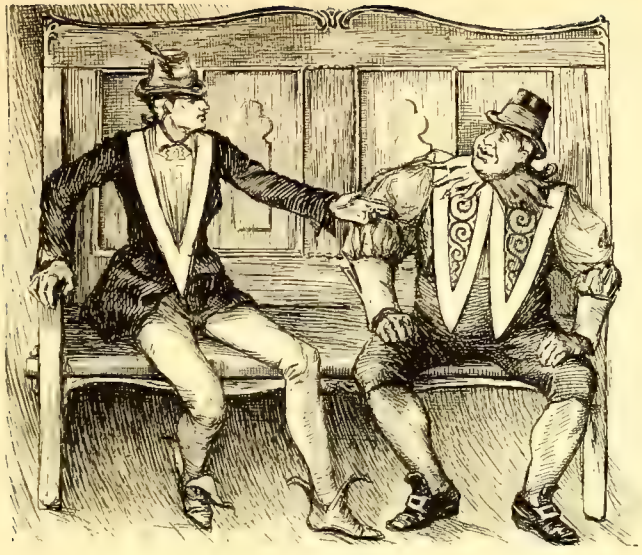
"How handsome he was!" said the maidens who had formerly turned their faces from him, "and how skilful and brave! In all the world we shall never see his like again."

And the daughters of the West built him a noble tomb of marble near the shore of the great sea, and they caused an inscription to be engraved upon it, which said that although he had failed in what he had undertaken, yet he was worthy of honor, because he had set his mind on high things. And Phaëthon's own sisters wandered broken-hearted up and down the banks of the Po, until they were changed into the tall and stately poplars of Lombardy, and the tears which they had shed, falling into the water, were hardened into beads of precious yellow amber.

The old charioteer Helios, though smitten with grief, returned at once to his duty. And for many, many years thereafter he continued to drive his sun-car upon their course; but it was observed that he had lost somewhat of his former vigor, and that his four flaming steeds no longer pranced through the skies with the joyousness of earlier times. At length, when mighty Zeus had fallen from his lofty place, and great Pan was dead, and Mother Gæa was no more than the great round earth, the Man of Facts appeared, with his spectacles, and his measuring tape, and his little memorandum book.

"Father Helios," he said, "your sun-car seems to be rather an antiquated affair for this progressive age of ours, and you yourself are rather behind the times. We believe the earth can spin around on its axis without needing to have the sun eternally trundled about in a chariot. We 'll find room for your old rattle-trap in the back yard, and let it stay there among the rubbish of bygone ages. And the horses, Eös, Æthon, Brontë, and Sterope, we will turn out to grass."



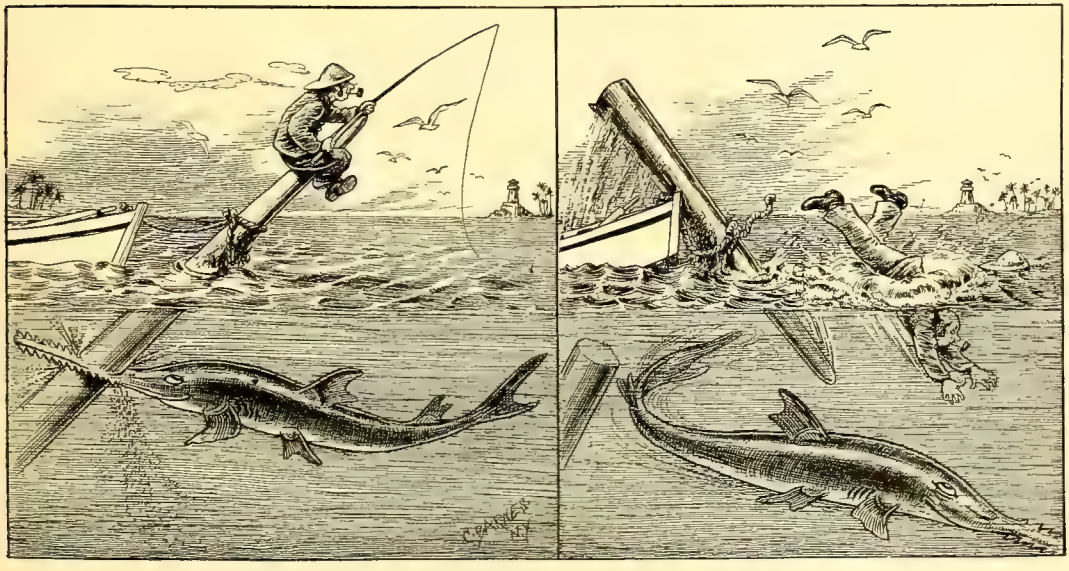


V. AND W.

By Charles L. Benjamin.

"Excuse me if I trouble you,"
Said V to jolly W,
"But will you have the kindness to explain
one thing to me?
Why, looking as you do,
Folks should call you double U,
When they really ought to call you double V?"

Said W to curious V:
"The reason 's plain as plain can be
(Although I must admit it 's understood by
very few);
As you say, I 'm double V;
And therefore, don't you see,
The people say that I am double *you*."



THE CONTENTED FISHERMAN; OR THE MISCHIEVOUS SWORD-FISH.

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XIII.

WHAT MADEMOISELLE FOUND IN THE STREET OF ST. ANTHONY.

The great Room of the Marshals had almost emptied itself of guests as the Emperor had scored the ambassador. When big nations quarrel, little states stand from under. After such a bout as was this, when France taunted Russia, none knew upon whom the imperial bolt might fall next; and both vassals and allies had business elsewhere.

Men whispered to one another: "It means war. Thus did the Emperor break out against Whitworth, the Englishman, before the war that ended in the subjugation of Germany; thus did he score Metternich, the Austrian, before the campaign that ended in victory at Wagram. It is peace no longer."

But Philip thought not of the quarrels of states, as he stood before the Emperor. He knew he had been indiscreet. He expected what English boys call a "wigging," and what American boys know as a "hauling over the coals."

"So, young Desnouettes," the Emperor broke out, "you forget yourself in the presence of my guests; is it not so? You dare to bandy words with the representative of a nation, do you? Feather-head! Can I, then, not trust my pages to learn manners?"

"Sire, the Russian angered me, and — I forgot myself," the boy confessed.

"And does that make matters right?" cried Napoleon. "Courtesy should never forget itself."

Then Philip looked squarely into the imperial eye. "Sire," he said, "I did but follow my Emperor."

At this bold declaration every listener looked aghast. Courtiers knew not whether to smile or to frown. Pages held their breath. Only Victor, the irrepressible, whispered, "My faith! there goes boy Philip's head."

But one never knew how to take that curious compound of severity and sentiment — Napoleon the Emperor. At Philip's words a gleam of anger filled his eye; then, suddenly and strangely, it changed to a twinkle. He tweaked the page's ear — that ear still smarting from the Russian cuff.

"Monkey!" he said. "One might say the Emperor did but follow the page. What caused it all?"

"I said, Sire," Philip replied, "that Catch-a — that Monsieur de Czernicheff was a spy."

"My faith, boy, you spoke the truth. I tell you, gentlemen, the lad spoke but the truth," Napoleon cried, turning to his courtiers, who now saw that it was policy to smile, and to cultivate this plucky young page. "That silken Cossack was a spy, and none of you dared tell him so. But you did wrong, you page, to meddle thus with what is not your concern. You are too honest, I fear, to succeed at court. You will be forever in the water that is hot. We must use you elsewhere. Report in the morning at my study. I will devise some return for your over-zeal. Go!"

And Philip went.

In the Blue Room he ran against Citizen Daunou.

"What is this I hear, my son," that good man said, drawing the page into a deserted corner. "You have been baiting the Russian bear, have you? Tell me of it."

Philip told his story.

"So! see what hot fires we kindle at the court," Citizen Daunou said. "A bad air, a bad air, I fear. When boys bluster, old men hold their peace. And what is to come of it all?"

"That I do not know, Citizen," the page replied. "The Emperor is to render judgment in the morning."

"And our Philip will be a victim or a marshal before another sunset," Citizen Daunou declared. "Well, if the one, you have a friend in me, my boy; if the other—pray let me have a friend in you, Monsieur the Marshal! One never can count on the Emperor. He is full of surprises. But, Philip, this means war. We must face the bear at bay; and what France needs is peace."

"But the glory of it, Citizen Daunou! There is no glory in peace," cried warlike Philip.

"My son," said the old republican solemnly, "peace hath the greater victories—nay, peace is the greatest of all victories. He who holds back the sword when it is in his power to strike is the hero, the victor, the conqueror, whom time will applaud, and posterity praise. Remember this. Oh, that the Emperor might feel it! Oh, that France might make test of it! But the blood-madness is upon us, and the Empire is doomed."

Philip pondered long—for a boy—over these solemn words of Citizen Daunou. But he dismissed them finally as the theories of one who had no love for the Emperor's methods, and he felt glad that none but himself had heard the remarks. For just then it was scarcely wise to talk peace in the imperial palace, whose indomitable master desired a new war of conquest.

Next morning Philip obeyed orders, and reported at the Emperor's study. As he awaited the summons to enter, what was his surprise to see coming from the imperial sanctum his old friend Pierre, the deputy doorkeeper of La Force!

"What, Pierre! You in the palace!" he cried.

"And why not, young Desnouettes?" the deputy doorkeeper replied. "Others than pages are sometimes here. As for me—I had an appointment with the Emperor!"

"That is good!" Philip exclaimed heartily. "I hope he did something fine for you. I thought he might. I spoke to him about you."

"Thanks, Monsieur the Page! I am yours forever"; and the deputy doorkeeper bowed so very low that Philip was not certain whether it was in thanks or in fun. A queer little smile, too, played about the corner of the big boy's mouth. "Some day, my Philip," he said, "I may do as much for you. The Emperor thinks well of me, and I may yet get my step. He has given me a special service. What? Oh, we shall see; and so, too, some day may you. Adieu!"

Then he passed on; and even while Philip was puzzling over his hint the summons came, and the page entered the Emperor's study.

"So! you are there, young Desnouettes. And how old are you now, you boy?" This was the Emperor's greeting.

"I shall be sixteen next February, Sire," the boy replied.

"And now it is August. Sixteen is some months away yet," the Emperor said. "But yet, sixteen is coming—and sixteen is the age for effort. See, you Philip! Championship is excellent. Did I not one day make you champion in ordinary to the Emperor? You are a loyal knight; but sometimes championship embarrasses. You were unwise last night. But you were plucky, and pluck is what the boys of France need, if France is to profit by their service. I shall send you to Alfort."

"To Alfort, Sire!" the boy cried.

"Yes—to Alfort, Sire," mimicked the Emperor. "But not to doctor horses, or to feel the pulses of pigs, Monsieur the Page. You shall join the cavalry class, and learn how to ride, and how to care for horses as one should who, in time, may become a special aide to the Emperor."

"Oh, Sire, you are too good!" exclaimed delighted Philip. "It is what I most desire."

"See, then," said the Emperor, "that you give attention to your duties, and heed the instruction of those set apart to make a man of you. For there are men, my boy, who really do know more than boys, though I sometimes feel that my pages know all there is to know—or think they do."

So Philip went to Alfort, and in that institution, since made into a great veterinary college, the page spent several months, learning the nature and needs of horses. With thirty other boys he received instruction in the cavalry class,

and became a daring and expert horseman. The Polytechnic School also he entered, as a "special," to perfect himself in drawing, in topography, and in penmanship; for the Emperor had, evidently, special service in view for this protégé of his, who, in spite of his propensity for getting into scrapes, was honest, plucky, and loyal — the three things that would best combine to make a faithful follower of the Emperor.

A pleasant thing about Alfort was its nearness to Vincennes, where Peyrolles was stationed as one of the drill-masters of the Pupils of the Guard. Philip frequently visited the Corporal, and often on "leave days" he took the veteran to his friends in the Street of the Fight, where he would listen with glee to the worshiper of the Emperor, and the hater of the Corsican, as they debated long and loud over their pet topic — Napoleon.

"Cæsar has become Charlemagne," Uncle Fauriel declared; "and the republic is dead, indeed. Why was I not a Brutus years ago? Now — alas! — I am too fat to be deliverer or conspirator."

Mademoiselle and Philip laughed merrily



"NAPOLEON PULLED THE PAGE'S HAIR VIGOROUSLY IN APPRECIATION OF THE JOKE." (SEE PAGE 585.)

over the idea of so fat a Brutus, though Brutus was quite a portly person, Uncle Fauriel informed them. As for Peyrolles, he played a good second to Fauriel's grumbling. "Why did I leave a leg at Austerlitz?" he cried. "Was it to let another man step into the shoes I could no longer wear, and be made the duke or marshal I might have been?"

"Never mind, my Peyrolles," said Philip. "You are drill-master at Vincennes. You are helping to make dukes and marshals for France out of your little Pupils of the Guard."

"Not so easy, that," said the Corporal, shaking his head. "I tried to make of you, young Desnouettes, at St. Cyr, a duke, or at least a marshal — and behold you! only a page yet, or perhaps a horse-doctor!"

"Which may not be so bad a profession after all, Old Mustache," cried Uncle Fauriel. "For what is the saying: 'Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to destruction.' The Corsican is mounted already, and if Philip will but keep his horses in good trim, he will ride all the speedier to his end. And out of it may spring a new France, a greater republic. Good Doctor Philip, look to your horses' hoofs."

The Emperor, indeed, was mounted and riding: no one yet could say to what end. For, as 1811 grew into 1812, the war-cloud swelled in bigness, and darkened. In June, 1812, it burst. Napoleon crossed the river Niemen with half a million men. To cross that river, in arms, was to break the peace. France and Russia were at war.

During the spring months of 1812 the Emperor had drunk deep of power; and Philip, too, from the Emperor's cup had drunk deep of glory. For, though on the eve of a war that was to embroil all Europe, Napoleon sought, first, to dazzle all Europe with his splendor, his resources, and his power. Six hundred thousand men followed the imperial eagles — the mightiest army since the days of Alexander. He set out for the war encompassed by glittering soldiers, and attended by princes and kings. At Dresden he spent three weeks in a blaze of display, marshaling his host. Receptions, festivals, levees, audiences, balls, reviews, shows, and ceremonials crowded each other in dizzy succession; everywhere orders gleamed and diamonds blazed; and where he who once had starved himself as a sub-lieu-

tenant now held state as a monarch, sovereign princes flocked to do honor to this "Marvel of the Age," and vassal kings stood as suppliants in the palace of him whom men called "The New Agamemnon."

Amid all this homage, Napoleon kept his head. While the French served him with idolatry, and the Allies with adulation, he sought to give no visible sign of superiority; he could even see the funny side of it all. For one day Philip the page, delaying an answer he should have brought with speed, met the Emperor's impatient demand: "How then, you page! what are your legs for? Why are you late?"

True to his habit, Philip straightway told the truth.

"Sire," he replied; "I could not help it. I came with the answer straight. But out here in the antechamber I got tangled up in a lot of kings, and had to just crowd my way through them to get in."

Whereat Napoleon laughed, and pulled the boy's ear and hair so vigorously, in his appreciation of the joke, that the tears fairly started in the page's eyes.

For, as you see Philip was in the thick of it all. Recalled from his studies to grace the progress to Dresden as one of the imperial pages, the boy Philip had been a part of the display that attended it, and, much to his disgust, was sent back to Paris when the Emperor sounded the advance "On to Russia!" and the Empress returned by way of Prague to her palace in France.

In France there was much unrest. The Emperor was fifteen hundred miles away, and nearly every household had been drawn upon for soldiers to fight against Russia. At first came tidings of victories. Then bulletins fell off; news came less regularly; anxiety and rumors filled the air. None knew what to believe; and though from the heart of Russia Napoleon ruled France, the people of France were uneasy, and wished their Emperor were back again, with all the brave Frenchmen whom he had led to the war.

But to Philip, dividing his time between his special studies at the Polytechnic School and his duties as a page of the palace, there came but little of this unrest. While the fathers and mothers of France were waiting anxiously for bulletins, sticking pins in their maps of Russia at every place mentioned in the news that came home, and thus following the advance of the troops, the boys of France were puffed up with



"'WHAT IS THAT, PIERRE?' SHE SAID, POINTING TO THE WORDS."
(SEE PAGE 587.)

glory, and longing for the day when they might be old enough to join the Young Guard, and march to victory with their never-conquered Emperor. Philip's only feeling of uneasiness lay in the fear that the war might close before the Emperor should summon him to the field. This fear he confided often to Corporal Peyrolles, and almost as frequently to Mademoiselle.

Peyrolles applauded "my boy," as he called Philip; but Mademoiselle was full of anxieties, conjured alike from Citizen Daunou's gloomy forebodings and young Philip's extravagant notions.

These occupied her thoughts one bright October morning in this year of 1812, when, accompanied by her old nurse, Marcel, now grown into a sort of chaperon to the young girl who had been her charge from babyhood, she set out for a walk from the Street of the Fight to the straggling Street of the Suburb of St. Anthony. For, in that quarter of the city, in the funny old streets (long since swept away by change) known as the Pig-sty and the Tree of Cracow, lived certain poor pensioners to whom Mademoiselle was a helpful angel of mercy.

She had passed the towering plaster elephant of the Bastille (that ambitious memorial of tyranny overthrown, designed by the Emperor but never to be changed into bronze as he intended), and had almost reached the dingy side street known as the Little Picpus, when a carriage, dashing furiously down the Street of St. Anthony, almost overturned her as she was picking her way across the foaming gutter; for it had rained heavily in Paris the night before.

Bulky Nurse Marcel caught at the young girl's arm. Before she had done so, however, an alert young fellow, stockily built, caught Mademoiselle's other arm, and drew her back to the pavement and Nurse Marcel's care. But while Pierre had one eye for the girl, he nevertheless had another for the occupant of the hurrying carriage.

"So, Mademoiselle," he said, "that was a narrow escape. And you could have no redress, had you been hurt. It was the Prefect of the Seine's carriage. He rides as if sent for. Something is afoot."

"Thank you so much," Mademoiselle said prettily. "I did not see him coming. Even when one is sent for, one need not ride so furiously, and scare people half out of their wits."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," the boy declared with amusing importance, "when one is, like us, in an official station, one must do many things that do not seem gentle — even to running down pretty girls out for an airing."

"Mademoiselle,— to me!" came Nurse Marcel's warning voice. But Mademoiselle was inquisitive, and was now bound to hear more from this young official.

"And you are an official, then, Monsieur?" she asked the big boy.

"A deputy doorkeeper at La Force, Mademoiselle," he replied.

"La Force? the prison? Then you must know Pierre. I mean Pierre Labeau — a boy on duty there."

"I am that Pierre Labeau, at your service, Mademoiselle. And you?"

"Oh, we have heard of you so often from Philip! Have we not, Nurse? This is Monsieur Philip's friend, Pierre."

"And a very forward young man he is!" cried Nurse Marcel. "Come away with me at once, Mademoiselle."

"Monsieur Philip!" cried Pierre. "Is it, then, young Desnouettes, the page, of whom you speak? Then you — you, Mademoiselle, perhaps, are — "

"Mademoiselle Lucie Daunou, of the Street of the Fight," said the girl.

"But not Citizen Daunou's daughter — is she now, Nurse?" Pierre demanded, so quickly, indeed, that Nurse Marcel flushed, and said sharply, "And why not? Who else, Monsieur Stupid? Why, I have known her ever since the day Citizen Daunou brought her to his home — bah, then! what am I saying?" she cried in startled confusion.

"Brought me — me! Why, what are you saying, Nurse? What does it mean, that?" Mademoiselle cried. "I never heard of it! Oh! but what is this?"

It was a bit of torn paper blown by the wind into the girl's hand. Even in her surprise at Nurse Marcel's words, Mademoiselle's curiosity

as to the bit of torn paper displaced her first inquisitiveness, and she spread it out to read.

It was baffling; for this is what she saw:

To the Count Frochat, Prefect
he Seine, wherever he may be found.
Ride with speed!
GENERAL HEADQUARTERS,
PLACE VENDÔME.
23d October, 1812,
6 o'clock, A. M.
REFECT.—I have the honor to
py of the decree of the Sen-
nouncing the sad ti-
of the Emperor, by a
walls of Moscow on
of this month of October
on of their command,
e the City Hall for
provisional gov-
the Republic
th speed.
LET.
Army of
Paris.

"How strange!" cried Mademoiselle. "What can it all mean, Pierre?"

The deputy doorkeeper, equally curious, took the letter, and scanned it curiously.

"'The Count Frochat, Prefect of the Seine,'" he read. "It came from his carriage then, Mademoiselle — 'decree of the Senate — announcing sad tidings — of the Emperor — walls of Moscow — month of October — the City Hall — provisional government — the Republic — Army of Paris'— why, what is it, then? I said something was up. Something *is!*"

He turned the torn paper over, puzzled enough. Mademoiselle's sharp eyes caught sight of some bold handwriting on the back of the letter.

"What is that, Pierre?" she said, pointing to the words.

"*Fu—it*," the boy spelled out. "I do not know, Mademoiselle. It is not French, this. What is it?"

It was not French. It was Latin. Mademoiselle read the two bold words, looking over Pierre's shoulder. "'*Fuit Imperator!*' That means, 'The Emperor has been.' The Emperor has been? Oh, Pierre! What have I found?" she cried. "The Emperor is dead!"

Pierre excitedly struck his hand upon the torn bit of paper.

"So! I see it all!" he cried. "Killed under the walls of Moscow! Whew! but here is a tangle, though!"

And without a word of adieu the deputy doorkeeper turned sharply, and dashed down the Street of the Suburb of St. Anthony, heading as straight as its crowded ways would permit for the City Hall and the "General Headquarters" in the Place Vendôme.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHY PHILIP WAS MAD AT THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

MADEMOISELLE stood for a moment looking after the flying Pierre. Then she said: "Oh, that poor little baby! Why, *he* is emperor now! Come with me, Nurse. I must go to the palace and tell Philip. Perhaps he does not know it, and he might wish to hear of it in time."

"But we are not for palaces, Mademoiselle," Nurse Marcel objected. "How would I be received there — I, the widow of a sansculotte? They will send me to La Force, if they do but know that once I was 'Citizeness' and danced the Carmagnole."

"Never fear that, Nurse," Mademoiselle reassured her companion. "They cannot know; and I must see Philip."

So, grumbling still, Nurse Marcel turned with the young girl, and together they hastened westward; for, though the Empress was at St. Cloud, Philip's duties were largely at the Tuileries when he was not at the Polytechnic School.

Mademoiselle saw that soldiers were marching that way, and that in the City Hall Square the whole Tenth Brigade were drawn up before the city building. Clearly something had happened.

At the palace Mademoiselle soon found Philip. To him she told the news. Had he heard it? she asked. Was it not dreadful?

"Dreadful? Why, it is never true," Philip declared. "The bullet is not made that can kill the Emperor. The letter was a trick. Wait here a moment, Mademoiselle. Let me report what you tell me, and inquire."

He returned speedily.

"Something *is* wrong," he said. "The square is filling with soldiers. The horse-guards have just galloped to St. Cloud. Every one seems mystified. Strange things, they say, have happened. The Minister of Police has been locked up in La Force. So, too, has Pasquier, the prefect. The commander of the Paris garrison has been assassinated. The City Hall is surrounded; the Ministry of War is in the hands of red republicans; the Senate, it is said, has issued a decree announcing the death of the Emperor, and proclaiming the Republic."

"The Republic!" exclaimed Mademoiselle. "Why, Philip, how may that be? If the Emperor is dead, the little King of Rome is Emperor. Why should the republicans have the power? Dear me! I hope my father is not in it all. Of course Uncle Fauriel is."

"No matter what they say, I will not believe it," Philip declared. "The Emperor dead! How absurd! The Emperor cannot die. What would become of France?"

"Why, Philip, I suppose emperors have died before," Mademoiselle suggested.

"But not *The* Emperor," said Philip, proudly. "But, true or not, I am in a muddle; and what a ferment will France be in! So, too, will the city. Were it not wise, Mademoiselle, for me to conduct you, and Nurse here, to the Street of the Fight — or at least to Citizen Daunou's safe-keeping at the Archives? The streets will soon be in an uproar."

So, dodging the crowds that thronged the streets, and yet, with the curiosity of youth, unwilling to let slip any chance of seeing what was afoot, the young people, with Nurse Marcel clutching at Mademoiselle's arm, arrived at last at the Palace of the Archives in the Street of the Wheat Field.

There, in his office, they found the good Keeper of the Archives, as cool and as calm as ever, poring over his dusty documents, and apparently indifferent to all the rumors and excitement that filled the city.

Breathless they told what Mademoiselle had found, and what Philip had heard.

"The Emperor dead? That is now but ancient history, my children," remarked the old Keeper. "Was I in it? No; nor yet Uncle Fauriel. Do you take us for lunatics, you two? Why, it was but a scare and a sell. And yet, it might have proved a tragedy — that I will admit. But, bless you both! the Emperor is as alive as you or I; and the hot-heads, the crazy-pates, who sought to raise an insurrection are safe, now, under lock and key. Yes, it was nearly accomplished — that I may not deny; but by a lucky chance — or shall we say an unlucky one? — who can tell? — by a lucky chance, let us call it, the plot failed; and thanks to whom, think you? To your friend Pierre, my Philip — Pierre, the deputy doorkeeper of La Force. He is the hero of the hour. I have but just heard the whole story. That crazy-pate Malet, late general under the Republic,— you must have heard Uncle Fauriel tell of him,— was at the bottom of it all; and now he is in prison once more, and his head is not worth a button. So, come; get you back to home and duty, my children. It is but an incident. See — it is over. Leave me to my papers."

Citizen Daunou was right. It was but an incident, but it well-nigh proved an event. A cleverly laid plot against the Empire, which included an announcement of the Emperor's death, a forged decree of the Senate, a surprise of the heads of departments, and the transfer of all commands to the conspirators, had been so skilfully carried out that it would have succeeded but for the quick eye of Pierre, the deputy doorkeeper of La Force.

The account of the attempt is one of the most dramatic chapters in the Napoleonic story; but, save for Pierre's connection with it, the conspiracy of General Malet, as it is called, has no especial bearing upon our story. It was one of those historic oddities that might have changed the world's history had it succeeded. But it failed; and to-day it is almost forgotten, though certain foolish and certain brave men paid with their lives for their connection with it.

Philip lost no time in hunting up Pierre at La Force. From him he learned the details of that lynx-eyed young fellow's part in the drama.

"After I left Mademoiselle," the deputy doorkeeper said, "I hurried to the City Hall. I

could learn nothing certain; but that homely little commander Laborde,—you know him, my Philip, that bunged-up aide-de-camp of Doucet the adjutant—he spied me. 'See, there, you Labeau, come with me to headquarters,' he said; 'you may be of service to me.' You see, he knew I was on duty at La Force, and I suppose he thought if he should happen to be arrested and sent there, it would be well to be in my care. So to headquarters we went—in the Place Vendôme. The troops were all about the building, and the sentries would not let us pass. Our little Laborde cried: 'Fools! I am here on duty. Let me enter.' And they did. We went then to the adjutant's office. Laborde left me without. I heard high words. Then Laborde called me. I pushed past the sentry at the door, and entered. Doucet the adjutant was there; Laborde was there; a man in a general's uniform was there. I looked at him. I knew him. 'What, General Malet!' I said, 'you here! Who gave you leave to quit La Force?' My faith, Philip! He was one of my prisoners — Malet the republican, from the prison hospital. Oh, but he was mad! 'Fool!' he hissed at me. 'Fool, yourself!' said I. 'Here is something wrong, gentlemen. This is an escaped prisoner. Arrest him, and I will go for the Minister of Police.' With that the runaway tried to pull his pistol. We jumped at him and pinned him down. 'An escaped lunatic?' asked Doucet the adjutant, as he sat on the fallen general. 'But the decree of the Senate?' he went on. 'Forged, Monsieur the Adjutant,' I said; 'it must be a forged decree. This Malet is a clever lunatic.' Laborde ran to the window. 'A trick! a trick!' he cried. 'The Emperor is not dead. To your barracks, soldiers! You have been duped by a lunatic!' That is all there is to it. The plot is discovered. The scare is over. Malet is in La Force, and I—"

"You have saved France, Pierre," Philip cried, hugging the deputy doorkeeper in delight.



"'STAND BACK, SIRS,' HE CRIED. 'THIS IS THE APARTMENT OF THE EMPRESS!'" (SEE PAGE 590.)

"Well — perhaps. Thanks to little Mademoiselle Daunou — if she *is* Daunou," said Pierre. "If Mademoiselle had not found that bit of torn paper in the Street of St. Anthony, I should not have been on hand; I should not have recognized Malet; he would have succeeded, and — whew, though! what a tangle we should have been in!"

Philip felt proud of his friends. Mademoiselle and Pierre had saved the Empire, and won the thanks of the Emperor.

"Long life to both of you!" the page cried. "Pierre, you will get your step."

Pierre did get his step. For when the Emperor returned to Paris, Pierre was made a police inspector — the youngest on the force — and besides he received the thanks of the Emperor in person.

"You were the only one, you boy," said Napoleon, "among all those imbeciles in power, that had eyes, and could see: that had brains, and could use them. I said you were clever. I was right. My faith! if you were but old enough I would make you Minister of Police. Boy though you are, you are the best duke among them all."

For, you see, Napoleon did come back. That coming back is historic. The world has not yet finished talking of it.

Philip was on hand when it happened. It was December 18, in that eventful year of 1812. Paris was depressed. France was distressed. The world was astonished. Only the day before there had been made public a bulletin from the army in Russia, in which the Emperor told France that he had not succeeded in conquering Russia. He had not lost a battle. His soldiers had been brave and heroic. But the weather had proved their enemy. The cold had been so intense that men and horses had perished. Order had been lost. War and disaster fell upon the armies of France. The Cossacks had harried them. In recrossing the Beresina river many had been drowned. But the Emperor was alive and well.

Men shook their heads gravely over this unexpected news. But boys are ever hopeful. Philip had said: "Ah! the Emperor is there. He will soon set matters right." And he had thought but little of disaster. For his Emperor had never known defeat! His Emperor never could know it!

It was half-past eleven o'clock on the night of December 18. Philip was on duty at the Tuileries. At his post outside the drawing-room of the Empress he sat nodding, half asleep.

Suddenly he started to his feet. The sound of voices in dispute, as if demanding an entrance, came to his ears. They were in the corridor below him, at the very entrance to the palace.

The door of the antechamber in which the listening page was stationed was flung open. Two men hurried in. They were wrapped in furs, and looked rough and excited.

"Is it a new plot?" Philip wondered. Beyond him were the apartments of the Empress and the little King of Rome — the heir to the Empire. Philip's breath came fast. His heart beat excitedly. He was no more than a boy, he knew, but he would defend the Empress with his life.

"Stand back, sirs!" he cried. "This is the apartment of the Empress. None may enter here!"

He had no weapon at hand, but he caught up a chair, and threatened the strangers, blocking their advance.

"What, boy! Why, young Desnouettes," cried the smaller of the two men, "do you not know me?"

It was the Emperor! Philip almost dropped in surprise.

"You, Sire?" he exclaimed in amazement. "And the Russians? Are they defeated already!"

"Already?" the Emperor repeated, almost sadly, placing a hand upon the boy's head. "We come alone. You are a brave boy, you Philip. Come, Caulaincourt."

And, without another word, the Emperor and his equerry pushed past the page, and entered the drawing-room of the Empress.

Philip was puzzled. The Emperor coming back thus secretly — and alone? He could not understand it all.

But too soon he did. And so did France. Napoleon had suffered his first defeat.

Of all that vast army, the fugitive Emperor

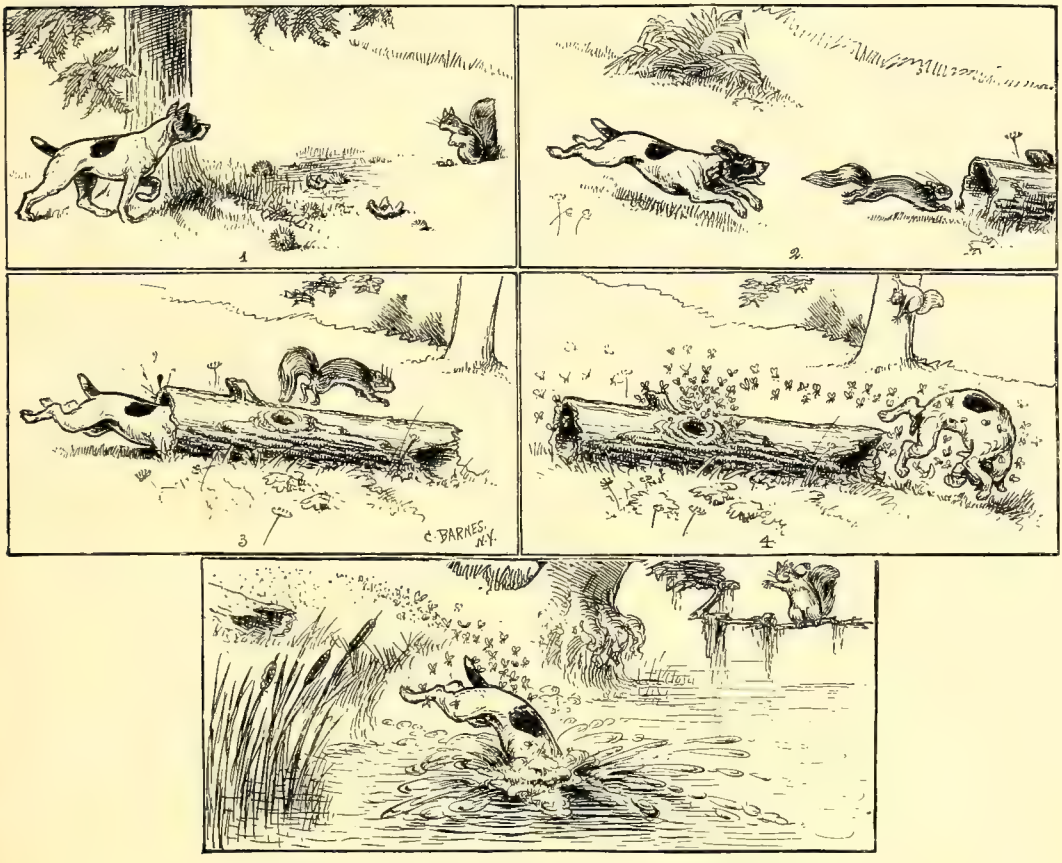
and his attendant were the only men who had yet returned. Thousands upon thousands of brave Frenchmen had left their bones bleaching upon Russian snows. Of the half-million men who with streaming banners and flashing bayonets had crossed the Niemen to conquer the East, only a paltry seventy thousand recrossed —a tattered, frost-bitten, starving, straggling, desperate, and weary band of defeated fugitives. The invasion of Russia was a terrible failure.

It was the cold that had done it. The Clerk of the Weather had taken the field against Napoleon, and the hitherto unconquered Emperor had been vanquished by the thermometer.

That was what he declared. That was what Philip accepted; and, with many a sigh and many a bitter thought, the boy, who believed so firmly in the prowess and puissance of his Emperor, blamed the Clerk of the Weather and cried, "Hard luck that! This General Frost is a beast! If only, now, the weather were a man, how the Emperor would have beaten him!"

Poor Philip; poor Emperor; poor France! Malet's conspiracy and Russian frosts were to begin a new chapter in the history of their homeland, and to all three were to bring changes and misfortunes of which none of them had ever dreamed.

(To be continued.)



THE FOX TERRIER AND THE SQUIRREL.—A TALE WITHOUT A MORAL.

THREE FRESHMEN: RUTH, FRAN, AND NATHALIE.

By Jessie M. Anderson.



THE AUNTS AT DINNER.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter XIII.

MRS. BOFFIN IN A NEW RÔLE.

. . . Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

Three days after Fran went home, she wrote a long letter to her friends at college:

The flat is a very funny affair. In the novelty of it, we have had hardly a chance to miss our dear old house. My small brothers spend their afternoons riding up and down in the elevator, to the distraction of the lower flatters!

To-day has been an uncommonly comical one; you will enjoy an account of it.

All the morning I had been chief cook and bottle-washer in the kitchen end of the flat, and was attired in a blue-and-green plaid gingham wrapper which I had just made for Mama, and I had my hair down my back in a braid — tied, I grieve to say, with a bit of black elastic.

There came an impatient ring at the bell, and I answered it. And there stood my "Aunt Majestic," as we always call her, because, when we were children, she used to stand so loftily straight and reach out one finger to shake hands.

She lives in New York, and she does not often ven-

ture so far west as Chicago. She had not seen me for years,— since papa took me to call on her in New York, on our way home from Paris, when I was about thirteen. Of course she did not know me.

So *she* said, "Is Mrs. Townsend at home?" and *I* said, "Won't you be seated, madam, and I will ascertain." Then I flew into Mama's bedroom, and told her the tale, and warned her against giving me away. Well, if you please, who should come in next, but Aunt Phœbe, who has a sheep-ranch out in Dakota, and is perfectly reckless of conventions and of English, too, and can't *abide* the Majestic. She had n't seen me, either, for years.

Of course they both stayed for luncheon, and I waited upon the table.

I smuggled the boys out into the kitchen, when they came home from school, and gave them all manner of goodies as a bribe to stay there.

Well! the dear things all sat down together. Fortunately Papa did not come up for luncheon, or I should have given up the game: it is so hard explaining things to *men!*

I stood around at appropriate intervals, with the salads and things,— and my salads are *not* such stuff as dreams are made on! So you need n't pity them. Then Aunt Maria Majestic said that she hoped that Frances had been toned down a little by our trouble; for as a little child she had had an irrepressible pertness of manner, and a way of jabbering French that was anything but agreeable. Mama laughed hysterically, and tried not to look at me. And Aunt Phœbe said, "She 's a bright little piece, though — that 's what I always say about Fanny. She 's peart, but she 's cute as a gopher! But then, she 's such a mere child! She 'll settle — gracious sakes, she 'll settle!"

I vanished into the kitchen, for Mama was anything but happy, but kept things going as well as she could till I got the face to go back and finish passing the Roquefort cheese.

Then Aunt Phœbe said: "You see, I have n't been east — to Massachusetts, that is to say — for three years, and I must say I 'd like pretty well to go up and see Smith's."

And Mama told her it was *Smith*, knowing how I hate "Smith's"!

At last they got through with their eating, and everybody fell back to let the Majestic Maria get launched. And she slid into the drawing-room, and said she must hurry off to meet a friend at the Auditorium for the Philharmonic matinée. She had dropped in only to assure us that she would never desert us because Fortune had deserted us; and if there were anything she could do —; but Mama said we were getting on very well; whereupon she kissed Mama's cheek, and shook fingers with Aunt Phœbe,— and *she* was off.

Then I went in and owned up to Aunt Phœbe, and she 's laughing yet over it. And then I went to Field's and did a little shopping, and home to write to you before I get dinner.

Was n't that a good little farce? But there! Aunt Phœbe wants dinner early, so that she can go to the Battle of Gettysburg cyclorama.

So it 's good by to you, dear Boffins! With the same feelin's, here or in the Bower,

Your MRS. BOFFIN.

And Ruth wrote in answer:

MY DEAREST FRAN: We had all been thinking of the sad difference between the home-going at Christmas and this one for you, when your bright letter came. We see you are, as usual, making the best of everything, and getting fun out of it.

I do think, dearie, you are a wonder! And I take back most humbly all I once said about your not being a true college girl, because you liked "society" and home life. You are more of a real college girl than I; for you have shown power to adjust yourself to life, which is the aim of education,— while I only preached!

Well, dear Fran, I 'm prouder of you than of any other girl in our class. Nathalie said she would write a note to go with this, but she is n't to be found! So that must wait.

With warmest love from The Bower for our cherished absent Boffin,

Lovingly,

RUTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

NATHALIE'S BIRTHDAY.

O gentle Year, I 'll not entreat thee stay,—
Yet, gliding from me with the sliding sand,
Thou shalt not pass till I have kissed the hand
That gave me joys, and took but time away.
— *Helen Gray Cone.*

NATHALIE'S two weaknesses were eating apples and lying abed in the morning. On this particular morning, just as the rising-bell rang at seven o'clock, she heard the sound of sweeping in the hall, and had one energetic thought of getting up to shut the transom against the invading dust; but a second and wiser one reminded her that it was her twentieth birthday, and surely a little indulgence in sleep was a proper luxury! So she dozed off again, with a smile as she thought of Fran's old saying, "And our little lives are rounded by a bell!"

When — at last fairly up and ready for breakfast — she opened the door, she saw what all the ostensible noise of sweeping had been. It was an ingenious cover for great preparations outside.

Tied to the door of No. 28, by strings of different lengths, rolled apples of all sizes,

shapes, and colors, with appropriate mottos, one from nearly every one of the fifty girls in the Hubbard House. One was dedicated to the "Apple of Mine Eye"; one inscribed with the legend "Wilhelm Tell"; while on twenty or thirty were comical verses, such as this:

Oh, Nathalie,
Fattily,
Never your temper rumpling,
We sigh for thee,
Die for thee,
Your teeth our fair skins crumpling!
For we are going to turn you
Into an apple-dumpling!

In the midst of the rolling apples stood the three legs of a small round table. On it, in the center, was a potted mullein plant — for Nathalie had been detected cutting out a newspaper slip on "How to redden the cheeks by rubbing them with mullein-leaves"!

All about the table, depending by bridal-looking white ribbons, were boxes of flowers, which Nathalie was trying in vain to crowd into one tall, slim vase, two little fat ones, and a small three-cornered glass bonbon dish, when in rushed Ruth's new room-mate, already almost a Boffin, with two more parcels from the florist's, and warned the excited girl that she would better be going down to breakfast, before the dining-room doors were shut. "There are only two girls and three biscuits left now, so run along!" she said, kissing Nathalie on the end of her nose. And Nathalie ran along, rather dazed, but exceedingly happy.

When she walked into the breakfast-room, one of the girls said, laughing, "'Lost to sight, to memory dear!'" And Nathalie laughed, too, and blushed, without the aid of a mullein-leaf, behind the great bunch of Maréchal Niels that she had tucked into her belt.

The day went on, like any common day, through recitation periods and meal occasions, with intervals for examining Nathalie's mail-packages.

In the evening the Bower gave a Dickens party, an entire surprise to Our Mutual Friend. Mr. Boffin explained that he had always wished he were in the same book with that delightful Bleak House "Guardian," and some of the rest of "Charley's" acquaintances; and that he had availed himself of the larger liberty of American soil to gather together some of these folk for a friendly chat.

A queer concourse it was, and a merry one. Imagination and the T. Q. costume-wardrobe had done their best. Popcorn took the place of the Boffin veal-pie, and little "Oliver Twist" boldly asked for more.

"Agnes" half shrinkingly poured out a cup of tea for the squirming "Uriah Heep." "Mr. Micawber" playfully embraced "Mrs. Micawber" when she said she did n't know when she was going to get her lessons for the next morning, and assured her that something would turn up. And the stern "Widow Defarge" sat in the corner and knit and knit, and answered questions with grim composure.

But at last the ten-o'clock bell put an end to the knitting and the corn-popping — and to Nathalie's first college birthday.

"It would have been perfect if we had only had Fran here," was Nathalie's last remark, as she hurried off to her little room, storing up all the details of the fun for Fran's next Boffin letter.

Chapter XV.

NATHALIE AND ELSIE.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
— *George Herbert.*

The last two weeks of the spring term were the most eventful of the year. Northampton was full of proud friends of the graduating class, and was at her best of bright sunshine, the air not yet too warm, the roads not yet dusty, the trees holding out a generous leafy shade, the river wide and peaceful.

The boarding-houses about town had a less poetic conception of June, and put their rates at Commencement figures. Lucky were such of the "outside" boarding students as had made their bargains fast for "board at regular rates until the middle of June"; or such as had fallen to landladies in whose souls was developed a sense of true fairness distinct from a wish to make all they could.

For the balance of supply and demand was quite lost. Many of the undergraduates had chosen this time for visits from their friends.

Ruth, fortunately, had been early in the race, and had secured for her mother and Elsie a room in Elm Street, within short walking-distance of the college.

Great was the rejoicing at the Bower when, at the last minute, Fran wrote that Aunt Phœbe had obtained for her a "pass" on the railroad which would take her to Springfield, and that she would be in Northampton for Commencement week. Mrs. Chittenden and Elsie managed to squeeze her in with them, and the whole town held no happier "family reunion" than that of the three Boffins.

But poor little Elsie had managed, in the short walk to the college grounds, to turn her foot on a stone, so that she had to stay at the Hubbard House most of the week, unable to move from the "Trojan Horse," and claiming all the Boffins' odd minutes for her amusement.

The child was a new element in the Bower, and a keen delight to the Boffins. There was a half conscious, half earnest competing for the first place in her favor; and even Ruth, who had always been Elsie's idol, was a bit piqued that Elsie chose Nathalie to stay with her one afternoon, while the others took a long-planned drive to Mount Holyoke. Nathalie was devoted to the sunny, affectionate little girl, and at Homewood had given long hours to her tiny ladyship's entertainment.

"Tell me some more of those *fascillating* stories about your brother Fred," Elsie begged restlessly.

"I will, duckie," Nathalie answered willingly, sitting down by the little maid, and stroking the soft curls as she told another of the little home stories Elsie liked so well.

Elsie clapped her hands. "I do like boys' stories and games! Will you show me, some time, how to play some of the games you 've told about, when you come to Homewood?"

Nathalie smiled and promised, and had a sweet, womanly vision of the future as she lifted the tiny maid, with the clinging arms about her neck, and carried her for a "little journey round the room."

"I do love you, 'Thalie," Elsie sighed contentedly. "Can't you come and live *always* very, very near Homewood, and bring Fred?"

"I don't know about Fred," Nathalie answered, laughing and kissing the soft, clinging little bundle.

Chapter XVI.

Ruth's Announcement.

No man can guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw to-day the face of a person he shall see to-morrow for the first time.

—*Emerson.*

In the mean time, Ruth and her mother and Fran were driving along one of those straight, uneventful bits of country road that seem like certain monotonous stretches of a quiet life, when Ruth rather abruptly remarked:

"There is something on my mind, mother dear, that I wish you and Fran to know."

Something in the tone made Fran, who was sitting in front, face around so suddenly as to run the risk of upsetting the surrey by the sharp jerk of the horse to the left.

"I have decided to study medicine. I have a fair start in the natural sciences now, and I mean to do as much as possible in biology and anatomy at college, and then take my P. G. [post-graduate] in medicine. I have just lately made up my mind that I long to be a doctor."

"A bird-doctor?" said Fran, who never lost a chance to poke fun at the Audubon enthusiasm of her room-mate.

"No; a child's doctor," answered Ruth, with a quiet, half shy earnestness which shamed Fran's humor. "I do really, really mean it. Mother dear, what do you think of it?"

"You must ask papa," said Mrs. Chittenden, being that kind of woman. She had a dread of all such discussion, and now she settled back in her corner, arranging some wild flowers that Fran had picked for her.

"You know, mother, don't you, that I don't wish to do anything in the woman's-rights line? I 've always thought a woman-doctor for little children would be the greatest treasure to a community. But I never thought of doing the thing myself till one day last week. Since then I 've decided."

"Well, you 've surprised us this time!" Fran exclaimed. "Why, *Ruth*, who 'd have thought it! Our Boffin going in for a 'sphere,' and a novel, picturesque one, too! I 've had that idea, myself, that men-doctors can't understand

children as well as women could — and they frighten them half to death! Why, it 's a *bully* idea!"

"I never knew you so slangy before!" remonstrated Ruth, deeply gratified, however, by Fran's way of taking her news.

"It 's a habit of my early youth!" Fran groaned melodramatically; "and in seasons of preternatural excitement it returns with all its former terrors!"

So they talked carelessly of other things; and the last few days of the term slid past, with hardly another mention of Ruth's plan.

As will happen in this workaday world, most of the parting words of the Boffins were — not of the past, nor of the future, of the "Family" — but of train-schedules and trunk-expressmen, and of the ten-dollar deposit to hold her new room in the Hatfield, for which Ruth had forgotten to make any allowance in her pocket-money.

But as ideal things, too, have a trick of happening in this real world, we may take one last glimpse ahead — just seven years ahead!

At Homewood again. Will Chittenden and Nathalie are bending over their darling two-year-old, fast asleep, while Ruth looks on with a smile of deep, rare joy; and Elsie, now grown nearly as tall as her elder sister, is forced into a waltz down the hall outside by the rejoicing Fran, into whose ear she whispers:

"I 'm glad Ruth did not get married, as you and Cousin Nathalie did; because she 's making little Willy get well, and mothers can't make their children get well, can they?"

THE END.



THE NEW LODGER DISTURBS THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



A TENDER-HEARTED ARAB.

By Frederick B. Opper.

Said Ali Ben Hassan, a kind-hearted man,
"I 'll treat my poor camel as well as I can.

"To temper the heat, I will shade the poor fellow
With my second-best, apple-green cotton umbrella.

"With a pair of blue goggles I 'll shield his poor eyes
From the glare of the sun, and I 'll keep off the flies

"And cool him, at times, with my big palm-leaf fan!"
Said Ali Ben Hassan, a kind-hearted man.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN THE NURSERY.

When Polly's winter hat came home,
As gay as it could be,
She begged to wear it in the house,
And out to early tea.
And then she said to brother Ted—
They both were tiny mites—
"I 'm glad that wearing pretty hats
Is one of women's rights!"

L. E. Chittenden.



AN UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.

By Felix Leigh.

Sophia's hair was just as soft as any silk that 's spun;
And as for fine complexions—well, I 'm sure that *she* had one.
Her disposition, too, was kind; she 'd never frown or pout—
But Punch, our puppy, chewed her, and let all her sawdust out.

Evadne I remember well, and also my surprise
And joy when I discovered she had automatic eyes.
She used to sleep as soundly as a mother could desire—
But she only stared and rattled after falling in the fire.

Louisa looked a perfect pet, and positively sweet,
In pretty frilly baby clothes, with cap and shoes complete.
She would have grown up tall and fair, I very often think—
But Charlie played at clergyman, and christened her with ink.

And now here 's Arabella, who may some day learn to speak:
For talking ought to follow if one *cultivates* a squeak.
She 'll probably be famous for her eloquence and wit—
But accidents will happen, so we must n't count on it.

DANIEL BOONE AND THE FOUNDING OF KENTUCKY.

By Theodore Roosevelt.

Daniel Boone will always occupy a unique place in our history as the archetype of the hunter and wilderness wanderer. He was a true pioneer, and stood at the head of that class of Indian-fighters, game-hunters, forest-fellers, and backwoods farmers who, generation after generation, pushed westward the border of civilization from the Alleghanies to the Pacific. As he himself said, he was "an instrument ordained of God to settle the wilderness." Born in Pennsylvania, he drifted south into western North Carolina, and settled on what was then the extreme frontier. There he married, built a log cabin, and hunted, chopped trees, and tilled the ground like any other frontiersman. The Alleghany Mountains still marked a boundary beyond which the settlers dared not go; for west of them lay immense reaches of frowning forest, uninhabited save by bands of warlike Indians. Occasionally some venturesome hunter or trapper penetrated this immense wilderness, and returned with strange stories of what he had seen and done.

In 1769 Boone, excited by these vague and wondrous tales, determined to cross the mountains and himself find out what manner of land it was that lay beyond. With a few chosen companions he set out, making his own trail through the gloomy forest. After weeks of wandering, he at last emerged into the beautiful and fertile country of Kentucky, for which, in after years, the red men and the white strove with such obstinate fury that it grew to be called "the dark and bloody ground." But when Boone first saw it, it was a fair and smiling land of groves and glades and running waters, where the open forest grew tall and beautiful, and where innumerable herds of game grazed, wandering ceaselessly to and fro along the trails they had trodden during countless generations. Kentucky was not occupied by any Indian tribe, and was visited only by roving war-parties and hunting-parties who came from among the savage nations living north of the Ohio or south of the Tennessee.

A roving war-party stumbled upon one of Boone's companions and killed him, and the others then left Boone; but his brother came out to join him, and the two spent the winter together. Self-reliant, fearless, and possessed of great bodily strength and hardihood, they cared little for the loneliness. The teeming myriads of game furnished abundant food; the herds of shaggy-maned bison and noble-antlered elk, the bands of deer and the numerous black bears, were all ready for the rifle, and they were bold and easily slain. The wolf and the cougar, too, sometimes fell victims to the prowess of the two hunters.

At times they slept in hollow trees, or in some bush lean-to of their own making; at other times, when they feared Indians, they changed their camping-place every night, and after making a fire would go off a mile or two in the woods to sleep. Surrounded by brute and human foes, they owed their lives to their sleepless vigilance, their keen senses, their eagle eyes, and their resolute hearts.

When the spring came, and the woods were white with the dogwood blossoms and crimsoned with the redbud, Boone's brother left him, and Daniel remained for three months alone in the wilderness. Then the brother came back again with a party of hunters; and other parties likewise came in, to wander for months and years through the wilderness; and they wrought huge havoc among the vast herds of game.

In 1771 Boone returned to his home. Two years later he started to lead a party of settlers to the new country; but while passing through the frowning defiles of Cumberland Gap, they were attacked by Indians, and driven back,—two of Boone's own sons being slain. In 1775,

however, he made another attempt; and this attempt was successful. The Indians attacked the new-comers; but by this time the parties of would-be settlers were sufficiently numerous to hold their own. They beat back the Indians, and built rough little hamlets, surrounded by log stockades, at Boonesborough and Harrodsburg; and the permanent settlement of Kentucky had begun.

The next few years were passed by Boone amid unending Indian conflicts. He was a leader among the settlers, both in peace and in war. At one time he represented them in the House of Burgesses of Virginia; at another time he was a member of the first little Kentucky parliament itself; and he became a colonel of the frontier militia. He tilled the land, and he chopped the trees himself; he helped build the cabins and stockades with his own hands, wielding the long-handled, light-headed frontier ax as skilfully as other frontiersmen did. His main business was that of surveyor, for his knowledge of the country, and his ability to travel through it in spite of the danger from Indians, created much demand for his services among people who wished to lay off tracts of wild land for their own future use. But whatever he did, and wherever he went, he had to be sleeplessly on the watch for his Indian foes. When he and his fellows tilled the stump-dotted fields of corn, one or more of the party were always on guard, with rifle at the ready, for fear of lurking savages. When he went to the House of Burgesses he carried his long rifle, and traversed roads not a mile of which was free from the danger of Indian attacks. The settlements in the early years depended exclusively upon game for their meat, and Boone was the mightiest of all the hunters, so that upon him devolved the task of keeping his people supplied. He killed many buffaloes, and pickled the buffalo beef for use in winter. He killed great numbers of black bears, and made bacon of them, precisely as if they had been hogs. The common game were deer and elk. At that time no Kentucky hunter would waste a shot on anything so small as a prairie-chicken or wild duck; but they sometimes killed geese and swans when they came south in winter and lit on the rivers.

But whenever Boone went through the woods after game, he had perpetually to keep watch lest he himself might be hunted in turn. He never lay in wait at a game-lick, save with ears strained to hear the approach of some crawling red foe. He never crept up to a turkey he heard calling, without exercising the utmost care to see that it was not an Indian; for one of the devices of the Indians was to imitate the turkey, and thus allure some inexperienced hunter.

Besides this warfare, which went on in the midst of his usual vocations, Boone frequently took to the field on set expeditions against the savages. Once when he and a party of other men were making salt at a lick, they were surprised and carried off by the Indians. The old hunter was a prisoner with them for some months, but finally made his escape and came home through the trackless woods as straight as the wild pigeon flies. He was ever on the watch to ward off the Indian inroads, and to follow the war-parties and try to rescue the prisoners. Once his own daughter and two other girls who were with her were carried off by a band of Indians. Boone collected some friends and followed them steadily for two days and a night; then they came to where the Indians had killed a buffalo calf and were camped. Firing from a little distance, they shot two Indians, and, rushing in, rescued the girls.

On another occasion, when Boone had gone to visit a salt-lick with his brother, the Indians ambushed them and shot the latter. Boone himself escaped, but the Indians followed him for three miles by the aid of a tracking dog, until Boone turned, shot the dog, and then eluded his pursuers. In company with Simon Kenton and many other noted hunters and wilderness warriors, he once and again took part in perilous expeditions into the Indian country. Twice bands of Indians, accompanied by French, Tory, and British partizans from Detroit, bearing the flag of Great Britain, attacked Boonesborough. In each case Boone and his fellow-settlers beat them off with loss. At the fatal battle of the Blue Licks, in which two hundred of the best riflemen of Kentucky were beaten with terrible slaughter by a great force of Indians from the lakes, Boone commanded the left wing. Leading his men, rifle

in hand, he pushed back and overthrew the force against him; but meanwhile the Indians destroyed the right wing and center, and got in the rear, so that there was nothing for Boone's men except to flee with all speed.

As Kentucky became settled, Boone grew restless and ill at ease. He loved the wilderness; he loved the great forests and the great prairie-like glades, and the life in the lonely little cabin, where he could see from the door the deer come out into the clearing at nightfall. The neighborhood of his own kind made him feel cramped and ill at ease. So he moved ever westward with the frontier; and as Kentucky filled up he crossed the Mississippi and settled on the borders of the prairie country of Missouri, where the Spaniards, who in those early days still ruled the territory that has since become the State of Missouri, made him an alcalde, or judge. He lived to a great age, and died out on the border, a backwoods hunter to the last.



DANIEL BOONE IN THE FRONTIER WOODS. AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

THE SQUIRRELS, MARMOTS, AND SEWELLEL.*

(Fourteenth paper of the series on North American Quadrupeds.)

By William T. Hornaday.

In the great Squirrel Family (*Sci-u'ri-dæ*) there are many animals besides true squirrels; and in order to start fair with our subject, we must first know what they are. In this family, also, as well as those described in the previous paper, many new species have been discovered during the last ten years, and the following summary will show this as briefly as possible:

The Squirrel Family.

	Number of species in 1884.	New species added since.	Present number. Feb. 1, 1895.
Flying Squirrels	2	1	3
Tree Squirrels	20	37	57
Chipmunks	6	33	39
Ground Squirrels	17	16	33
Prairie Dogs	2	3	5
Woodchucks	3	1	4
	50	91	141

* The Beaver is omitted here for the reason that St. Nicholas for June, 1893, contains an admirable paper about him, by Mr. Tappan Adney, fully and finely illustrated.

THE FLYING SQUIRREL (*Sci-u-rop'te-rus vol-u-cel'la*) is such a graceful, big-eyed and cunning little sprite, that it always makes me think of an elf. The small boy does his coasting on a snowy hillside, the otter does his on a steep bank of snow, or of mud, but this exquisite little creature actually goes coasting in mid-air! More than that, he enjoys it hugely; and in groves where Flying Squirrels are numerous, dozens have been seen at nightfall pursuing this sport together.

Of course the Flying Squirrel has no wings, and he does not really rise and fly; but good Mother Nature has kindly given him a wide fringe of skin running nearly all the way around his body, which forms a very perfect parachute. When he leaps from his tree-top into the air, and spreads himself, his parachute and his broad, flat tail enable him to float down easily and gracefully, in a slanting direction, until he alights low down on the trunk of a tree perhaps fifty or even one hundred feet distant. Then he clambers nimbly up to its top, chooses his direction, and launches forth again, quite possibly to the same tree from which he started. His flight is simply a sailing downward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with a graceful sweep upward at the last, to enable him to alight easily.

The Flying Squirrel is only a trifle over nine inches in length "over all," of which the tail is about four; and, even when it is fully flattened out and spread for sailing, it can be almost covered by a page of ST. NICHOLAS. They are very sociable in their habits, and nest in hollow trees, where there are from five to seven young in each family. Sometimes when the children have grown so large as to fill the nest uncomfortably full, the old ones are literally crowded outdoors; and around the city of Washington they frequently build summer nests for themselves close by the oak-tree home.

Of the Tree Squirrels (genus *Sci-u'rus*) there are fifty-seven species and subspecies; but there are not so many individuals that any boy or man can go out with a nasty old shot-gun and kill a dozen of them in one day without being guilty of pot-hunting and murder. I have known men to boast of having "bagged" twenty-eight, thirty-six, and even *forty* squirrels in one day,—as if they had done a thing to be proud of! Proud of what? Of waging elaborate and scientific warfare on the easiest of all "game" to kill.



THE FLYING SQUIRREL IN FLIGHT AND AT REST.

NORTHERN GRAY SQUIRREL.

(*Sci-u'rus Car-o-li-nen'sis leu-co'tis.*)

In the East the NORTHERN GRAY SQUIRREL is the commonest species, and that which is most widely known. There is no need to describe it here; but when you come to describe its nesting habits, beware of making assertions as to what it does *not* do. In Washington I once heard a lively three-cornered dispute on this subject, which was quite instructive. One boy

asserted that the Gray Squirrel nests in hollow trees, beech or oak preferred. Another declared that in summer it builds a nest of green leaves, for summer use only. A third contended that the summer nest is built of bark strippings from cedar-trees, made into a big, round ball. Within a month we collected, within ten miles of the National Museum, three fine nests which proved that all three of the disputants were right! Moral: Never base a general statement on insufficient facts.



THE GRAY SQUIRREL AND ITS SUMMER NEST.

The strangest fact about the Northern Gray Squirrel is its extreme variability in color. Nature seems to have determined that this creature should violate every known law of color-marking in animals. In a fairly large collection of skins, you may find perhaps twenty which will show twenty distinct gradations, from the typical whitish-gray to jet black!

This species inhabits the entire northeast quarter of the United States, from the Missouri River to Washington, D. C., and southern Canada. It prefers hard-wood forests where nuts are abundant, is very social and playful in its habits, and no longer exists anywhere in sufficient numbers to do harm to the farmer. During the last century, and even as late as the year 1819, Northern Gray Squirrels were so numerous that they occasionally collected in immense numbers, and indulged in a grand migration, usually eastward or southward, devouring so much corn and wheat *en route* that the farmers always killed as many of them as possible. In 1819 Audubon encountered an army of these squirrels swimming the Ohio River about one hundred miles below Cincinnati. Now, however, their numbers are too few to make up such excursions, and their wits are taxed to the utmost to live snugly at home without being shot. I have kept many of these squirrels as pets; but outside a good stout cage I never liked them very much. They are too nervous and irritable, too ready to bite or scratch, and far too ready to gnaw things that in your opinion do not need to be gnawed. The place for a squirrel is a grove, and in my opinion no grove can be called complete without a good big family of them.

THE SOUTHERN GRAY SQUIRREL (*Sci-u'rus Car-o-li-nen'sis Car-o-li-nen'sis*) is an own brother of the preceding species, but brownish-yellow on the back instead of whitish-gray, and a little smaller in size. Its range begins where the other leaves off, and extends throughout the Southern States into Mexico; but members of this species scorn to show the black color-phases so common in the North.

FOX SQUIRREL. (*Sci-u'rus ni'ger.*) All three varieties of the big Fox Squirrel were named after the red fox; but, sad to say, so far as color is concerned, almost any fox except the blue one might have stood as godfather. In the matter of color variations, the Gray Squirrel is bad enough, surely; but as a turncoat the Fox Squirrel is positively awful. Probably no two naturalists could write independent descriptions of the standard color of this species, and have them agree.

The Fox Squirrel is large and stoutly built,

and its hair is coarse and rather harsh. The color of a typical specimen of the Western variety is a mixture of dark red, black, and white on the back, and cinnamon-brown underneath. The type of the variety known as the SOUTHERN FOX SQUIRREL is much paler, and more inclined to be gray and white. But the color variations of both varieties of the Fox Squirrel are most bewildering. When Audubon and Bachman encountered this harlequin, the varieties of tint in different specimens were so great that among fifty or more skins they could not find two exactly alike; and so in their plate they thought it necessary to reproduce *three*, "an orange-colored one, a gray one, and one nearly black"!



A MOUNTED SPECIMEN OF THE FOX SQUIRREL.

The three varieties of this species—of which the NORTHERN FOX SQUIRREL is the third—inhabit the whole of the central, eastern, and southern United States, and it not infrequently happens that two sharply contrasted colors are found in the *same family*.

CALIFORNIA GRAY SQUIRREL.
(*Sci-u'rus fos'sor.*)

In California the big CALIFORNIA GRAY SQUIRREL seems to the Eastern man like a big, overgrown Northern Gray Squirrel. In Arizona and New Mexico the pert-looking and very pretty ABERT'S SQUIRREL looks like the same creature with the addition of a fine, showy tuft of hair rising above each ear, an ornament by which this species can be recognized anywhere at sight.

ABERT'S SQUIRREL.
(*Sci-u'rus A'bert-i.*)

THE RED SQUIRREL, OR CHICKAREE
(*Sci-u'rus Hud-so'ni-us*),

has always seemed to me a sort of connecting link between the foregoing tree-squirrels and the chipmunks. Although a true tree-squirrel, and a very active climber, he spends quite a large portion of his life upon the ground, and loves a rail-fence almost as dearly as does a chipmunk. Not only that: when the upper floors of his tree are all occupied, he blithely makes his nest under its roots until some third-floor lodger moves out. Oftener, however, he builds a big round nest, of the soft, fibrous bark of the cedar, in the top of a sapling, thirty or forty feet from the ground. In the American Museum at New York you may see a beautiful group, the work of the late Jenness Richardson, showing a family of Red Squirrels and its nest, which is in the top of a honey-locust tree, and partly hidden by the leaves of a Virginia creeper.

The cunning little Red Squirrel is one third smaller than the northern gray, but twice as saucy and interesting. It inhabits the northeastern quarter of the United States, and southern Canada, and finds its way even as far north as Alaska. It is most abundant, however, in the Middle States and New England. In California it is represented by a subspecies, larger than itself, called DOUGLAS'S SQUIRREL, or PINE SQUIRREL, which is found everywhere in the forests of giant pines and spruces of the Sierra Nevada mountains. John Muir declares the Pine Squirrel to be the most interesting of all Californian squirrels, and he asserts that it surpasses all others in force of character, numbers, extent of range, and influence.

DOUGLAS'S SQUIRREL, OR PINE SQUIRREL.
(*Sci-u'rus Hud-so'ni-us Doug'las-i.*)

Next below the tree-squirrels come the Chipmunks, of which our dear little friend of the rail-fence, the COMMON CHIPMUNK, is the type.

COMMON CHIPMUNK.
(*Tam'i-as stri-a'tus.*)

You all know him well—the little midget who suddenly flashes ahead of you upon the fence-rails as you pass along a country road. If you stop to look at him, he will return the compliment, and keep as still as a stuffed squirrel so long as you care to watch him. When you thoroughly alarm him, however, chain-lightning is not much quicker in its movements than he. His home is generally under the roots of a tree, but a crevice among rocks is also quite good enough. He is too small to be killed for food (so the pot-hunters think), what he eats is never missed, and so he survives in places where all the tree-squirrels have been either killed or driven away. There are a number of subspecies of this type scattered throughout temperate North America, in nearly all the timbered regions, and in many of the desert regions also.



ABERT'S SQUIRREL. (SEE PAGE 604.)



RED SQUIRRELS AND NEST.

Leaving all the tree-climbing squirrels behind us, and fairly descending to the very earth, we find first the ground squirrels, long-bodied and close-haired, scurrying hither and thither over the barren prairies of the West, and living in holes in the ground. Some are gray, but the bodies of many of them are gorgeously striped with yellow and black stripes, and lines of dots. When you see a yellowish-brown streak dart across a prairie or a meadow, and, stopping suddenly, assume the form and fixedness of a tent-peg a foot high, you may conclude that the creature you have seen is a ground squirrel and a spermophile.

The most familiar form of this group is a little fellow whose Latin name is almost as long as himself—the STRIPED SPERMOPHILE, of the central United States. The last mouthful of his Latin name means "thirteen-lined." Of the thirty species in this group, or genus, several are so destructive to growing grain that they have been made the subject of an elaborate report to the Commissioner of Agriculture by Mr. Vernon Bailey, of Dr. Merriam's Bureau of Ornithology and Mammalogy.

STRIPED SPERMOPHILE.
(*Sper-moph'i-lus tri-de'cem-lin-e-a'tus.*)

Less active and daring, but more sociable in his habits, and far more interesting in disposition, is our old friend of the plains, the PRAIRIE DOG. He is about as much like a dog as he

PRAIRIE DOG.
(*Cy'no-mys lu-do-vi-ci-an'us.*)

is like an elephant,—he has four legs, and he can't climb a tree,—and although he is a jolly little fat-paunched, stub-tailed PRAIRIE MARMOT, his name will be Prairie Dog to the end of his chapter. He always lives "in town," and generally owns a lot about thirty feet square, free of all encumbrances, and bare as a brick-yard. Like the Brahmins of India, he welcomes you no farther than his front door, and I have yet to see a man who has beheld the interior of his bedchamber. I once tried to lay bare the inner secrets of a Prairie Dog's domicile; but after digging down six feet or more, we took soundings, found "no bottom," and threw up the contract. Plainsmen say this creature burrows down until he strikes water; and if they should say that he finally strikes fire also, I would not dispute it.



THE COMMON CHIPMUNK.

I have seen some Prairie Dog towns that I thought of vast extent; but one which was described to me by Mr. Arthur B. Baker, of the Washington "Zoo," is the largest on record, so far as I know. It begins in Trego County, Kansas, five miles west of the hundredth meridian, and extends along a divide north of the Smoky Hill River, practically without a break, into Colorado, a total distance of about one hundred miles! The town varies in width from half a mile to five miles, and on the top of the divide the nearest water is 350 feet below the surface! Do the "dogs" burrow down to that water? Hardly.

Last of the Squirrel Family, and least like a squirrel, is our neighbor of the "stump lot," the WOODCHUCK, or GROUND HOG. He may look stupid, and even act so upon occasion; but for all that he is a wise animal. He knows enough to live chiefly upon clover and grass and let the farmer's grain and vegetables carefully alone,—for which consideration the farmer tolerates his presence in his meadows. While a pair of red squirrels will sometimes store up a bushel and a half of nuts for winter use, the Woodchuck stores up nothing save a plentiful supply of fat under his skin, and, with that to draw upon, he blithely goes to sleep in his burrow about the first of November, and sleeps soundly until March.

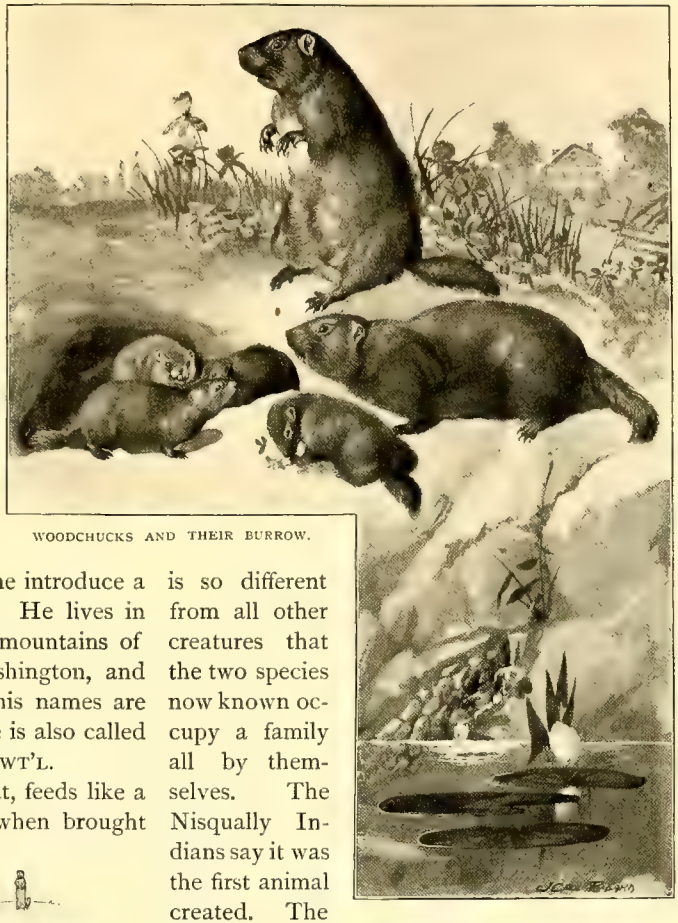
WOODCHUCK.
(*Arc-to'mys mo'nax.*)

With the slaughter of foxes and large birds



A VILLAGE OF PRAIRIE DOGS.

of prey, the Woodchucks increase in number. In Orleans County, New York, the father of my young friend Mason L. Davis owns a farm on which is a "stump lot" that is literally swarming with Woodchucks. In 1894 Mason and his brother shot over one hundred of them. Were those animals to breed unchecked, they would soon be in absolute possession of the entire farm.



WOODCHUCKS AND THEIR BURROW.

Did you ever see or hear of an animal called the SEWELLEL? Unless you live on the Pacific Coast, the chances are you will be obliged to say "No." Then let me introduce a stranger from the very far West. He lives in only a few places in some of the mountains of northern California, Oregon, Washington, and southern British Columbia, and his names are many. Besides the one above, he is also called the MOUNTAIN BEAVER, and SHOWT'L.

SEWELLEL.
(*Ap-lo-don'ti-a ru'fus.*)

He looks like a tailless muskrat, feeds like a beaver, fights like a little fiend when brought to bay, is sociable in habit like the prairie dog, can climb bushes four feet high, and is the only mammal known to me that really prefers to burrow in wet, boggy ground. The Sewellel is so different from all other creatures that the two species now known occupy a family all by themselves. The Nisqually Indians say it was the first animal created. The larger of the two species measures sixteen inches in length, and weighs four pounds.



THIRTEEN-LINED SPERMOPHILE.

This strange creature was discovered by Lewis and Clark in 1814. Its life history and character remained but little known, even to naturalists, until 1885. In that year Dr. C. Hart Merriam instigated a search for it, which resulted in the capture of a fine series of specimens in Placer County, California.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY Maytime to you, my hearers! In a few weeks you 'll have the month of roses, yet the world is at its fairest now, to those who love the early wild-flowers — but you must find them for yourselves, and I know you will. No need of describing them to you, my children; already you have had handfuls of them, and more are to come: arbutus, that began its delicate pink blooming under the very snow; anemones, wild azaleas, bright-red columbine; violets, tall and yellow; violets, white and low; violets, blue and timid, hiding among the dried leaves of last year — and then the quaint purple-red wake-robin, that in spite of its name is apt to sleep until after the robins are wide-awake and busy. May is the month of young bloom, — overhead, in the trees, underfoot, in the mold, by brooks, in crannies, and up and down the hillsides; and every tiny leaf, every smallest growing thing, is worthy of study and of love.

"All 's right with the world!"

sang the poet long ago, my children and you can sing it as well to-day.

IT is too soon to gather fern-seed; but before long there 'll be plenty. You must know just where to look for it, though, even after you have found the fern. I know of one young girl who found a good deal last season, and this is the story she told about it, given you in verse by Agnes L. Mitchill.

FERN-SEED.

IF you gather all the fern-seed,—
The little green fern-seed,—
And put it in your shoe, so they say,
You can see a thousand things,
You can fly, too, without wings,
And nobody can see you on your way.
So I hunted for the fern-seed,—
The little green fern-seed,—
And I filled up all the space in my shoe;
Then I hurried home to try
If they 'd know that it was I.
And the first thing mother said was
"Here is Lou!"

TALL FERNS.

THE ferns in my meadow are uncurling their pretty fronds, and soon the delicate leaves will wave their tender green. But they never can be very tall,— certainly not so tall as the ferns that a little Honolulu friend of mine describes. She says the stems were thicker than her papa's thumbs, and they towered away up over his head. Now, who among you have seen ferns as tall as these, supposing this Sandwich Island papa to be about six feet high in his boots?

HERE comes a bright little bit of live grammar straight to this pulpit. It was written for the Little Schoolma'am by my eleven-year-old friend Anna Prentice.

WHAT THE LITTLE PRONOUN TOLD ME.

I 'M a little pronoun. My names are who, whose, whom.

When I do anything, people call me WHO. When I own something, people call me WHOSE. When somebody does something to me, I am called WHOM.

If you see me, you may be pretty sure there is a noun somewhere around.

I 'm not just a common pronoun: I 'm a relative pronoun. All pronouns cannot have people with them constantly, as I can.

Sometimes I 'd like to be by myself, as my cousin *I* (who is a personal pronoun) can be.

I go with a very select set of nouns. They all tell about people, not mere things.

Sometimes ignorant people put me with those ordinary nouns that mean only things. But it is better not to do so, as I belong to persons only, not to things.

To think of it! I can go with even those very stuck-up proper nouns.

The noun I go with is called my antecedent.

I would give you a few sentences, and see if you could find me in them; but it is much better to let you make some for yourselves: only be sure not to put me with those nouns that mean only things.

DREADFUL NEWS.

A POOR little girl in the Red School-house has ONYCHOPHAGIA!

No, she will not die of it; but she must be cured pretty soon, the family say. The English name of her serious complaint, or habit, is *nail-biting*. Yes, the dear child bites her nails, and her poor little stubby fingers are getting very tired indeed of Onychophagia — so are her teeth. But she enjoys it, or thinks she does, poor child!

THE GREAT PUSSY-CAT PUZZLE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In the April ST. NICHOLAS you showed your young friends some "Reflections of a Cat," sent by Amy G. One of these feline thoughts was, "*No one but a cat knows how we always manage to land on our feet.*" If the cat's opinion was correctly reported, the cat was behind the times.

From a traveled Puss in Boots I learn that the French Academy of Sciences has lately given much time to this puzzle, and a certain M. Marey claims to have solved it. The camera was used to find out how cats turn while falling. A cat was held three or four feet from the floor, back downward, and dropped. During the fall the camera was arranged to take fourteen pictures of the moving cat.



DIAGRAM.

The photographs proved that the cat first put its fore legs down toward its body, and then brought them around toward the ground — using the rear half of the body to give the resistance. Then, being half over, the hind legs and tail were revolved, while the fore part of the body served in turn as resistance, thus bringing all four legs undermost.

The wise men are still disputing about the question, but the silent camera has by far the best of the argument.

I send you a diagram, drawn after the photographs.

I am one of your older readers, and the father of two "little folks" who enjoy ST. NICHOLAS. J. T.

I thank you very much, J. T., and do not see how any cat after this can accuse mankind of not having looked into the cat-landing problem. Deacon Green says the solution reminds him somewhat of an experiment sometimes attempted by small boys — namely, lifting one's self by one's own ears; but then, the Deacon is not strictly scientific. Besides, there are the photographs.

THE PERSIAN CAT TELLS A STORY.

HERE is a letter which claims to come from a Persian cat; and surely no American cat could have written it. The dear Little Schoolma'am tells me that this legend of Ali is known in Persia, and that to this day all the cats of that country always land upon their four feet in falling:

TO THE JACK-OF-THE-PULPIT — *Great Teacher:* I hope that you the English will pardon of this from one who know only the wisdom of the East, lacking the knowledge of arts in the West. But I have the ST. NICHOLAS seen of April — our month Ramadan — that tells of the cat, how he fall ever on feet. And say I myself, "Why do not the Moslem tell their legend?" So I write you how that Omar had envy of Ali, successor of our Prophet, and would show him in error. Omar, taking in hand one bit of wheat, spake thus to Ali, saying, "Tell me, shall this be now food for me?" Then speaks Ali, in trust that he will overcome Omar, "No. Thou cannot have food of it." Then Omar made to swallow the bit of wheat, but it fell down even to the floor. The cat of Ali made a jump and did catch the wheat, like as a mouse, and made a swallow of it. So Omar went confused away, and to the cat of the true faith Ali in thanks granted a gift that forever it should not fall but on feet. And thus it rests as Ali willed it, not in Persia by itself, but the world around.

And this, a true account for the faithful, do we ever make to be known to our kittens, little ones.

In the name of the Prophet, peace.

A CAT OF PERSIA.

KIND-HEARTED BIRDS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I lately read in our *Globe-Democrat* a true account of some birds, told by Oswald Grafton; and as it proves that birds sometimes may be really charitable, I copied the story for you and your congregation. Here it is:

"A pair of robins had their nests in the fence near the house, while a pair of catbirds had built theirs in a bush close by. The two pairs hatched out their young at about the same time; but soon the robins disappeared entirely, and I concluded they had been killed. The young robins appeared to be starving. When the catbirds came with a bit of food for their young, the baby robins would thrust up their heads and make a great noise. Presently it was noticed that the catbirds were feeding the hungry orphans. Every night, too, while one of the catbirds covered its own young, its mate performed the same service for the young robins. In this way both broods were reared, the robins growing up as strong and lively as though they had been cared for by their own parents." Yours truly, DOROTHY J——.

GOOD FRIENDS.

THE Little Schoolma'am informs me that Professor Hornaday is telling you about squirrels this month. Well, we 'll have a little overflow meeting out here. Here is a true squirrel story told in a letter that has just been brought by my birds:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: One day, not long ago, I was walking in Central Park, and as I came down a certain path I saw several squirrels playing on the grass. Another one was quite by himself, lying at full length on one of the highest branches of a tall oak-tree; and from what happened soon after, I think that he was expecting a friend.

Presently I saw a gentleman come down the path, stop at the foot of the tree, look up, and call, "Come! Come! Here I am!"

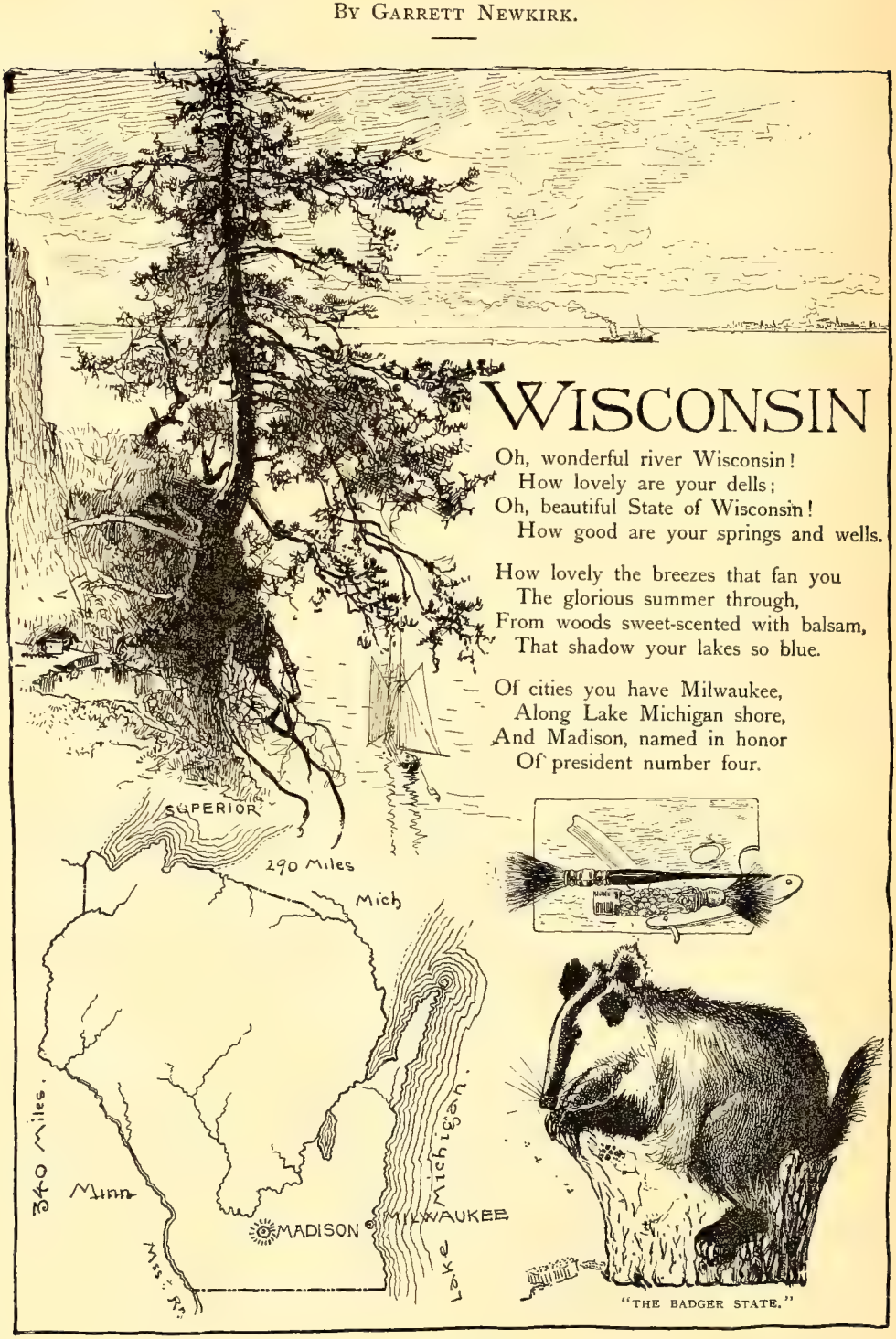
The squirrel seemed to have been waiting for this voice, for at the first sound he ran quickly down the tree to the lowest branch, gave one flying leap, and landed on the gentleman's shoulder.

"Will you have your dinner now?" he asked.

The squirrel answered in his own language, which I do not understand. I suppose he said, "Yes, thank you," for the gentleman put his hand into his pocket and drew out a nut from which he took the shell; then, turning his head toward the squirrel, he fed him the kernel — the gentleman holding it between his lips.

It was a pretty sight to see the squirrel put his little head close to the face of the gentleman. After watching him eat a few nuts I walked on (as the dinner promised to be a long one), leaving two very happy friends under the big oak-tree. Yours truly, M. B. M.

By Garrett Newkirk.



WISCONSIN

Oh, wonderful river Wisconsin!
How lovely are your dells;
Oh, beautiful State of Wisconsin!
How good are your springs and wells.

How lovely the breezes that fan you
The glorious summer through,
From woods sweet-scented with balsam,
That shadow your lakes so blue.

Of cities you have Milwaukee,
Along Lake Michigan shore,
And Madison, named in honor
Of president number four.

"THE BADGER STATE."

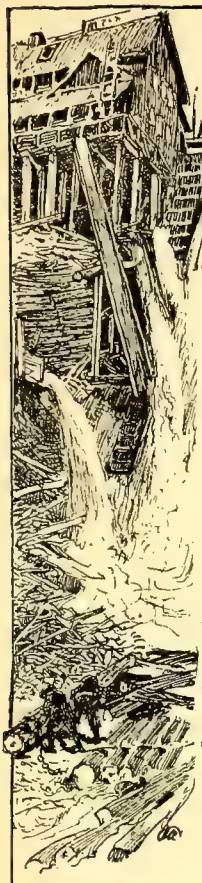
MINNESOTA

The river brought the Indians
From prairies of Dakota;
So cloudy seemed the water,
They called it "Minnesota."*

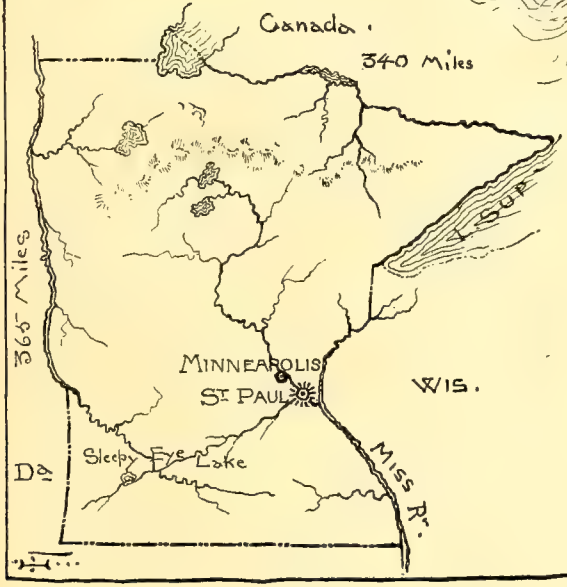
Now together are the cities
Minneapolis and St. Paul,
By the River and the Rapids
And the "Laughing Waterfall."

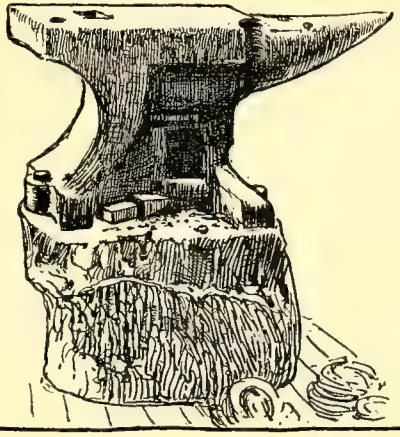
The mills in Minnesota
Are running every hour,
Sawing and planing lumber,
And grinding wheat to flour.

The air of Minnesota
Is fairly cool and dry;
Though wide awake the State is,
It has a Sleepy Eye.









* "Turbid water" is the meaning of the Indian name "Minnesota."

THE LETTER-BOX.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and I have studied the different wild birds for four years, and find them very interesting, indeed. In May, 1894, I had a very nice time watching a pair of house-wrens (*Troglodytes aëdon*). It was very interesting to watch them build their nest. After working a little while, they would both come down on the fence and sing for about five minutes, and then go to work again. They were very tame; I could stand within fifteen feet, and they did not mind it at all. I find all birds very entertaining to watch and to study. I like ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Yours sincerely, EDMUND R. P. J——.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: An amusing scene occurred in a trolley-car in a suburban part of Newark, on a stormy night of last winter. There were only two men in the car. Presently one of them opened a large bundle which he held, and took out a link sausage. Then he took out his jack-knife, and stuck the sausage on it. Then he opened the door of the little stove on the seat of the car, and cooked the sausage at the fire and ate it.

This is a true story, for the other man in the car was my uncle, and he told this to me.

FLORENCE E. D——.

EAST HADDAM, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and I live in the picturesque village of East Haddam, which is situated on the banks of the Connecticut River.

The article which was in one of your numbers about Nathan Hale reminds me of the house in this town which is famed for its historical associations. It is a small, weather-beaten house where Nathan Hale used to teach school. It is now occupied by an old woman nearly one hundred years of age, who has lived there ever since she was a year and a half old. It has been removed from the little school-yard where it stood when the brave soldier taught in it, and an addition has been built on to it.

One summer evening I was passing by the house, and the door facing the street stood open, and I crossed the threshold which had been crossed so many times by the British soldier in the days long since passed by.

I would like to tell your boy and girl readers about my Literature Album. Mama selects pictures of noted men and women from different papers and magazines and pastes them in a large scrap-book. Mama cut pictures of Emerson, Bryant, and Tennyson from late numbers of your magazine and put them in the album. I also have pictures of Charles Dickens and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Taylor, Edison, Louise Chandler Moulton, Lady Henry Somerset, Frances E. Willard, and many others, and a few selected poems and stories.

The window where I am writing looks up the river toward Hartford.

It is a beautiful view in summer, but in winter the ice and snow have a dreary look.

Across the river, behind the hills, the sun has just set, flooding the water with crimson and gold, and making it seem like fairyland.

Your devoted reader, LUCILE V. R——.

HACIENDA HORNOS, COAHUILA, MEXICO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Since I wrote to you last, our family has moved from Vera Cruz to my mother's cotton-plantation in southern Coahuila. I have n't even seen half of it, for it contains 173 square leagues. There are about twenty different ranches, each with its majordomo. We live in the principal one, which is called "Hornos"; this means "ovens" in English, and they say it is a very appropriate name in April and May, for it is then exceedingly warm.

I miss my home by the sea, but am very contented here. My brothers and I study at home. We have three teachers. For amusement we go horseback-riding to the different ranches, and we play tennis, cricket, and croquet. Each has his own garden. In the summer we shall have quantities of grapes, figs, pomegranates, watermelons, and muskmelons.

Your devoted friend, C. M——.

TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for three years, and are very fond of you. I don't know what we 'd do without you at all. I am a little girl twelve years old, and the oldest child in our family. I have two sisters and one brother. We children, with two boy cousins of ours, have a family monthly paper, of which I am the editor. I can tell you it keeps me pretty busy. It contains stories, poetry, riddles, jokes, advertisements, notices, etc. We all enjoy "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" very much, and read it at the table when ST. NICHOLAS comes. Your affectionate reader,

ISABEL R. McC——.

WATERFORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been in our family so long, you are like a dear old friend, *always welcome*. A few days ago I chanced to notice the date of our first bound volume, 1874—twenty years ago. The date instantly recalled a picture of three little girls—Anna, May, and baby Adele (who used to say, "Mama, I do think Palmer Cox nice to make such funny little 'Brownies'")—bending over the pages of ST. NICHOLAS, admiring the beautiful pictures, reading and chatting about the bright, interesting stories.

"Jack and Jill," "Donald and Dorothy," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Lady Jane," "Polly Oliver," and a host of others, have become household names in our family.

Later, when school-girls, the three would often look over the bound volumes for something they had read years before. Many times have I heard May exclaim: "Why, mama, what should I do without ST. NICHOLAS? It helps me so much in my history and literature." Now, two little grandchildren, Ammie and Earl, are learning to love "Dear ST. NICK." We were all greatly interested in the stirring story of "Decatur and Somers."

Your July number was splendid; I hope you will give us more like it, that our young sons and daughters of these United States of America may understand the true meaning of Abraham Lincoln's immortal words: "That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

A MOTHER.

ENFIELD, HANTS COUNTY, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't take you. You are sent to me; but I like you just the same. Maybe some of the readers would like to hear from the Land of Evangeline. A great many people come from the United States every year to visit the scene of Longfellow's famous poem "Evangeline." It is a beautiful country. One can still see the old French cellars and dikes, also the old elms and willows planted so long ago. I have heard that a cane made from one of these old trees was presented to Longfellow. Mama told me that the children used to bring apples from the old orchards to school. Maybe you will think the English cruel in driving the French from their homes, but it was the best they could do under the circumstances. The French kept encouraging the Indians in acts of outrage against the English. We live quite handy to the Shubenacadie River; in summer we have fun bathing in the river. The name Shubenacadie means abounding in ground-nuts. Good-by.

Your reader, ROLAND MCN——.

BILLINGS, MON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl fourteen years old.

My cousin Eleanor, who resided in College Point, Long Island, sent all her ST. NICHOLAS magazines to me, from 1886 to 1890. She left for London, England.

I have read your bound volumes during a year, and have already come to the January, '95, number. I think it is just the best book out.

I live three thousand miles from New York, right in Montana, amid sage-brush, prairie-dogs, and mountains.

Yesterday a man brought twelve coyotes to town to get bounty, fifty cents each; they looked as if they had come from a museum.

I have a little pony called "Dolly." Last summer Dolly took me to Dayton, Wyoming, and back, 150 miles each way. I stopped overnight with my father at Indian houses. My pony goes seven miles an hour, but loves to go five miles, and delights to walk two miles an hour, if I will let him. Respectfully, AMY H——.

OLYMPIA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Western boy ten years old, and live on Puget Sound, in Olympia, the capital. You Eastern people do not realize what Puget Sound is. You might think that it is only as large as Long Island Sound. And you might think there are no islands in it, but it is so dotted up with them that it is sometimes called the "Mediterranean of America." There is one island seventy miles long in it. Last summer we camped on Fidalgo Island, where my little brother and I used to catch large crabs and cook them on the beach, then eat them. We used to go sailing very often, because there were two sail-boats right in front of the house we camped in. It was an old hotel with twenty-seven rooms. The West is not all cities — the way it is where you are published. We have some very valuable cedar-trees growing all along the shores. We have just had the large State seal brought to Olympia; it is eight feet square, and is made of pieces of wood that grow in Washington. We have very good fishing here, and now smelt are so thick that men cut a long pole and drive nails through it, and just *rake* them out. I like halibut the best—a very large, flat fish that weighs sometimes one hundred pounds. We have good salmon also; and we spear salmon. We have a friend visiting us now from Portland, Oregon, and she said that a Chinaman speared a salmon on First and Salmon streets at the time of the flood. I have taken you four years, and am always glad when the mailman brings another number. My little brother, though only six years old, likes "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp"; but I will stop because now I think you will know more about Puget Sound.

Your sincere friend, TREMAIN H——.

NO. 38, TSUKIJI, TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second time that I have written to your splendid magazine.

I have lived my life of thirteen years in Japan, except two years which I spent in the United States, between my fourth and seventh birthdays.

We have very good times in Japan, on the whole.

There are about twenty American boys in Tsukiji, over ten years old and under eighteen; all of us (except four) go to the Tsukiji school, which has four teachers — one American, two English, and one German.

At this school I study Latin, Greek, English Literature, Geometry, Physiography, Arithmetic, Algebra, English History, Universal History, and Ancient History.

Japan and China, as you no doubt know, are at war, and the Japanese have won several great victories.

The cities Seoul, Asan, Phyong-yang, and Pingyang have been captured from the Chinese in Corea, and Port Arthur in China. A naval victory has been won off the Yalu River.

Port Arthur is a seaport, and its loss will be a heavy one to China, since it contains the only dock in China in which a large man-of-war can be repaired after being injured in a fight.

The Japanese do not call the city "Port Arthur," but "Riojuncon." The Japanese talk of it as the "Gibraltar of Japan."

The Yalu River is the boundary-line between China and Corea.

The Japanese fleet, consisting of eleven cruisers, and commanded by Admiral Ito, was cruising around the mouth of the river when the Chinese fleet, commanded by Admiral Ting, and consisting of eleven cruisers and two battle-ships, came up, and a battle ensued.

Four of the Chinese ships were sunk, and the rest more or less severely injured.

Most of the Japanese ships sustained slight injuries, but none were lost.

The Japanese won through superior skill and bravery.

Hoping that you will print this letter, I am

Your interested reader, JOHN C. MACK——.

MIAKKA RIVER, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear from a girl who spends her winters in Florida. At present we are at anchor on this river, for which our boat is named. There is no habitation within a long distance of us, although there are two empty houses on the bank, and we rowed over to see them this morning. One of them had an alligator's skin nailed up on the side of it.

Our boat is a naphtha yacht, made for cruising in these waters. At present she is rocking considerably, but a true sailor prefers some motion to a quiet sea. We are within a few miles of the Gulf of Mexico, and must expect some rough water.

It is very warm here, although we have some cool weather, just the same as Northerners have cold winds during their summer months.

The place where we are, when not boating, is as far south as one can go by rail on the west coast of Florida; but one can go by steamer to several other places farther south.

I have your delightful magazine every month, even in this far-off place. Ever your devoted reader,

ELEANOR H. D——.

ST. HELENA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter in your "Letter-box" from this part of the United States, so I thought I would write you one. The climate here is very warm in the summer, and not very cold in the winter. We seldom have snow in the valley, but we see it every year on the mountains. In the springtime the country around us is lovely, we have so many varieties of wild flowers, and everything is fresh and green.

Two years ago we went down to Pacific Grove, which is a small town on the sea-shore near Monterey. We stayed three months, and had a lovely time. We had lots of fun going in wading and bathing in the surf, and having picnics. We saw several whales while there; they would come up in the bay, quite close to the shore, and once one jumped up out of the water.

There is a beautiful drive there which is eighteen miles long. It winds in and out among the woods, and nearly all of it is along the ocean. We went around it and stayed all day. A great many seals live on some rocks which are quite near the drive in the edge of the ocean. They are always barking or fighting, and are very inquisitive. Sometimes they will come close to the edge of the beach, to see something that looks strange to them.

There is also a placē called Point Lobos, and part of it was once a volcano. It is of a very peculiar formation, and is so hard that even a small rock cannot be broken off without great difficulty. The place where the crater was is now on the level with the ocean, and forms a pretty little bay. It is thought that at one time there was a great eruption there, which caused the change.

There is a large mountain near us, which was also a volcano, but is now extinct.

Your sincere friend, LUCIA S——.

GRANITE, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly five years, but have never written you a line.

I live in Montana in a little town called Granite, and it is well named, as granite is about the only kind of rock one finds here. It is a very nice place to live during the summer-time, but it is dreary enough in winter. There is about three feet and a half of snow here now, with promise of more to come. I have a pair of Norwegian snowshoes, or "skees," and have great fun riding on them. I use a pole with a spike in one end, and go flying down the hillsides. I have a dog called "Snyder," who often follows me on my snowshoeing trips.

I must close now; so, wishing you a long life,

I remain your reader, A. NEIL C—

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our papa has taken you for a long time, nearly ever since you began. We love your stories, and look forward every month to your coming. We go to Christ Church, where Washington used to go, and sometimes we go down to Mount Vernon on the electric cars. In the park there are live deer, and they will eat out of your hand. Once we gave them some crackers. We belong to the Band of Mercy for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. We have a little kitty and we call it "Tiger," on account of the stripes on its back. We go to the Capitol sometimes in Washington, and to the National Museum, where there are many wonderful and curious sights.

We remain your loving readers,

DENNIS and DOUGLAS R——.

VALENCIA, SPAIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In February, 1891, you speak of some queer dwellings people in South America have, and show us a picture of a Glyptodon's armor. The other day my papa took me to see three or four very fine shells, heads, and queer tails of the prehistoric armadillo. A rich man, who had lived many years in South America, made a present of these to his native city, Valencia. You can imagine how glad I was to see and recognize these immense dwelling-shells from your drawing, since you mention they are so rare that the only perfect one of them exists in Paris.

My papa says since they have several, they ought to sell one or two of them. I wish they would, and America would buy one, that my little friends might see them too some day.

I am, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your faithful reader,

CARMEN M——.

OKANAGAN, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your readers would like to hear about what we do in the West. I am only twelve years old. I have been taking you for a year. I enjoy your stories very much. Just now I am reading "A Boy of the First Empire." I find it very interesting. I do not go to school, for I have a governess in the house to teach my brother and me. I have learned to recite Harriet F. Blodgett's pretty verses. My teacher knows Harriet F. Blodgett, for she was a schoolmate of hers. We live on a ranch, and we have a lot of horses and cattle; they feed on the ranges in summer, but we have to gather them up in the winter and feed them till the next spring. Some of them are sold then, and the rest are turned out on the ranges till the next fall. I live seven miles out of the city of Vernon, in Okanagan, British Columbia. It is a very fine country for wheat and fruit of all kinds, and wild fruit is very plentiful. The mountains inclose our valley on all sides. They look very beautiful in the summer, when they are all green and covered with bright flowers of all kinds.

We have a very cold winter here, but it does not last long. There is an Indian reserve not very far from us. The Indians speak a language called Chinook. They are taught shorthand by the missionary priests, and they learn it very quickly, we are told. One day we went to mass at the Reserve, and they all read their prayers and sang hymns out of their shorthand books. They also have calendars for the year, and the calendars also are in the same writing.

Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I will say good-by.

Your friend, MARY G——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Julia B., Anna E. J., Miriam S., Margaret E., A. H. T., Wm. M., Gertrude C., Anna L. M., Abby E. S., Barbara W., Anna P. C., Henry L. W., Amelia V. S., Blanche E. S., Katharine A., Nora V. S., Alice H., E., Leroy F. B., Lottie W., Robert E. R., Loretta M., Alice L. and Charlotte J. H., Mabelle H., Consuelo V., Chauncey S. DeW., Isabel C., Marion L. G., Effie B. and Bessie G., Etta and Agnes S., Rosalind L., Adele R. H., Katharine O'D. and Bessie F., Anne B. J., L. R. L., Mary E. B., Nelson B. W., Sue J., and Mabel B.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Dante. 1. Dunce. 2. Camel. 3. Candy. 4. Sloth. 5. Mouse.—— CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Stamps.

ZIGZAG. Washington Irving. Cross-words: 1. Wasp. 2. Last. 3. Lost. 4. Dish. 5. Bait. 6. Gnaw. 7. Gate. 8. Star. 9. Loon. 10. Dean. 11. Whig. 12. Drab. 13. Vale. 14. Hint. 15. Fang. 16. King.—— RIDDLE. The letter A.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 6, Bulwer; 13 to 18, Lytton; 7 to 12, Pelham. From 1 to 7, bishop; 2 to 8, umpire; 3 to 9, laurel; 4 to 10, warmth; 5 to 11, enigma; 6 to 12, ransom; 7 to 13, patrol; 8 to 14, energy; 9 to 15, Levant; 10 to 16, Hamlet; 11 to 17, adagio; 12 to 18, maroon.—— CHARADE. Bad-in-age.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Cad. 3. Cares. 4. Caramel. 5. Demit. 6. Set. 7. L.—— HOLIDAY ANAGRAMS. April Fool's Day.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Mozart; finals, Wagner. Cross-words: 1. Mellow. 2. Olivia. 3. Zigzag. 4. Amazon. 5. Ravine. 6. Terror.

CONCEALED AQUARIUM. 1. Skate. 2. Eel. 3. Salmon. 4. Dace. 5. Smelt. 6. Goby. 7. Tarpon. 8. Whale. 9. Shad. 10. Perch. 11. Oyster. 12. Whiting. 13. Cuttle. 14. Carp. 15. Clam. 16. Scallop. 17. Sword. 18. Bass. 19. Sturgeon. 20. Herring. 21. Sardine. 22. Dolphin. 23. Haddock. 24. Grayling. 25. Sprat. 26. Trout. 27. Pike. 28. Shark. 29. Winklet.

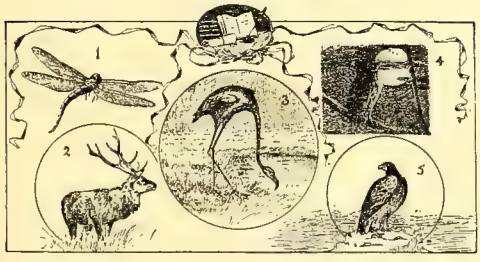
ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. E. 2. Cap. 3. Easel. 4. Pet. 5. L. II. 1. L. 2. Sea. 3. Ledge. 4. Ago. 5. E. III. 1. L. 2. Tea. 3. Lease. 4. Asp. 5. E. IV. 1. L. 2. Via. 3. Lithe. 4. Aha. 5. E. V. 1. E. 2. Pay. 3. Eaves. 4. Yew. 5. S.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Helen C. McCleary — G. B. Dyer — Alice Mildred Blanke and Co. — Henry S. Reynolds — Helen Rogers — L. O. E. — A. M. J. — Josephine Sherwood — Mama and Jamie — Paul Reese — Helen C. Bennett — Charlotte C. Moses — Kathryn Lyon — "Jersey Quartette" — "The Butterflies" — "Tod and Yam" — J. T. S. and W. L. S. — Marjory Gane — W. L. — Pearl F. Stevens — Ella and Co. — Jo and I — Meum et Tuum — G. B. D. and M. — Mary Lester and Harry — A. N. I. and R. S. B. — "Highmount Girls" — Clara A. Anthony — Ida C. Thallon — "Philemon and Baucis" — Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher — G. C. Cunningham — Harold and Percy — "Hilltop Farm" — Blanche and Fred — "Embla" — Cora Ellen Smith and H. Katharine Brainerd — Beth Riedell — "Four Weeks" — Isabel H. Noble — Sigourney Fay Ninger — Georgia Bugbee — Clara and Papa — "Tip-cat."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from "Two Philosophers," 3 — M. McG., 14 — Edith H. Whitehead, 1 — Alex. H., 1 — F. Schmitt, 10 — "Ronaele and Yram," 6 — Lillie Lee, 2 — Anne M. Chapin, 1 — Audrey Holmes, 2 — Marjorie Gwinn, 1 — Donald Morrow, 1 — Claire S. Hall, 1 — Roland D. Bettman, 3 — Belle W. Brown, 13 — C. De F. P., 1 — C. V. Briggs, 2 — Louise Chase, 1 — "Yankees," 5 — Natalie Dole, 1 — J. C. M., 6 — Jack Tucker, 1 — Harry and Violet, 5 — Clarence F. Derr, 1 — Henry Manney, Jr., 1 — Bessie and Bernice Bell, 1 — Davila S. Du Brul, 2 — "Knott Innit," 13 — Alice and Willie Shedds, 2 — Berta J. Nabersberg, 2 — "Mary Gold," 1 — C. L. B., Jr., 9 — Tommy, Ben, and Jim, 1 — Fred K. Haskell, 4 — "Lady Edith," 3 — Anna and Jean Eisenhower, 14 — "Solomon," 4 — "Contrary Mary," 6 — Bessie Dockstader, 6 — Beatrice Helen Staats, 8 — Adelaide M. Gaither, 3 — E. D. Thurston and M. S. Macy, 2 — H. G. Mather, 1 — F. E. E., 6 — Jack Miller, 1 — M. S. Williams, 2 — Eugene Walter, 5 — V. B. and A. H. Jacobs, 12 — Kenneth Le wis, 1 — "Blossom," 5 — Marian A. Townsend, 3 — I. G. L. and G. A. L., 3 — Madeleine Chace, 4 — Eleanor Dey Young, 14 — No Name, Park Place, B., 2 — Wilfred and Harold, 8 — Albert Smith Faught, 10 — Lawrence Gilboy, 1 — Amy and H. G. Elliott, 12 — Mama and Sadie, 13 — Paul C. Chamberlain, 1 — Gussie and John, 7 — "Three Pussy Willows," 14 — Katharine T. White, 1 — Franklyn Farnsworth, 12 — Samuel J. Castner, 4 — "Very Smart Girl," 12 — Hubert L. Bingay, 11 — Philip Haney Wentworth, 1 — F. O. R., 13 — Hazel Ela, 7 — Helen K. Wright, 1 — B. Ash, 2 — Rena Woodward and Carleton Wilson, 1 — David S. Pratt, 10 — S. L. B., 8 — Ethel and Edna, 3 — Virginia D. Schaefer, 1 — Thomas Winthrop Streeter, 4 — C. Raymond and C. Augusta Schlechter, 2 — Victor J. West, 2 — George, Minnie, and Dadley, 12 — Mervyn and Williams Palmer, 14 — Hortense E. Wilson, 4 — Greta Simpson, 11 — Paul Rowley, 14 — F. E. D., 3 — Sadie W. Hubbard, 8 — "Two Little Brothers," 14 — Morgan Buffington, 1 — C. F. Barrows, 3 — John N. Shreve, 3 — Cora Keplinger, 7 — "Three Brownies," 11 — "More than one head," 13 — Marguerite Sturdy, 13 — "Seat-Mates," 4 — Charles Travis, 10 — "Will O. Tree," 9 — Edward Wilson Wallace, 12 — Philip Ehni, 2 — Edith J. Haas, 2 — Anna C. Stryke, 2 — Karl G. Smith, 2 — J. Nelson Carter, 9 — Otto Wolkwitz, 1 — Bob Bright, 11 — Jos. G. Dunn, 12 — Edward Tatnall, 1 — J. W. G. F., 12 — Harry and Helene, 14 — Robert Hardesty, 14 — "Arbutus," 13 — Mary F. Hamilton, 7 — No Name, Bristol, R. I., 13 — E. de L. Q., 4 — "Merry and Co.," 5 — "Two Solomons," 9 — Jean D. Egleston, 5 — Norman and Mama, 8 — "U. N. Luckie," 12 — Ruth M. Mason, 5 — Saidie T. Hayward, 5 — Margaret Bright, 1 — M. G. Ford, 1.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the five objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names written one below the other, the initial letters will spell the name of the author of a famous book.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name and title of a famous patriot.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Compact. 2. A letter of the Greek alphabet. 3. A kind of flower-de-luce. 4. To move slowly. 5. A country of South America. 6. An apologue. 7. A Spartan serf. 8. An instant. 9. Over. 10. To urge. 11. The mountain daisy. 12. A strip of wood or iron fastened to something in order to give strength or prevent warping. 13. To dilate. 14. To inhabit. 15. The fall-fish. 16. A kind of clay containing iron. 17. One of the Muses. SIGOURNEY FAY N.

PI.

DRIBS ear nisoy,— bese rea ghimnum,
Lal cuesabe het yam si gomcin;
Lal eht utesong fo tarune sutho,
Tou rofm wont, rfom sitcie tou!
Tou form revey suby treset!
Tou form yerev derkaden tocur!
Hugroth het filed-spath tel rouy teef
Girlginen og ni leanspat hutgoth.

DRESS MATERIALS.

EXAMPLE: False hair plus a girl's name. Answer, wigan. A large plant plus a company. Answer, tricot.

1. Arrived plus building material.
2. A noise made by a cat plus a vegetable.
3. Seated plus a tavern.
4. A dude plus an animal.
5. Money plus a lake.
6. A boy's name plus a girl's name.
7. Disorder plus a city in Massachusetts.
8. A musical instrument plus a river.
9. Knocked into pieces plus help.

ALICE I. H.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. VESTIGE. 2. A kind of fortification. 3. To decorate. 4. A term used in fencing. 5. An old word meaning "to make new." B. L. E. S.



A VARIETY OF GATES.

EXAMPLE: A massed gate. Answer, aggregate.

1. A moist gate. 2. An abolished gate. 3. The gate of conventions. 4. The gate of conquerors. 5. The gate of the legatee. 6. A disinfected gate. 7. A many-colored gate. 8. A gate of relief. 9. A biblical gate. 10. A quartz gate. 11. A gate used by the haughty. 12. A disparaging gate. PLEASANT E. TODD.

RIDDLE.

I 'M vegetable, mineral, alkaline, and acid;
I 'm found on frowning seaside cliffs — in sunny groves so placid;
I can cause a burn or cure one;
I eat and I am eaten.
I make a pleasant drink for you,
If you water well, and sweeten.
I help to build your houses; I help to raise your crops;
I come in blocks and bottle, in powder, bags, and drops.

LIZZIE E. JOHNSON.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name a reptile.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Having the form of a cube. 2. An Indian prince or king. 3. A letter of the Greek alphabet. 4. An incantation. 5. A weight of twelve grains. 6. A large African baboon. 7. To supply with moral or mental qualities. 8. A place of restraint. 9. A feminine name. M. D. G.

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

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. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . .

IN all but the first and last words, the last syllable of one word forms the first syllable of the word following.

1. A domestic animal. 2. A table-sauce. 3. An evening meal. 4. To allow. 5. A covering for the hand. 6. A sinew. 7. To give. 8. Masticated.

PLEASANT E. TODD.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

THE diagonal, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, spells the name of a Roman satirical poet; from the upper right-hand letter to the lower left-hand letter, a Roman comic poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A thin cotton fabric. 2. Resembling or containing gold. 3. Deep musing. 4. An allowance for traveling expenses at a certain rate per mile. 5. The temporary possession of what belongs to another. 6. Slander. 7. To form like pearls.

SAMUEL SYDNEY.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

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. . . .
. . . . . .
. . . .
. . . .
. . . .

I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. To pitch tents. 2. A plant which grows in warm countries. 3. An extensive waste. 4. Saucy.

II. LOWER SQUARE: 1. To find fault. 2. Surface. 3. Genuine. 4. A tropical tree. H. H. S.

RHYMING BLANKS.

THE twenty-seven missing words all rhyme with the first missing word.

"Would you like to go to the county ——?" asked my cousin one day. I was glad of the —— chance, and replied, "I don't —— if I do." When I went up to my room to dress, I stumbled over the top ——. If I were a man I might —— on such an occasion, but I can —— the pain of a bumped head without bad language. There were other delays in store. I had the misfortune to —— the dress I was going to ——, and though I could hardly —— time to mend it, I did n't —— to go with a ragged dress; so I repaired it as well as I could in five minutes. Then I curled my ——, and touched the hot iron to my —— hand so that I burned it. At length I finished my toilet, but could not find the —— of gloves that I wanted. At this last misfortune my temper began to —— up, and I searched the room with a savage —— on my face. Finally I found them, to my surprise, just —— they belonged. Then I grew more amiable, and was ready to start. Our old gray —— took us along at a moderate trot, and I had good long breaths of fresh country ——. "——," said my cousin as we reached the toll-bridge, "I have forgotten my purse and can't pay our —— across." Fortunately I had money with me, and so we were allowed to proceed. Soon we entered the grounds. There we saw all sorts of people, and how they did —— at the articles exhibited! There was fruit of all kinds, from a —— to a watermelon, and fancy work from lace to patchwork quilts. Soon we heard the —— of a trumpet, and, looking up, saw a man approaching with a trained —— and a trained ——. After looking at everything and eating candy and peanuts, we went home, where we ate a —— meal. ALICE I. H.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



HO, FOR THE TENNIS-COURTS!

ST. NICHOLAS.

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TO THE ROBIN THAT SINGS AT MY WINDOW.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

ROBIN, abob in the top of the sycamore,
Swinging and singing and flinging your song
Out on the April breeze,
Over the maple-trees,
Like a gay cavalier lilting along
Over the hills to the valleys of Arcady,
Through dewy dells where the spring blossoms blow,
Out of gray shadow-lands
Into May meadow-lands
Starry with wind-flowers whiter than snow,—
Oh, let me ride with you, Robin, to Arcady,
Swift through the cool of the dew and the dawn!
Oh, let me sing with you—
Make the road ring with you—
Gaily and gallantly galloping on!

Sing, Robin, sing a wild ballad of Arcady,
Fresh as the fleet rosy clouds of the dawn!
Sing as I ride with you,
Sing side by side with you,
While we go galloping, galloping on!
Sing of the deeds that were done while the world was young;
Sing of brave stories that never were told;
Sing of the olden time;
Sing of the golden time;
Sing of the glory that never grows old!
Sing the grand hymn of the pines and the summer seas;
Sing the wind's song and the rush of the rain;

Sing of the mystery,
Older than history,
Sung by the seed in the growth of the grain!

Sing me the song of the sun and the summer-time;
Sing me the song that the bumblebee drones
As he goes blundering
Home from his plundering
Deep down in orchards that nobody owns.
Flute-throated herald of June and of hollyhocks,
Ripple-tongued singer of roses and rain,
Earliest, merriest,
Bravest, and veriest
Promise of summer and sunshine again,—
Come, let me ride with you, Robin, to Arcady,
Over the hills in the dawn of the day—
Out of the shadow-lands
Into the meadow-lands,
Where it is summer forever and aye!

OUR TINY FLEET.

By Francis Churchill Williams.

"Starvation Island," in one of the great lakes, is not marked on any map under that name. It is only a small bit of green amid a great stretch of water, and the name "Starvation" was given by five boys on account of a very unpleasant experience they had there a few years ago.

The party consisted of Bob Hallowell, Jim Perkins, Dave Chew, and Andy Powell, besides myself, and we started for a week's cruise from our village. It was on the evening of the second day of the cruise that we landed on the island, thinking it a good place to spend the night.

The island was scarcely more than a hundred yards in length and half as much across, and, except for some stunted trees and a growth of coarse grass, was rocky and uninviting. In one place, however, there was a small patch of level ground where the grass grew more thickly, and here we pitched our tent after making the painter of the sailing skiff, in which we had come, fast to a big rock and after pulling the boat's bow a little way up on shore.

After supper had been cooked and eaten, we lay around the fire for a while and talked. But we all were very tired, and soon rolled ourselves up in our blankets and went to sleep.

It could not have been later than five o'clock the next morning when I was awakened by a feeling of chilliness and a numbness in my legs. When my eyes were once opened, I saw that it was raining steadily—a fine driving rain which soaked everything as it fell. I quickly threw off my blankets, and shook the other fellows to waken them.

"Why, it 's raining!" exclaimed Dave, as he sat up, "and everything in the boat 'll be soaked if we don't attend to it right away. Great guns, but it 's blowing, too!

In a couple of minutes Dave and Bob had buttoned up their coats, and, with their hats pulled down over their ears, left the tent to look after the boat. The rest of us straightened up the tent meaning to provide dry wood for a fire.

We had hardly commenced to roll up the

blankets, however, when we heard a cry from the direction of the little cove in which we had left the boat.

Tumbling over one another in our haste to find out what was the matter, we scrambled out of the tent and raced toward this place. Halfway there we were met by Dave and Bob.

"She 's gone!" gasped both of them together.

"Who 's gone?" I asked.

"The boat; she 's not anywhere in sight. The painter must have slipped from the rock. The wind 's blowing the water high up on shore, and she 's been floated off and driven down the lake!"

The five of us stood looking at one another in consternation. Here was a predicament.

"Well," said Andy, breaking the silence at last, "there 's no use of standing here doing nothing. We 're in for a stay here now, and the best thing to do is to make ourselves as comfortable as possible and find how we stand in the way of provisions."



TAKING ACCOUNT OF STOCK.

After an instant we started back to camp, seeing the wisdom of what he said.

Day was just beginning to break; at least the east had begun to lighten. But the gray clouds which scudded before the eastern wind covered the sky on all sides, and it was too dark to distinguish objects more than a few feet away. Altogether the prospect was anything but encouraging, particularly to five fellows who were soaked through and through.

When we reached the tent, we all at once dived between the canvas flaps to take account of the commissary department. Evidently with the purpose of enlivening us if possible, Dave called out the articles in detail, as if he were making an inventory of goods, as he did at home in his father's store twice a year.

"One bag of Indian meal—bag slightly damaged, meal damp; one knuckle of ham, weighing about two pounds; one piece of dried beef, ditto; one can of coffee—mostly can; one tin of sugar—tin all right, but sugar has lost itself in a corner; six potatoes—large and of the sightless kind; six large, flat, and very hard crackers—of superior quality; one salt-cellar—perforated top; one pepper, ditto!"

We all laughed—we could n't help it; but the laugh was a rather weak one, and quickly subsided.

"That 's all I can find!" said Dave, as he dropped the pepper-can. "Now the rain has stopped, we 'll make our plans."

We went out of the tent and sat around in a forlorn circle, and it was only then that we discovered the full extent of our predicament. Some one suggested that a fire be lighted, and asked for a match, after fruitlessly searching his own pockets. Each one of us rummaged his clothes for the desired article, and with the same result. There was not a match among us, and neither was there one, as we speedily found out, among the camp stores. We were absolutely without the means of making a fire. It was the last straw on our load of

misery, and not a complaint was made. Each felt utterly disheartened.

Gradually, however, we realized that the blues would not mend matters, and we fell to discussing means for securing aid or for getting safely off the island. Each plan suggested presented insurmountable difficulties.

The island lay some three miles or more from the nearest shore, and we could not hope that any one would see us from there. We had no means of kindling a fire to produce smoke. We had no tools for making a raft. It looked very much, all agreed, as though we were destined to stay where we were until some one saw us; and this was but a slim hope to cling to, for, as we very well knew, there was little sailing done except immediately along shore, or some three miles further out, where passed the steamers on their way across the lake.

The first question then was, how long could we make our provisions last us? A short ramble over the island the afternoon previous had shown us that there was nothing there to catch, nothing eatable, unless it was the bark of the trees; we were without fishing-tackle, or even a hook. All our lines and supplies had been left with the bulk of our provisions in the boat, as we had expected then to leave the island the following morning.

By putting ourselves on short rations we calculated that we could make the provisions we had last for two days, perhaps three; but this last was a contingency painful to contemplate.

In pursuance of our plan, then, the ham was carefully shaved from the bone and about one half of it eaten for breakfast along with two of the crackers. When we had finished this sumptuous repast, we confessed that we all felt about as hungry as ever.

After a while we went down on the rocky coast of the island which faced the mainland. But the rain shut out the shore from view, and, after we had stuck up the tallest tree we could hack down with our knives between a couple of boulders and fastened a piece of tarpaulin to it which we chanced to have, we wearily walked back to the tent. We had small hope of our flag attracting attention; but it was something to know that no chance was lost.

The farce of a dinner only gave us a quickened sense of our keen hunger; and supper, which left us with only the piece of dried beef and three crackers remaining, was prepared and eaten in five minutes. From sheer weariness we fell asleep within an hour after this last important ceremony.

When a gnawing pain awakened us in the morning, we found that the sky had cleared, and that the wind had changed, and now was blowing briskly from the northwest.

A third of the piece of beef and two of the crackers were eaten, and we went down on the shore to see if there was any boat in sight.

The mainland now could be plainly seen, and one or two white sails close along shore showed in the sun. But they were nearly three miles away, and evidently would not come out toward the island.

Dave and Bob agreed to stay down on shore for a while and keep a look out. Andy, Jim, and I went back to the tent. There we lay down on the blankets and tried to forget our hunger in sleep. But the effort was useless, and we were glad when the sun stood overhead, and we could call the other fellows up from their post to help eat the half pound of beef and the one cracker which constituted the noon meal. As Jim brought these out, he spitefully kicked aside the potatoes and the can of coffee, which were useless to us for lack of a fire.

After each of us had swallowed the morsel that was his share, Jim somewhat languidly remarked:

"I wonder what became of the boat?"

"Oh, she drifted out on the lake somewhere, I suppose," said Dave in reply. "There was an easterly breeze; perhaps she 's near the Canada shore now."

Andy, who had partly raised himself on his elbow as Jim made his remark about the boat, at this suddenly came to a sitting position.

"I 've got an idea!" he exclaimed. "Why not send off some small boats? The wind 's northwest; the lake 's not rough. We can make them out of the driftwood on the beach; there 's lots of it there. Then they can be rigged up with paper sails, and a message, telling where we are, fastened to each. We can send off a whole lot of them. Some of them are pretty sure to go ashore on the mainland

and perhaps be noticed and picked up. It is n't certain they will, I know, but it 's worth trying, and anything 's better than sitting idle."

The suggestion was a happy one. In five minutes we were all down on the beach with our pocket-knives out and making the chips fly. There were plenty of bits of board there, and, selecting pieces over a foot long and some six



"THERE WE SET AFLOAT OUR MINIATURE CRAFT."

inches wide, we rapidly shaped them into the semblance of boats by sharpening one end.

Within a half-hour twenty of these roughly fashioned craft were lying on the beach. A number of newspapers, which we had brought ashore the first night for kindling fires, furnished material for sails. Slender sticks were split from a couple of cedar shingles picked up on the shore and fastened tightly in holes in the boards, which we laboriously bored with our knives. To these were secured the paper sails, which we stiffened with light splints of wood. The messages, written on blank leaves torn from a note-book Andy had with him, were wrapped in the greasy paper which had covered the ham and pinned or fastened to the boats.

Then we set afloat our miniature craft, and watched them dance over the tiny swells toward the shore. Two of the boats upset before they had gone fifty yards; three others had their masts blown overboard by puffs of wind: but the rest sailed bravely on before the breeze, and by the time we had manufactured and sent off ten more of them, which used up our supply of paper, the first lot was almost out of sight. Dave calculated that, as the masts had all been stepped well forward and bits of thin board used as rudders, the boats ought to keep fairly before the wind, and, if the breeze did not die out or increase so as to wreck them, be ashore by that night at the latest.

We strained our eyes hard to see how the last of our fleet (of which only two were lost near shore) were faring, and Jim even climbed

a tree, from which point of observation he reported that all seemed going well with the boats, and that the first flotilla had disappeared from view entirely.

Then, somewhat reluctantly, we went back to the camp. There was nothing to do now but to wait and hope that our plan would result in something of benefit to us. But we talked a great deal about it that evening, and guessed innumerable times how many boats would safely reach land. None of us permitted himself to think that all of the boats would be wrecked and fail in their mission.

Early the next morning we were up and down on shore. But no sail was in sight. We watched expectantly all the morning, our hopes growing less and less. We were too weak from hunger to leave the shore; for the last of our provisions had disappeared at dinner on the previous day.

About the middle of the afternoon, Dave, who had wearily climbed a tree, uttered a weak shout: "Here comes a boat!"

We all looked in the direction he pointed, and there, coming down on the island from the east, were the sails of a skiff.

With one accord we yelled and swung our hats, and tried to show our joy; but it was a pitiful exhibition we gave.

Half an hour afterward the keel of the skiff grated upon the rocks, and two men jumped ashore. We fairly hugged them, in the eagerness of our welcome. There were some crackers and cheese on board, and the way we fell upon these was appalling. Then, after our tent and the blankets had been put aboard, the skiff was pushed off, and we started for the mainland.

On the way the men told us that at least two of the little boats we had sent off had come ashore and had been picked up and the messages read, though they were badly blurred by water. At first it had been thought that the whole thing was a joke; but afterward it was decided to see what it meant, anyhow, and the two men who had come for us had agreed to make the trip.

Our skiff had not been seen, and we never learned what became of her. But none of us ever forgot our experience on the island, and, to this day, there stands on Dave Chew's bookcase one of the little fleet which was the means of rescuing us from a dangerous situation.

THE DIFFERENCE.

By Gertrude M. Cannon.

Beauty lies within ourselves,
After all, they say;
And, be sure, the happy heart
Makes the happy day.

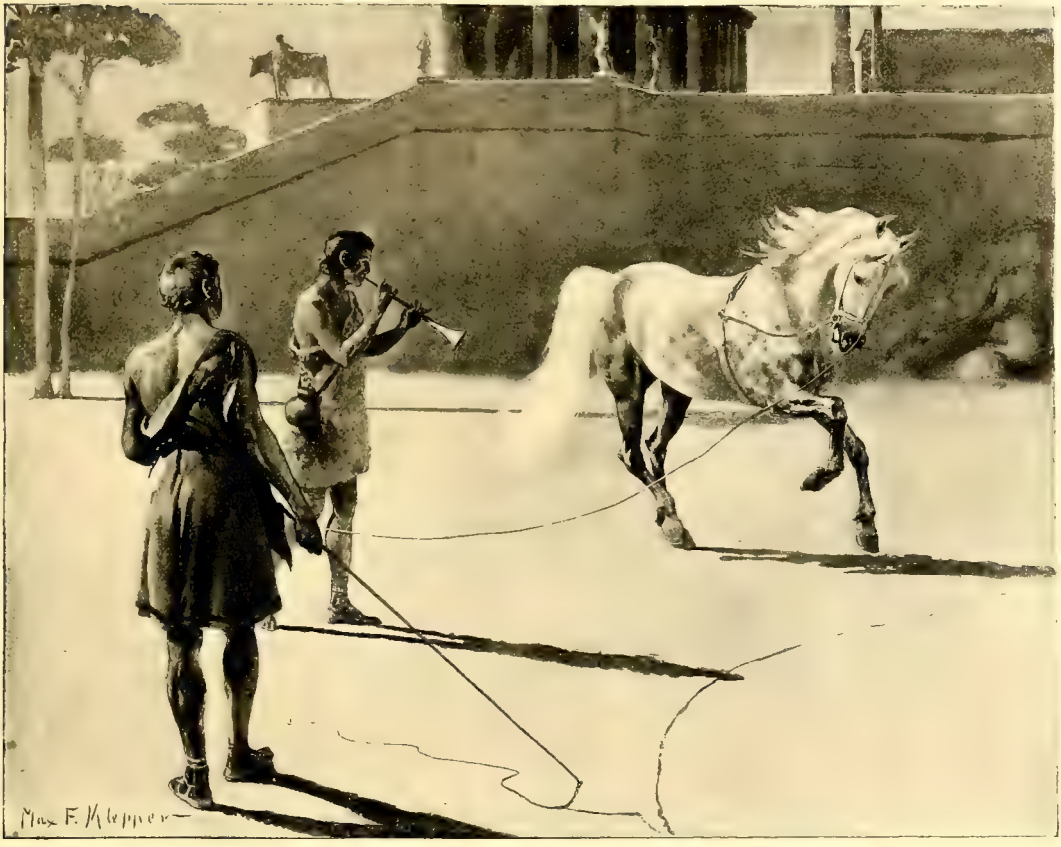
In a cool and shady garden
Phyllis sat. The roses' scent
Fanned a face whereon were written
Restlessness and discontent.
Lilies nodded, bluebells tinkled,
Birds sang sweetly in the trees;
Merry talk and joyous laughter
Sounded on the summer breeze.
"Oh," sighed Phyllis, "I am stifling."
And she raised her pretty head.
"I am sure 't is going to shower—
What a horrid day!" she said.

In a warm and dusty city
Janey, pinched and wan and white,
Leaned against a heated building,
Longing for the cool of night.
Suddenly she spied a floweret,
Pale and slender, at her feet.
"Oh!" she cried, and stooped to pluck it;
Looking up in rapture sweet
Through the crowded house-tops, Janey
Caught a glimpse of blue o'erhead;
And she kissed the little posy—
"What a lovely day!" she said.

Beauty lies within ourselves,
After all, they say;
And the glad and happy heart
Makes the happy day.

THE DANCING HORSES OF SYBARIS.

By James Baldwin.



In the south of Italy there was once a flourishing Greek colony called Sybaris. The town was well situated for commerce, the surrounding country was very fertile, the climate was the finest in the world, and for some centuries the Sybarites were industrious and enterprising, carrying on a profitable trade with other countries and heaping up immense wealth. But too much good fortune finally proved their ruin. Little by little they lost their habits of labor and thrift, and instead gave themselves up to pleasure. Finally, leaving all kinds of necessary work to their slaves, they laid aside the cares of life, and spent their days in eating and drinking, in dancing and in listening to fine music, or in attending the circus and watching the feats of acrobats or performing animals.

It is said, indeed, that prizes were offered to any man who would invent some new kind of amusement. A certain flute-player hit upon the idea of teaching the horses to dance, and, since those creatures were as fond as their masters of pleasure, he found it a very easy thing to do. It was not long before the sound of a pipe would set the heels of every war-horse in the country to beating time with it. Imagine, if you please, a whole nation of dancing

people and dancing horses — what a free-from-care time of it they must have had!

But the pleasantest summer must come to an end, even for grasshoppers. The Sybarites had for neighbors a community of hard workers, students, and tradesmen called Crotoniates, who lived temperately, drank water from the original Croton River, listened to lectures by Pythagoras, and looked with longing eyes upon the fair gardens and stately white palaces of Sybaris. They several times came to blows with the Sybarites; but, as their army was much smaller, and they had no cavalry whatever, they were beaten in every battle. Their foot-soldiers were really of no use at all when opposed to the fierce onsets of the Sybarite war-horses.

But real worth is sure to win in the end. When a spy reported to the Crotoniates that he had seen all the horses in Sybaris dancing to the music of a pipe, the Croton general saw his opportunity at once. He sent into the Sybarite territories a large company of shepherds and fifers armed with nothing but flutes and shepherds' pipes, while a little way behind them marched the rank and file of the Crotoniate army. When the Sybarites heard that the enemy's forces were coming, they marshaled their cavalry — the finest in the world at that time — and sallied forth to meet them.

They thought it would be fine sport to send the Crotoniates scampering back across the fields into their own country; and half of Sybaris went out to see the fun. What an odd sight it must have been — a thousand fancifully dressed horsemen, splendidly mounted, riding out to meet an array of unarmed shepherds and a handful of ragged foot-soldiers!

The Sybarite ladies wave their handkerchiefs and cheer their champions to the charge. The horsemen sit proudly in their saddles, ready at a word to make the grand dash — when, hark! A thousand pipes begin to play — not "Yankee Doodle" nor "Rule Britannia" — but the national air of Croton, whatever that may have been. The order is given to charge; the Sybarites shout and drive their spurs into their horses' flanks — what fine sport it is going to be! But the war-steeds hear nothing, care for nothing, but the music. They lift their slender hoofs in unison with the inspiring strains.

And now the armed Crotoniates appear on the field; but the pipers still pipe, and the horses still dance — they caper, curvet, caracole, pirouette, waltz, trip the light fantastic hoof, forgetful of everything but the delightful harmony. The Sybarite riders have been so sure of the victory that they have taken more trouble to ornament than to arm themselves. Some of them are pulled from their dancing horses by the Crotoniate footmen — others slip to the ground and run as fast as their nerveless legs will carry them back to the shelter of the city walls. The shepherds and fifers retreat slowly toward Crotona, still piping merrily, and the sprightly horses follow them, keeping step with the music.

The dancing horses cross the boundary line between the two countries, they waltz across the Crotoniate fields, they caracole gaily through the Crotoniate gates, and when the fifers cease their playing the streets of Crotona are full of fine war-horses!

Thus it was that the Sybarites lost the fine cavalry of which they had been so proud. The complete overthrow of their power and the conquest of their city by the Crotoniates followed soon afterward — for how, between so idle and so industrious a community, could it have been otherwise?

GRANDMAMA.

By Helen Hopkins.

Mother says, "You mischievous girl!
  You 're busier than a bee!"
And father says, "Go play, my dear,
  And don't be bothering *me!*"

But grandmama says, "You blessed lamb!
  The darling of my heart! —
Eliza, I think she wants some jam,
  Or a cake and an apple-tart."

DAME DAISY'S "AT HOME."

By Mary Rowles Jarvis.



LITTLE Dame Daisy stood up in the meadow,
All dressed for her party at three;
Her gown was plain green, and looked dark in the shadow,
But her cap was a wonder to see.

Sir Buttercup stood at her side, the first comer,
As always devoted and bold;
And all the good cheer and good will of the summer
Shone up through his helmet of gold.

The clovers came next in their red, shining masses,
Where honey-bees reveled at will;
And butterflies swung in the frail, quaking grasses
That never a moment were still.

A bevy of sunbeams attended upon her,
Bewitchingly clad in their best;
And a chorus of birds warbled glees in her honor,
Till the afterglow paled in the west.



Then all said "Good night" to the bright little lady;
And straightway, all fluted and curled,
Her cap-borders closed round her face, warm and shady—
The coziest hood in the world!





"TWO BARKS."

By Frank le Seul.

We had n't ought ter 'a' done it, Rover;
I s'pose we 'll ketch it now, for fair.
They said, "Come home when school is over,
An' not go playin' anywhere."

But it looked so shady down the river,
With the willows hangin' half-way 'cross,
That I stopped to watch the ripples quiver,
An' then I gave a stone a toss.

You started first down through the pasture,
An' I was 'fraid 't wa'n't right ter go;
But you said, "Wow, wow!" when I ast yer—
Two barks means "yes," an' one means "no."

An' now we 'll get a reg'lar trimmin',
An' have to tote a' old milk-pail;
We 'll ketch it, too, for goin' in swimmin'.
If yer know what I 'm sayin', wag your tail.

Yer do? Good doggie! Don't you worry!
I 'll take your lickin' an' take mine, too.
When yer see 'm comin', you scoot 'n a hurry;
If I stay, they won't go chasin' you.

On'y next time you remember, Rover,
When I ask whether we 'd ought ter go
A-swimmin' after school is over,
Two barks means *yes*, an' one means *no*.

CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

By Albert Stearns.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

Chapter X.

As soon as the game was over, Chris slipped away and returned to the house without saying a word to any one, feeling too much ashamed to face the Lincolnvilles, who had gathered around the bench, and were engaged in an evidently excited discussion, occasionally casting glances at the late pitcher that evinced anything but a friendly feeling.

Bob did not make his appearance until tea-time, when he seated himself at the table with an air of such profound gloom that Chris asked desperately:

"What 's the matter with you, Bob?"

"I guess you know what the matter is," grunted the boy, evading his cousin's eye.

"Where have you been since the game?"

"Nowhere in particular," was the unsatisfactory response.

"See here," interposed Mrs. Green, suddenly throwing off the hostess's rôle, and assuming the spiked armor of the school-ma'am, "what 's the trouble between you two boys?"

"There is n't any trouble that I know of," said Chris, as Bob did not reply; "but I s'pose he 's mad about the game."

"Yes; I *am* mad about the game," flashed Bob.

"Was it my fault that the Lincolnvilles did n't win?" demanded Chris.

"Yes, it was," returned his cousin, trembling with excitement. "All the fellows say you gave away the game!"

"Let them think so if they want to," said Chris, with a sudden burst of resentment.

"Why should n't they think so? You were seen talking with the captain of the Dusenburys at the beginning of the game, and some of the fellows suspected you then. And in the eighth inning, when Jim Everett told you that we had thought you meant to give 'em the game, you winked and said, 'How do you know you 're not right?'"

At this revelation of the genie's duplicity, Chris felt that he could bear no more, and he began heatedly:

"Bob Green, you ought to have known better! I never said that. It was—"

"That will do," interrupted Mrs. Green, majestically; "we will not have a scene here, if you please. You can settle this matter after supper."

"Yes, adjust your — er — differences at some more suitable time and place," chirped Mr. Green, with the air of an elderly and experienced canary; and he glanced at his wife in expectation of a smile of approval, which he did not receive.

The boys subsided, and Mrs. Storms remarked that she had known how it would be from the first, and that it was always so.

Very little more was said during the meal. Chris had ample time for reflection, and he determined that he would not yet confess the truth. He could, if he wished, produce the genie as a witness in his defense; but he would not. The first grand exhibition of his marvelous powers should be made in South Dusenbury; in the mean time let the Lincolnville boys think what they pleased.

"If you did n't do it, Chris," said Bob, as they walked out to the barn after tea, "you ought to put yourself right with the boys."

"I shall," was the reply. "You may be sure of that; but I shall take my own time."

"If you have anything to say," advised Bob, "you 'd better say it at once."

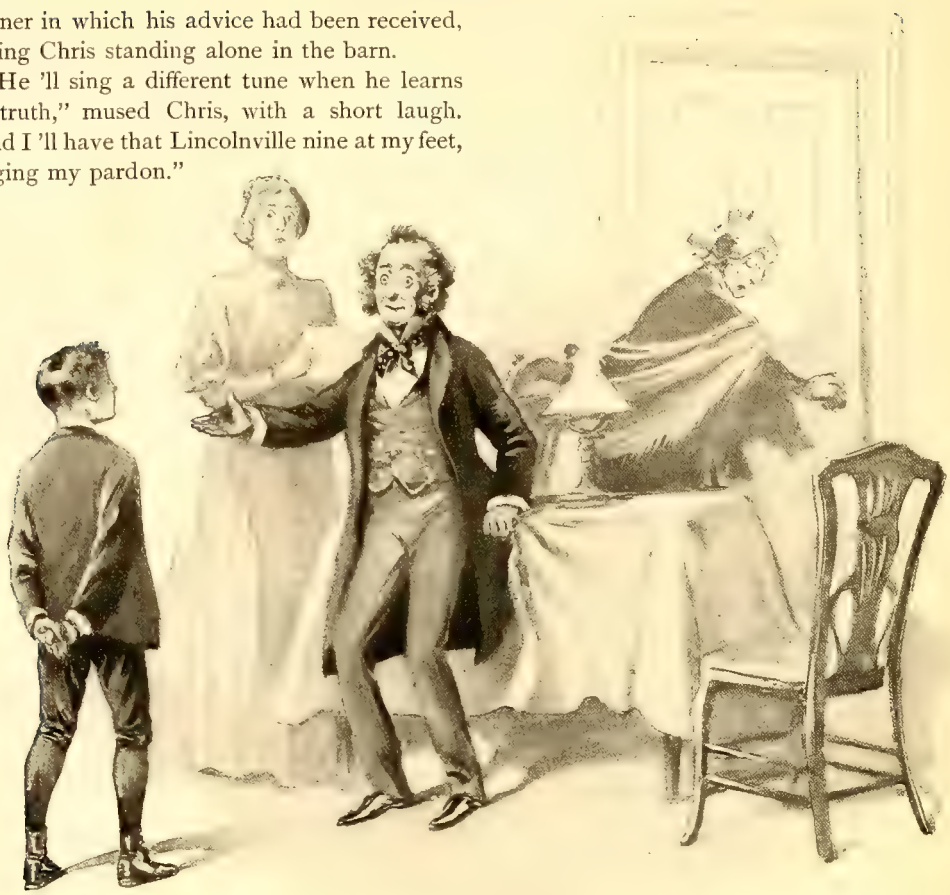
"I 'm not ready yet," snapped Chris.

"All right. You know your own business best," said Bob, much offended; "but if I were in the box you 're in, I 'd get out of it as soon as I could."

And he walked away in high dudgeon at the

manner in which his advice had been received, leaving Chris standing alone in the barn.

"He 'll sing a different tune when he learns the truth," mused Chris, with a short laugh. "And I 'll have that Lincolnville nine at my feet, begging my pardon."



"'WELL, CHRIS, MY LAD, HOW ARE WE NOW?'"

With this agreeable picture in his mind, he strolled back to the house. The dining-room window was open; as he neared it, he heard Mrs. Green's shrill voice exclaim:

"Why did n't you give me this letter before, Henry?"

"I forgot it," bleated her husband, in an apologetic tone.

"Why," went on the lady, excitedly, "Maria says the boy is out of his head! It is n't safe to have Robert associate with him!"

The letter that Chris's mother had promised to write had arrived, and had told the story of his supposed mental infirmity.

As the boy entered the room, Mrs. Storms squeaked, "Dear *me!*" gathered up her knitting, and fled to her room; while Mr. Green said, "Well, Chris, my lad, how are we now?" with an assumed air of bluffness so unlike his usual manner that it seemed positively weird.

Mrs. Green only was equal to the occasion.

"Christopher," she said, "you will to-night occupy Robert's room alone; your cousin will sleep on the parlor sofa. And I am sorry to be forced to remind you once more that your visit is somewhat ill-timed, and to be obliged to request that you will return to your home to-morrow. Of course I will write your mother a letter of explanation, which I shall ask you to be kind enough to hand her."

"All right, Aunt Sabina," was Chris's short reply.

"You must n't feel offended, Christopher," chirped Mr. Green, apologetically. "Your aunt has excellent reasons for making this — er — request."

"Oh, I 'm not offended," replied the boy. "I shall be glad enough to get back to South Dusenbury. I guess I 'll take the seven-forty train."

"Very well."

Chris spent the next half-hour in the parlor, reading a dismal little memoir of one of Mrs. Green's former pupils, who had died young after a course of study that would have proved fatal to an ordinarily robust adult; then, Bob having failed to reappear, he went up-stairs to bed.

He did not see his cousin again until he was ready to start for home, when Bob suddenly appeared, and said in a frightened sort of way:

"I 'm going to the train with you. We may as well walk, I guess."

"That 'll suit me," said Chris, who saw that Bob had heard the story of his insanity, and was in fear that he might at any moment become violent.

He entered into no explanations, being quite tired of the subject, and reflecting that his cousin would learn the truth very soon; but as he was about to step into his car he said:

"You 'll soon know that I did n't give away that ball-game, Bob; and you 'll hear some other things that 'll surprise you a good deal."

"All right; good by," was Bob's short response; and as the train started he ran off at the top of his speed, not stopping to wave his hand as usual.

Chris's father was out when he reached home. His mother greeted him with an exclamation of dismay.

"Don't worry, mother," he said cheerfully. "I came home because they did n't want me to stay any longer. This letter will tell you all about it."

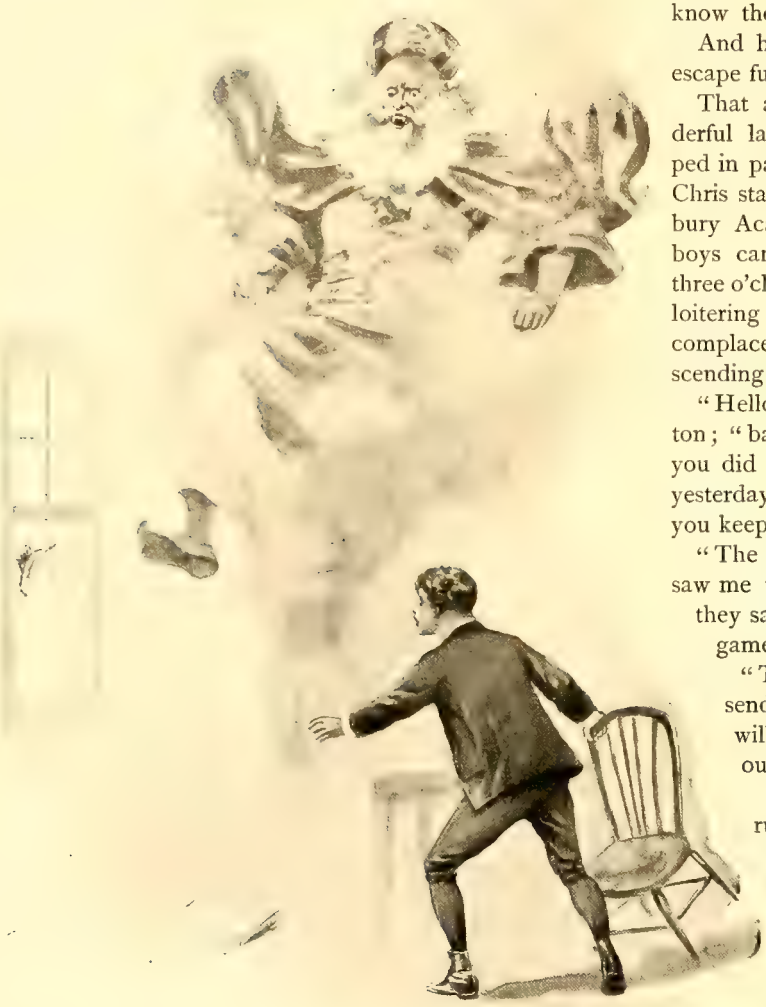
When Mrs. Wagstaff had read her sister's letter, she looked even more distressed than before.

"Oh, dear! what is to be done?" she exclaimed distractedly.

Chris guessed the contents of the letter (he learned long afterward that his surmises were correct, and that Mrs. Green had expressed a firm conviction that he was incurably insane), and he said earnestly:



"'THEY THINK I 'M CRAZY, TOO,' SAID CHRIS TO HIMSELF."
(SEE PAGE 634)



"HE GAVE THE LAMP A VICIOUS KICK WHICH SENT IT OUT OF THE WINDOW." (SEE PAGE 635.)

"Now, you must n't fret, mother. Everything will be all right this very afternoon. I know what I 'm talking about. I 'm going to astonish the natives."

"Oh, Chris, my dear boy, what *are* you going to do?"

"I 'm not going to hurt anybody, mother," said the boy, with an annoyed laugh that the very words by which he had hoped to soothe her should add to her anxiety. "You 'll laugh to think how you 've worried when you know the truth."

And he hurried away to escape further questioning.

That afternoon, the wonderful lamp carefully wrapped in paper under his arm, Chris started for the Dusenbury Academy. When the boys came trooping out at three o'clock they found him loitering outside the gate, a complacent, almost condescending smile on his lips.

"Hello!" cried Nat Marston; "back, are you? Well, you did some great playing yesterday; but why did n't you keep it up?"

"The Lincolnville fellows saw me talking to you, and they say I gave away the game," said Chris.

"They do? Well, I 'll send in a letter that will knock that idea out of their heads."

"Say, Chris," interrupted Fred Tobin, with a laugh, "who was that old fellow you got to help you off the other day? I 'd like to hire him by the week to do the same kind of work for me."

"Fellows," said Chris, with an air of deep mystery, "there are a good many things you don't understand that will be made clear before night."

"Wish you would make my geometry lesson clear," said Scotty Jones, with a grin; "but I guess it would take more than you to do that."

"I could do it in a minute, if I wanted to," replied Chris; "but just now I have other and more important work on hand."

"What are you driving at, anyway, Chris?" asked Will Bent.

"See here, boys," said Chris to the group that had gathered around him; "what would you say if I told you that it was in my power to fly like a bird?"

"I should say you were talking through your hat," laughed Scotty.

"Well, it 's a fact that I can do it," maintained Chris; "and I 'm going to prove it. I 'll go up to the top of the Methodist church steeple and fly down. When you see that, you 'll believe I knew what I was talking about, won't you?"

"Yes," replied Nat; "but I 'd rather see you fly up to the top of the steeple. Can't you do that?"

"I could, and I will later on," said Chris; "but I 'll begin the other way. Come on, boys"; and he started in the direction of the Methodist church.

"See here, Chris," interposed Scotty; "this is only one of your tricks, and we ain't going to let you drag us over to the church. It 's out of our way; we 're all going over to Simms's pond."

"Fellows," cried Chris, "I mean every word I 've said — that 's honest. You come down to the church with me, and stand over by Jenkins's barn. I 'll go up in the steeple alone, and inside of five minutes you 'll see me flying down. After that we 'll all have a big lunch on the parade-ground — lobster salad, ice-cream, and — and whatever else you want."

The boys roared with laughter at this, and Scotty said:

"You 're a great fellow, Chris, but you can't work this game on us. Come on, fellows; let 's be off for the pond; you 'd better come along too, Chris."

But several members of the group were somewhat impressed by Chris's evident earnestness; and one of them — Will Bent — said: "Oh, let 's go and see what the trick is, anyway. If there 's any ice-cream lying around loose in the parade-ground, I don't mind helping to get rid of it. Come ahead."

This decided the question. The boys all started for the church, Chris leading the way.

"You fellows think I 'm trying to fool you," he said; "but you 're very much mistaken, as you 'll soon find out. If you don't open your eyes wider than you ever did before in your lives, within the next fifteen minutes, my name is not Chris Wagstaff."

"Have you invented a flying-machine?" asked Nat.

"You 'll see," was the only reply Chris would make.

The sexton happened to be in the Methodist church, and he readily gave the boy permission to ascend to the belfry.

The new brick Methodist church, with its stained-glass windows and its tall, tapering spire, was the pride of South Dusenbury. The spire was the highest in the county, and was visible for many miles. Chris thought there could not be a better place from which to start on the flying expedition for which he expected the genie to provide him wings.

As he started up the winding stairway that reached almost to the apex of the lofty spire, the boys — none of whom he would permit to accompany him — left the building, crossed the road, and took their places near Seth Jenkins's barn, where they were joined by others of the village lads, curious to know what was going on.

"What do you suppose Chris is up to, anyway?" asked Scotty. "He can't have invented a flying-machine."

"Maybe he has," said Nat. "Perhaps it was in that bundle he had under his arm."

"I 'll tell you what *I* think," said Will. "I don't believe he 's quite right in the upper story. Doctor Ingalls was at our house this morning, and my mother says he hinted something of the sort — said Chris had been studying too hard lately, and had got to take a rest. I laughed at the idea, when my mother told me; but I begin to think there 's something in it."

"No, there is n't, either," said Scotty, very decidedly. "Chris Wagstaff will never hurt himself by over-work, if he lives to be a hundred. It 's only a trick of his on his folks and the doctor to get out of going to school. And he 's making ready to play another trick on us now."

"Why does n't he appear with his flying-machine, if he has one?" said Nat. "He 's

had time to climb a steeple twice as high as that one. Ah, there he is at the window, now!"

Chris's program for the afternoon had included a wonderful exhibition of flying, followed by an elaborate luncheon on the parade-ground. After the meal he intended to undertake the erection of a new and magnificent town-hall and possibly an opera-house, both of which it was his magnanimous intention to present to the village.

His face flushed, as much by pleasurable anticipation of the wonders he was about to work with the genie's aid, as by his run up the spiral stairway, he paused, panting, in the belfry.

"Now, then," he exclaimed aloud when he had recovered his breath, "to business!"

He tore the paper wrappings from the lamp, and gave it a vigorous rub.

To his amazement and consternation, the genie did not appear.

"Perhaps he 's asleep," reflected Chris, remembering several occasions recorded in the "Arabian Nights" on which genii had been caught napping. "If he is, I 'll soon wake him up."

Again he rubbed the lamp, and again and again, but in vain; the genie did not respond to the summons.

A cold perspiration broke out on Chris's brow,—a strange, sick feeling oppressed him. Had the lamp, after retaining its wondrous power so many centuries, now suddenly lost it? Was it possible that the genie had renounced his allegiance to the bit of "bricky-brac" that he had regarded for ages with fear and awe?

"Perhaps he won't come because it 's a church," said Chris to himself. "I should n't wonder if that was it. He 's a heathen spirit—a sort of demon, I guess. Well, there 's no help for it. I shall have to give it up for this time. I hate to go down to the fellows. How they will laugh at me!"

He stepped to the window, and by gestures conveyed the information to the boys that the exhibition he had promised them would not take place.

Then he began slowly descending the stairs, a much crestfallen and greatly troubled boy.

Meantime the group at Seth Jenkins's barn were commenting upon his extraordinary conduct. Will Bent's theory that he was "not quite right in the upper story" had already found acceptance; and when the luckless owner of the lamp appeared, and advanced toward the boys, they regarded him in a manner that told him at once what was passing in their minds.

"Well, why did n't you fly?" asked Scotty. "Would n't your great invention work?"

Chris shook his head, with a sickly smile.

"And how about that big lay-out on the parade-ground?" inquired Nat.

"It 'll have to be postponed," replied Aladdin's wretched successor.

The boys stared at him in silence a few moments; then Scotty broke out with:

"Come on, fellows; let 's be off for Simms's pond."

And, paying no further attention to Chris, they started at a run.

"*They* think I 'm crazy, too," said Chris to himself. He began to feel that he was becoming a pariah among his companions. "Well, I don't blame them. But maybe, now that I 'm out of the church, the genie will show himself."

He rubbed the lamp with a trembling hand, but the stubborn spirit did not appear.

So downcast and miserable did Chris appear when he reached home, that his mother's anxiety in his behalf became greater than ever. She made a large dish of milk-toast for his supper, and put a jar of his favorite raspberry-jam beside his plate. But he ate very little, and went to his room immediately after supper.

Seated by the window, the lamp on the table by his side, he abandoned himself to melancholy reflection.

The experience of the late Aladdin, so far as recorded in the "Arabian Nights," furnished no parallel to his own. Chris felt that the genie had treated him badly, and in a sudden burst of indignation he seized the lamp, and rubbed it fiercely, crying:

"He must come—he shall! Ah, you 're here at last, are you?"—for the genie stood before him; this time in the same form in which he had appeared on the occasion of their first meeting.

"Yes, I 'm here," replied the spirit, in a cold, hard tone that Chris did not half like.

"Why did n't you come before?" demanded the angry boy. "Have you any idea what a scrape you have got me into?"

"One question at a time, please," said the genie, in the same icy tone, and with a cynical smile. "I did n't come before, because — not to put too fine a point on it — I did n't feel like it. As for the scrape you 're in, that 's no affair of mine."

"No affair of yours!" gasped Chris. "Are n't you my slave, and the slave of the lamp?"

"*Your* slave?" sneered the genie — "the slave of an old pewter lamp, in such a bad state of repair that it would be utterly impossible to light it? I am not. I must say, with deep humiliation, that I *was*; but I am *not* now."

"But you are!" almost shrieked Chris. "You can't help it! You are, and always will be!"

"I am not, nor shall I ever be again," returned the spirit; "so you need n't waste any more time and vitality in rubbing the old lamp. I responded to the summons this time only to explain the situation to you."

"But you have n't explained anything," cried the boy. "If it had been possible to rebel, you 'd have done it when Aladdin owned the lamp. You can't — you know you can't!"

"It was n't in my power then," said the genie; "but it is now. Just glance at this" — and he suddenly produced a few printed pages torn from some book, and held it before Chris's eyes.

"Why, it 's the Emancipation Proclamation!" the youth exclaimed.

"That 's precisely what it is," replied his companion, an exultant ring in his voice. "I accidentally learned of its existence only this morning. By its provisions slavery is abolished in the United States. Is n't that so?"

"I — I suppose it is," faltered Chris; "but it — it does n't apply to you."

"I fail to see any exceptions or reservations which affect the present case," said the genie; "and I have studied the document pretty carefully. No, my young friend; I am no longer your slave. And as for *that thing* —"

He did not finish the sentence, but suddenly raising his foot, he gave the lamp — which was the object to which he had referred so contemptuously — a vicious kick which sent it out of the window; then he began to fade away.

"Wait a minute," entreated the boy; "just a second! I —"

But the genie was gone.

Chris rushed frantically down-stairs, and began a search for the lamp, which he very soon found. He rubbed it, but no genie appeared.

As he dejectedly entered the house, his mother met him, and, folding him in her arms, said:

"Chris, you 've always wanted to go to visit New York; and now you 're going. I 've been talking to Pa about it, and you and he are to start to-morrow morning, and stay a week. I 'm sure that when you come back you won't know yourself."

"I don't now, mother," said Chris, sadly.

"Of course you don't," replied his mother. "But won't you be glad to go to the city?"

"Yes, — anywhere to get away from South Dusenbury and the fellows for a few days."

The next morning Chris and his father started for New York. When they returned, a week later, Doctor Ingalls pronounced the boy cured. But it was a long time before he regained the esteem and confidence of his schoolmates.

One day he sought consolation and sympathy from Will Bent, the only person beside himself who had seen the palace on Chadwick's Acre. He had determined to tell Will the whole story.

But Will cut him short with:

"I don't want to hear anything more about *that*, Chris Wagstaff. I told my folks all about what I thought I saw, and I talked so much on the subject that they sent for Doctor Ingalls. He said it was all my imagination, and that there seemed to be an epidemic of that sort of thing among the Dusenbury Academy boys; and I 've been taking medicine for it ever since. I 've got the idea out of my head, now, and I don't want you to put it back."

"That settles it," snapped Chris; and thenceforth he kept his own counsel.

The wonderful lamp — wonderful no longer — stands on the parlor mantel; and lovers of the antique occasionally go into raptures over it. Once in a while Chris steals in and gives it a sly rub, but the only result is disappointment.

THE END.



By Martha Burr Banks.

Do you know how all people, from far and from near,
Say their "good morning" each day of the year?
For "How do you do?"—
The right word for you—
Is not said just the same from Ceylon to Peru.


"MAY YOU BE WELL NOW."

In the Mexican nation they 're gallant and gay;
They shake hands with all in a courteous way;
And they bow and beguile
Their friends all the while,
And "May you be well now!" they say with a smile.

But the savages down in the Southern Pacific,
Where corals abound and tornadoes terrific,
Who care not a feather
For wind or for weather,


IN THE PACIFIC ISLES.

They salute by just rubbing their noses together.

And how do they do it in brilliant Japan—
In brilliant Nippon, the land of the fan?
Oh, they bow very low,
And then as they go
They say their "good morning," which is "*Ohayo.*"


"OHAYO!"

But over in China the old mandarin
With a serious face does his bowing begin,

Then with palms closely pressed
In front of his breast,



"HAVE YOU EATEN YOUR RICE?"

"Have you eaten your rice?" he asks with a zest.

While with hands held together and lifted on high,

With a wish for the health of the one who goes by,
The brown Siamese
Will fall on his knees,
Or bow down benignly with gracefulest ease.



THE BROWN SIAMESE.



"SALAM!"

Among the dark Hindus that bide in Bengal,
In Bombay, the Punjaub, in the Deccan, and all,
Where rules the Nizam,
Or in ancient Assam,
They all touch their foreheads, and cry out "*Salam!*"

With his hand on his heart, the polite Persian neighbor
His body inclines with the lightest of labor.
The greater his friends,
The lower he bends,



"PEACE BE UPON YOU!"

And "Peace be upon you!" the blessing he sends.



"MAY YOU BE HAPPY!"

With the Syrian greeter now how is it done?
Why, his finger-tips meet as he greets any one.
Then, with fanciful art,
Touches brow, lips, and heart,
And "May you be happy!" he says as they part.

With the African men, then, what is the word
That after the sunrise is frequently heard?
"May you flourish away
Till your hair is all gray!"



"MAY YOU FLOURISH AWAY TILL YOUR HAIR IS ALL GRAY!"

Is about what they say when they bid one good day.

In France, where they dance and they sing and they play,
"Now, how do you carry yourself?" they all say.
Or if you don't choose
Their true sense to abuse,
"Comment vous portez-vous?" fitly you 'll use.



"COMMENT VOUS PORTEZ-VOUS?"



"HOW FIND YOU YOURSELF?" "HOW DO YOU FARE?" "BE WELL!" "BUENA DIAZ!"

"How find you yourself?" they in Germany go;
And "How do you fare?" the staid Dutch wish to know;
And "How do you stand?"
Comes from Italy's band;
And "Be well!" they will tell you in Russia's great land.



"HOW DO YOU STAND?"

The Spanish "good morning" 's "*Buena diaz*";
"*Bon dia*" 's the Portuguese wish as you pass;
And as over the sea
The daylight shall flee,
The same in Brazil its new welcome shall be.



"BON DIA!" "BON DIA!"

So over the earth the good greeting shall fly,
And each in his own way shall speak and reply:
But one thought is found,
Whatever the sound,
And Good Morning 's Good Morning the whole world around.

NESTING-TIME.

By Frank H. Sweet.

Around the chimney swallows fly,
And wrens explore the barn and shed,
The orioles go flashing by
With bits of straw and cotton shred.

The sunlight glimmers through the trees
And finds them busy everywhere,
The robins, jays, and chickadees,
And all the builders of the air.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK AND THE CONQUEST OF THE NORTHWEST.

By Theodore Roosevelt.

In 1776, when independence was declared, the United States included only the thirteen original States on the seaboard. With the exception of a few hunters there were no white men west of the Alleghany Mountains, and there was not even an American hunter in the great country out of which we have since made the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin. All this region north of the Ohio River then formed a part of the Province of Quebec. It was a wilderness of forests and prairies, teeming with game, and inhabited by many warlike tribes of Indians.

Here and there through it were dotted quaint little towns of French Creoles, the most important being Detroit, Vincennes on the Wabash, and Kaskaskia and Kahokia on the Illinois. These French villages were ruled by British officers commanding small bodies of regular soldiers or Tory rangers and Creole partizans. The towns were completely in the power of the British government; none of the American States had actual possession of a foot of property in the Northwestern Territory.

The Northwest was acquired at the time of the Revolution only by armed conquest, and if it had not been so acquired, it would have remained a part of the British Dominion of Canada.

The man to whom this conquest was due was a famous backwoods leader, a mighty hunter, a noted Indian fighter—George Rogers Clark. He was a very strong man, with light hair and blue eyes, of a good Virginian family, who, early in his youth, embarked on the adventurous career of a backwoods surveyor, exactly as Washington and so many other young Virginians of spirit did at that period. He traveled out to Kentucky soon after it was opened up by Boone, and lived there for a year, either at the stations or camping by himself in the woods, surveying, hunting, and making war against the Indians like any other settler; but all the time his mind was bent on vaster schemes than were dreamed of by the men around him. He had his spies out in the Northwestern Territory, and became convinced that with a small force of resolute backwoodsmen he could conquer it for the United States. When he went back to Virginia, Governor Patrick Henry entered heartily into Clark's schemes and gave him authority to fit out a force for his purpose.

In 1778, after encountering endless difficulties and delays, he finally raised a hundred and fifty backwoods riflemen. In May they started down the Ohio in flatboats to undertake the allotted task. They drifted and rowed downstream to the falls of the Ohio, where Clark founded a log-hamlet, which has since become the great city of Louisville.

Here he halted for some days and was joined by a few volunteers; but a number of the men deserted, and when, after an eclipse of the sun, Clark again pushed off to go down with the current, his force was but about one hundred and sixty riflemen. All, however, were men on whom he could depend—men well used to frontier warfare. They were tall, stalwart backwoodsmen, clad in the hunting-shirt and leggings that formed the national dress of their kind, and armed with the favorite weapon of the backwoods, the long-barreled, small-bore rifle.

Before reaching the Mississippi the little flotilla landed, and Clark led his men northward against the Illinois towns. In one of them, Kaskaskia, dwelt the British commander of the entire district up to Detroit. The small garrison and the Creole militia taken together outnumbered Clark's force, and they were in close alliance with the Indians roundabout. Clark was anxious to take the town by surprise and

avoid bloodshed, as he believed he could win over the Creoles to the American side. Marching cautiously by night and generally hiding by day, he came up to the outskirts of the little village on the evening of July 4, and lay in the woods near by until after nightfall.

Fortune favored him. That evening the officers of the garrison had given a great ball to the mirth-loving Creoles, and almost the entire population of the village had gathered in the fort, where the dance was held. While the revelry was at its height, Clark and his tall backwoodsmen, treading silently through the darkness, came into the town, surprised the sentries, and surrounded the fort without causing any alarm.

All the British and French capable of bearing arms were gathered in the fort to take part in the merrymaking or to look on. When his men were posted Clark walked boldly forward through the open door, and, leaning against the wall, looked at the dancers as they whirled around under the light of the flaring torches. For some moments no one noticed him. Then an Indian who had been lying with his chin on his hand, looking carefully over the gaunt figure of the stranger, sprang to his feet, and uttered a wild war-whoop. Immediately the dancing ceased, and the men ran to and fro in confusion; but Clark, stepping forward, bade them be at their ease, but to remember that henceforth they danced under the flag of the United States, and not under that of Great Britain.

The surprise was complete, and no resistance was attempted. For twenty-four hours the Creoles were in abject terror. Then Clark summoned their chief men together and explained that he came as their ally, and not as their foe, and that if they would join with him they should be citizens of the American republic, and treated in all respects on an equality with their comrades. The Creoles, caring little for the British, and rather fickle of nature, accepted the proposition with joy and with the most enthusiastic loyalty toward Clark. Not only that, but they sent messengers to their kinsmen on the Wabash to persuade the people of Vincennes likewise to cast off their allegiance to the British king, and to hoist the American flag.

So far, Clark had conquered with greater ease than he had dared to hope. But when the news reached the British governor, Hamilton, at Detroit, he at once prepared to reconquer the land. He had much greater forces at his command than were available for Clark; and in the fall of that year he came down to Vincennes by stream and portage, in a great fleet of canoes bearing five hundred fighting men, British regulars, French partizans, and Indians. The Vincennes Creoles refused to fight against the British, and the American officer who had been sent thither by Clark had no alternative but to surrender.

If Hamilton had then pushed on and struck Clark in Illinois, having more than treble Clark's force, he could hardly have failed to win the victory; but the season was late, and the journey so difficult that he did not believe it could be taken. Accordingly he disbanded the Indians, and sent some of his troops back to Detroit, announcing that when spring came he would march against Clark in Illinois.

If Clark in turn had awaited the blow he would have surely met defeat; but he was a greater man than his antagonist, and with scanty resources he did what the other had thought to be impossible.

Finding that Hamilton had sent home some of his troops and dispersed all his Indians, Clark realized that his chance was to strike before Hamilton's soldiers assembled again in the spring. Accordingly he gathered together the pick of his men, together with a few Creoles, one hundred and seventy all told, and set out for Vincennes. At first the journey was easy enough, for they passed across the snowy Illinois prairies, broken by great reaches of lofty woods. They killed elk, buffalo, and deer for food, there being no difficulty in getting all they wanted to eat; and at night they built huge fires by which to sleep, and feasted like Indian war-dancers, as Clark said in his report.

But when, in the middle of February, they reached the drowned lands of the Wabash, they found the ice had just broken up and everything was flooded. The difficulties seemed almost insuperable, and so their march became painful and laborious to a degree. All day long

the troops waded in the icy water, and at night they could with difficulty find some little hillock on which to sleep. Only Clark's indomitable courage and cheerfulness kept the party in heart and enabled them to persevere. However, persevere they did, and at last, on February 23, they came in sight of the town of Vincennes. They captured a Creole who was out shooting ducks, and from him learned that their approach was utterly unsuspected, and that there were many Indians in town.

Clark was now in some doubt as to how to make his fight. The British regulars dwelt in a small fort at one end of the town, where they had two light guns; but Clark feared that, if he made a sudden night-attack, the townspeople and Indians would from sheer fright turn against him. He accordingly arranged, just before he himself marched in, to send in the captured duck-hunter, conveying a warning to the Indians and Creoles that he was about to attack the town, but that his only quarrel was with the British, and that if the other inhabitants would stay in their own homes they would not be molested.



"ALL DAY LONG THE TROOPS WADED IN ICY WATER."

Sending the duck-hunter ahead, Clark took up his march and entered the town just after nightfall. The news conveyed by the released hunter astounded the townspeople, and they talked it over eagerly, and were in doubt what to do. The Indians, not knowing how great might be the force that would assail the town, at once took refuge in the neighboring woods, while the Creoles retired to their own houses. The British knew nothing of what had happened until the Americans had actually entered the streets of the little village. Rushing forward, Clark's men soon penned the regulars within their fort, where they kept them surrounded all night. The next day a party of Indian warriors, who in the British interest had

been ravaging the settlements of Kentucky, arrived and entered the town, ignorant that the Americans had captured it. Marching boldly forward to the fort, they suddenly found it beleaguered, and before they could flee were seized by the backwoodsmen. At their belts they carried the scalps of the slain settlers. The savages were taken red-handed, and the American frontiersmen were in no mood to show mercy. All the Indians were quickly tomahawked in sight of the fort.

For some time the British defended themselves well; but at length their guns were disabled, all of the gunners being picked off by the backwoods marksmen, and finally the garrison dared not so much as appear at a port-hole, so deadly was the fire from the long rifles. Under such circumstances Hamilton was forced to surrender.

No attempt was afterward made to molest the Americans in the land they had won, and upon the conclusion of peace the Northwest, which had been conquered by Clark, became part of the United States.

MUSHROOMS, LICHENS, AND MOULDS.

By Margaret W. Leighton.

Now mostly in the forest dank,
Or 'mid the meadow's herbage rank,
When Flora's lovelier tribes give place,
The Mushroom's scorned but curious race
Bestud the moist autumnal earth—
A quick but perishable birth.
Prompt to alter, fade, decay!

The mushroom race is indeed a scorned one, as Bishop Mant tells us in this quaint little rhyme, but none the less interesting, and, in many instances, extremely beautiful. Before proceeding to tell of the wonders to be discovered among these lowly inhabitants of the earth, look with me for a moment at the first toadstool we can find, and let me tell you the names of its different parts. The top, or cover of this little umbrella, is called by the Latin word *pileus*, meaning cap; under this the thin plates running to a common center are called gills, but in some species these are replaced by porous tissue which looks like a fine sponge, and in these species the pores are called tubes. In many kinds, especially when young, there is a thin membrane like a veil extending from the edge of the cap to the stem, inclosing and protecting the gills. As the mushroom grows the veil breaks away, and its ragged remnants are left hanging in a circle about the stem, and this is known as the ring. A great many kinds of mushrooms, especially the poisonous ones, spring from a volva, or socket, which is like a stout ring round the stem close to the ground. The spores (seeds), composed of a two-coated cell, are borne on the gills or tubes under the cap. One plant often produces ten million spores. To see these tiny spores you must cut the top of a toadstool off and lay it right side up on a sheet of black paper. After a few hours, remove it carefully, and an exact representation of its shape will remain on the paper, formed by the thousands of spores which have fallen out. If the spores fall on favorable soil they germinate and send out great numbers of tiny threads. These, becoming intertwined and woven together, cover the ground like the finest web, and this is known as the mycelium, or "spawn." The threads absorb nourishment and carry it to the quickened spore.

Fungi, unlike ordinary plants, possess no coloring matter. They live upon other plants or animals, or draw their food from vegetable or animal substances in the soil. From the mycelium spring tiny mushrooms, perfect in form, and they await, on or just below the earth's surface, the warm, moist weather which enables them to spring forth and grow with almost magical rapidity.

Scarcely a day passes in which we do not see some forms of fungi, so common are they — inhabiting every nook and corner. If we walk in the fields, the woods, even in the dooryard, we see the little white, gray, and brown umbrellas of the toadstools and mushrooms. Going to the preserve-closet, we see that on the tops of many of the bottles a white growth has formed. Our old shoes hidden away in the dark have a greenish dust upon them: this is another fungus; and the "mother" in vinegar claims cousinship with the yeast which raises our bread. The pastepot is flecked with pink, green, and gray spots, all fungi. Some of the grain crops are often subject to partial or complete destruction from different kinds of fungi — the "smut" of wheat and corn, ergot of rye, and others.

Silkworms are destroyed in vast numbers by a mould. Its spores, entering their bodies, fill the whole interior, and cause death in from seventy to a hundred and forty hours. The hop crop is often ruined by "mildew." One strange fungus attacks a kind of caterpillar, growing like a tree from his back until it is much larger than the poor worm, that crawls about with his unwelcome guest until it kills him. It was once described in ST. NICHOLAS.*

An enthusiastic gardener, who had spent eleven years in caring for one of the finest collections of hollyhocks in the world, tells how, just a month before he resigned his position, he had to witness the death of bed after bed of "these dear children," which were smitten with a new and terrible kind of fungus.

To end the misdoings which are all chargeable to the tribe of fungi in one form or another, we must listen to Dr. Badham, who says: "A conspiracy of plants *one hundred strong* have long ago planned the destruction of the Coliseum; their undermining process advances each year, and neither iron nor new brick work can arrest it long."

As there are two sides to every case, we will now see what the fungi can do to benefit us, to make up for their many ill deeds. They are rightly called nature's scavengers, for, as Dr. Berkeley says, as soon as the death of any vegetable substance occurs an army of fungi of various kinds is at hand to complete its removal by taking up the juices of the decaying structure.

As an article of food mushrooms are becoming more widely and favorably known each year. Immense quantities are grown for market in caves near Paris, some of the beds being seven miles long. One grower has twenty-one miles of mushrooms growing at Méry. In Italy the truffle-beds are so valuable that they are guarded as carefully as are game preserves in England. But the poachers, quite equal to the necessity, train their dogs to go among the beds, dig up those mushrooms of marketable value, and bring them out to the edge, where they are waiting to receive them. Mushrooms bring in a revenue of four thousand pounds a year to Rome, and M. Roques calls the despised toadstools the "manna of the poor."

Mr. Julius Palmer, our own authority on mushrooms, says: "Were the poorer classes of Russia, Germany, Italy, or France to see our forests during the autumn rains, they would feast on the rich food there going to waste. For this harvest requires no seed-time and asks for no peasant's toil. At the same time the value of mushroom diet ranks second to meat alone. America is one of the richest countries in mushroom food."

Dr. Curtis tells how he went out one night during our civil war, when meat was very scarce and dear, and gathered many kinds of mushrooms, of which he composed a stew or mixture, which was an excellent supper. Not only human beings, but cows, sheep, squirrels, and many kinds of birds, are fond of mushrooms. In many places mushrooms are dried just as our grandmothers once dried apples, strung on strings, and hung from the ceiling for winter use. Some European species are used in coloring. One yields a yellow dye, another an exquisite green which colors the tree on which it grows; and from this wood is manufactured the celebrated Tunbridge ware. The poor people of Franconia, Germany, dry, press, and stitch together a certain kind of mushroom, which is then made into garments; and in Bohemia a large round toadstool is dried and the inside removed; it is turned bottom upward,

* See ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1887.

fastened to the wall, and used to hold a beautiful trailing vine, which grows luxuriantly.

Thoreau, happening one day upon a fine specimen of the common toadstool, christened it the "Parasol Fungus." "It looked," he said, "like an old felt hat pushed up into a cone, and was almost big enough for a child's head. It was so delicate and fragile that its whole cap trembled at the least touch. How did its soft cone ever break through the earth?"

Having now reviewed the offices of the fungi, both good and ill, let us note some of their modes of growth, their individual peculiarities and beauties. There is one fungus which has a fancy for growing upon the hoofs and horns of cattle. Another strange one grows beneath the ground in India; it is in appearance like an orchid bulb, and is called "little man's head," in memory of a race of dwarfs who, as tradition tells us, once inhabited this part of the country. One variety, "aspiring occasionally to leave this earth, has been found on the very highest pinnacle of St. Paul's."

Probably you have all noticed the little white puff-balls in spring, and "shot off" the same in autumn, when they are dry and full of dark powder. This is one of our choicest eatable mushrooms. One admirer says he cut a slice from a giant puff-ball, which grew near his home, every day for a week, and had so many fresh fritters; whereas, if he had cut it all down the first day, it would not have made nearly so many delicious meals. One giant puff-ball, when young and creamy, if well cooked, will satisfy the appetites of twelve people. In olden times slices of this mushroom were used to bind up cuts, and were said to insure their speedy healing. In the days of flint and steel, before matches were invented, the powder of the dried puff-ball was often used to catch and hold the sparks. Another strange use to which it was put was to burn it before a bee-hive. The fumes made the bees drowsy, and the honey could be removed without difficulty. The uses of this fungus are admirably pictured in the following lines:

> We 'll make a feast in our mossy dell,
> Of infant puff-ball and rare morel,
> And many a favored guest shall sup
> On lily dew from a silver cup.
>
> The aged puff-balls shall help us to cheat
> The dainty bees of their luscious meat,
> While others shall burn to give us light
> And scare from our dell the dreary night.

The Siberian convicts procure a poisonous fungus, the fly-agaric, roll pieces of it into small balls, and swallow it. It produces a remarkable effect. At first the victim laughs, sings, dances, and if a straw is placed in his path he jumps several feet in trying to step over it. A man traveling in Australia found a large mushroom of this genus weighing five pounds. He took it to the house where he was stopping, and hung it up to dry in the sitting-room. Entering after dark, he was amazed to see a beautiful soft light emanating from the



THE PUFF-BALL.

fungus. He called in the natives to examine it, and at the first glance they cried out in great fear that it was a spirit. It continued to give out light for many nights, gradually decreasing until it was wholly dry.

Dr. Gardner, while walking through the streets of a Brazilian town, saw some boys playing with a luminous object, which he at first thought was a large firefly; but he found on inspection it was a brilliant mushroom (Agaric) which now bears his name. It gave out a bright light of a greenish hue, and was called by the natives "flor de coco," as it grew on a species of palm. The young plants emit a brilliant light, and the older ones a pale greenish light. Many kinds of fungi are phosphorescent. Humboldt describes some exquisitely beautiful ones he saw in the mines. The



FAIRY-RING CHAMPIGNONS — SHOWING THE PLATES.

glow in rotten wood is caused by its containing the threads of light-giving fungi.

Some of the Agarics and the fairy-ring champignons grow in rings, springing up each year in a little wider circle than that of the year before, until by and by the ring breaks and the line becomes wavy, which shows that the crop has become exhausted. The fairy-ring champignon is one of our most delicious mushrooms, growing on rich lawns and on the roadsides.

Gerarde, the old English botanist, says:

> The meadow mushrooms are in kind the best;
> It is ill trusting any of the rest,—

which shows that in his time very little was known about these valuable additions to our table. When mushrooms were brought into Rome for sale, all of this kind were at one time picked out and thrown into the Tiber. In England it is called the horse mushroom on account of the large size it attains, sometimes weighing fourteen pounds.

Persons who are acquainted with the flavors of many fungi tell us that different kinds so closely resemble the tastes of beef, lamb, and other meats that they can often scarcely be told from them. There is the liver fungus growing on the ancient oaks of Sherwood Forest, which looks like a huge red tongue, and closely resembles beefsteak in taste. Mr. Worthington Smith says that the English chanterelle looks when growing as if made of solid gold. It tastes and smells like ripe apricots. Some of the mushrooms taste like chestnuts. From one kind, which resembles in flavor lamb's kidney, a white milk oozes that is mild and pleasant to taste.

Some of our best eatable fungi are the different kinds of boleti. These, instead of having plates or gills beneath the cap, have a mass of fine tubes. They are mainly reddish or brown on top and cream-color or pale greenish beneath. One poisonous boletus is lurid red above and below. In France, as soon as the early spring mushrooms appear, one choice kind is gathered in little baskets and sent to the doctors in payment of any fee which may be owing to them.

One fungus is a perfect ear in shape; another, Dr. Badham says, "hangs upon its stalk like a lawyer's wig." Still another kind, which grew beneath a pavement and was possessed of great strength, lifted a flagstone weighing eighty-three pounds half an inch out of its bed. The oyster mushroom (so called from its close resemblance in color and manner of growth to a cluster of oysters, being white beneath and brown or gray above) is found on the trunks of old elm-trees.



A BOLETUS — SHOWING THE PORES.



AN AMANITA (POISONOUS) — SHOWING SOCKET AND RING.

All our poisonous fungi spring from a socket. Of these the Amanitas are perhaps the most deadly. They are mostly white, some being blotched with orange or pale yellow. A person who is poisoned easily may be seriously affected by handling these mushrooms or even merely breathing the air about where they grow. If one is eaten the skin turns a strange dusky hue in from eight to fifteen hours afterward, death soon following.

Mr. Smith tells his experiences with the poisonous forest mushroom. He found a large fungus one day in the woods, and as it looked very inviting, he cut a part of it, which he carried home and had carefully cooked, inviting two gentlemen to lunch with him. He himself ate, he says, perhaps a fourth of an ounce, and shortly after the meal was finished left home. He was soon overcome by a feeling of gloom and nervousness, succeeded by a severe headache. His brain began to swim, and he was seized with violent pains. He was able to stand with great difficulty, and all objects seemed to be moving with deathlike stillness from side to side. He finally reached home, where he found his two friends in a similar condition. For some time they all expected to die; but fortunately all recovered.

Those persons who are acquainted with fungi (and no others should attempt to gather them) are never poisoned unless they are trying some unknown species, or unless they are exceedingly careless.

Of the beautiful and brilliant fungi, perhaps the violet-cobweb mushroom surpasses all others. It grows beneath fir and pine trees, contrasting its purple with the velvety moss and tender grass. Another which vies with it in beauty springs up on decaying wood in early spring. Its scarlet-tinted cups appear before the snow has gone.

While riding among the White Mountains, a few years ago, I found some great fungi growing on the trees of the hemlock forests of that region. They were brown or gray on top, some of them having pretty little borders of red and black on the edges. The under sides were pale cream-color. I found that the inhabitants of these regions used them for brackets, which were much handsomer than any that could



THE "BUTTERFLY" FUNGUS.

have been purchased. Our woods are full of a fungus, growing on the tree-trunks, which is very much like this White Mountain one, only much smaller. As it has the appearance of a little wing, I call it the butterfly fungus. Some of the wings are soft and rich-looking, like velvet; others have a satiny luster, and shade from white through pale yellow and orange to deep brown. Others are dark gray or black, shading always in regular graded stripes to white on the edge.

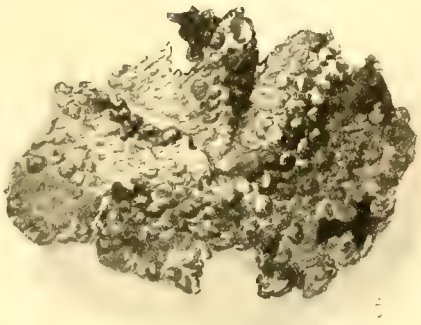
Glancing from my window, one morning after a warm rain, at my neighbor the red cedar, I saw that it was covered with small plums, soft



THE TOADSTOOL.

and translucent, and of a bright orange color, hanging by slender stems from the little twigs. They had appeared with mushroom-like rapidity, having developed in a single night; after a few hours' exposure to the sunshine they were gone. This magical fruit was the cedar-apple. It lasts but a brief time.

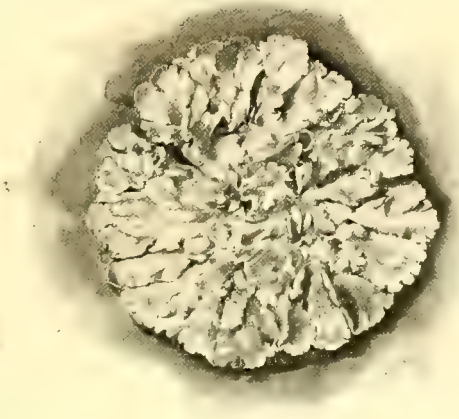
Quite a different race, but not less interesting, is that of the Lichens. While the fungi derive their food from the objects on which they grow, the lichens need only what they absorb from the atmosphere. Where that is impure they cannot live. Certain kinds of lichens, which were before very plentiful, have entirely disappeared from regions where collieries and manufactories have been established. It takes a lichen many years to come to maturity, as it grows very slowly, and not at all in dry weather.



A LICHEN.

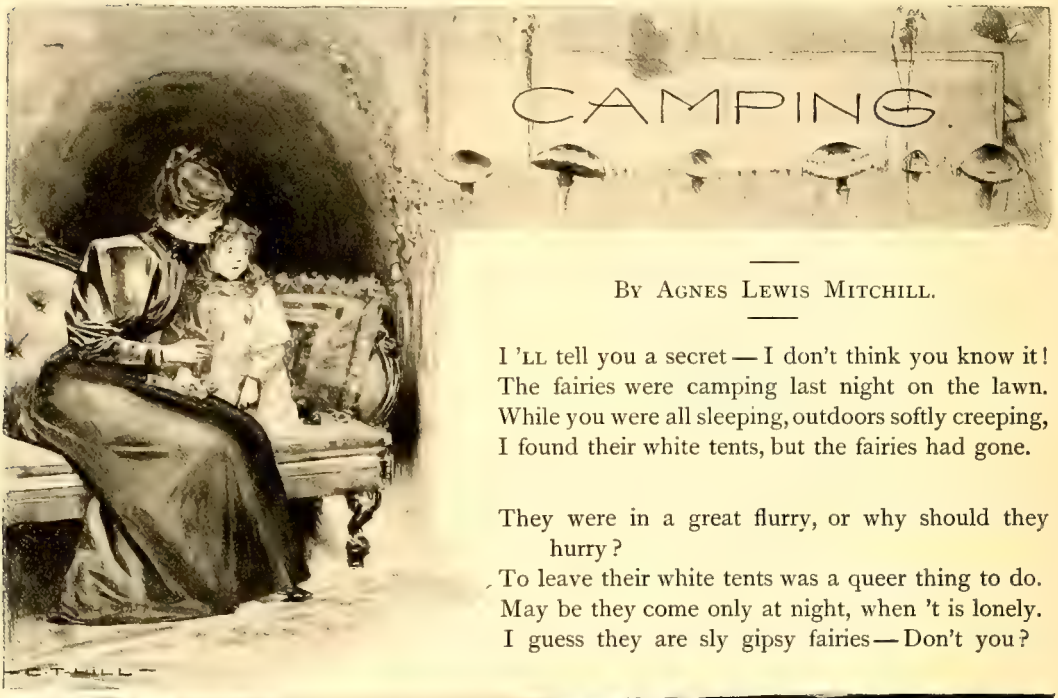
The lichen's most important function seems to be to beautify the landscape, though some tiny ones are utilized by mother humming-bird to cover the outside of her nest, in order to conceal it as much as possible. In Iceland the lichen called Iceland moss is gathered every year by the boys and girls. It is boiled in milk and eaten. Fanny Bergen, in her little book on "Plant Life," tells us that the Indians guided themselves through the trackless forests by observing on which sides of the trees the lichens grew thickest, those being the northern sides.

Ruskin thus beautifully describes the part fulfilled in nature by these lowly but dainty members of the vegetable kingdom: "In one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Strong in lowli-



THE STAR-LICHEN.

ness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-eyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance. Far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen spots rest star-like on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years."



By Agnes Lewis Mitchill.

I 'll tell you a secret — I don't think you know it!
The fairies were camping last night on the lawn.
While you were all sleeping, outdoors softly creeping,
I found their white tents, but the fairies had gone.

They were in a great flurry, or why should they hurry?
To leave their white tents was a queer thing to do.
May be they come only at night, when 't is lonely.
I guess they are sly gipsy fairies — Don't you?



JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

By Howard Pyle.

[*Begun in the April number, 1894.*]

Chapter XLII.

(Continued.)

THE RETURN.

Jack was awakened from a sound sleep by some one shaking him. He opened his eyes. A rough, red face was bending over just above him. In the first instant of waking he could not remember where he was, or what face it was that was looking at him. He was, first of all, conscious of a throbbing, beating pain in the palms of his hands. It seemed to him that he had felt it all night.

"What is it?" said he. "What do you want?"

"Why," said Captain Dolls, "we 're at Norfolk, and have been here for three hours and more. Colonel Parker 's aboard, and he wants to see you. He 's out in the great cabin now."

Jack was wide awake by this time. "Very well," said he; "then I 'll go to him directly. Have you a bucket of water here, that I may wash myself? I 'm not fit to go to his honor as I am."

"Why, yes; if you want water to wash with, I 'll call William Kitchen to fetch some."

Later, Jack stood lingering for a moment at the door of the cabin. His heart was beating quickly with trepidation. He could hear Colonel Parker's voice within. What would the great gentleman say and do?

"Go on," said Captain Dolls, who had followed him. "What d' ye stop for?" Then Jack opened the door and went in.

Some one rose as he entered: it was Colonel Parker. In a swift look Jack saw that the young lady had been sitting beside her father. Captain Dolls's wife was also in the cabin. She was packing the young lady's clothes into a traveling-bag. Jack saw that the young lady was looking at him; he saw in the glance that she had been crying. Colonel Parker was looking at him also. "Was it, then, one so young as thou," said he, "who would dare to bring my Nelly away from the villains? Come hither"; and as Jack came lingeringly forward, Colonel Parker reached out and laid his hand upon Jack's shoulder, holding it firmly. He looked long and steadily at Jack's face. "Ay," said he, "'t is a good, honest face." Jack was conscious that the captain's wife was looking on and listening. It made him feel more embarrassed than he would perhaps otherwise have felt. Colonel Parker was still gazing at him. Jack could not look up. "Ay," said the Colonel again, "'t is a good, honest face, and the face of an honest young man. I am glad 't was such a good, honest soul that brought our Nelly back to us. We shall never, never forget what you have done,—never forget it."

His mood was still very warm with the emotions that had melted him. And as he spoke he was very much moved. "And that other preserver," said he,—"that other brave companion who gave his life—yes, his life—that he might save my girl,—never can I forget him. But he is beyond anything that I can do to reward him and to bless him now. I would that he were here, that I might show him, as I shall show you, that we shall never forget what you have done for us."

In his softened mood, still holding Jack by the shoulder, Colonel Parker drew out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes and his face. Jack, knowing that there were tears running down out of the great man's eyes, had not dared to look into his face, but stood gazing down upon the floor.

"Well," said Colonel Parker, "we are just making ready to leave this and to go aboard of my own vessel, and so back to Marlborough. If you have anything to get ready, you had better do so, for of course you go along with us."

"I have nothing to get ready," said Jack. "There were two overcoats we brought with us. They belong to Captain Teach, but I left them in the yawl last night."

Every moment as he stood there he was happier and happier. It seemed to him, indeed, that he was beginning to reap his reward. The words that Colonel Parker had said to him seemed to grow riper and riper to his mind, and he was very happy. His hands, however, hurt him very much.

Just then the captain came into the cabin. "Well, sirrah," said Colonel Parker, looking sternly at him, "my daughter tells me that you made her promise that I would pay you ten pounds for fetching her back from the capes." The captain stood awkwardly. He rubbed first one side of his face with his hand, and then the other. "Well, what have you to say for yourself?" said Colonel Parker.

"'T will, maybe, lose me three days by coming back, your honor."

"Three days! Well, even if you lose three days, is that worth ten pounds, d' ye think?"

The captain did not reply.

"Come, papa," said the young lady, "do not be so hard with him. 'T was I promised you would pay it."

"Well," said Colonel Parker, "'t is not reasonable that the man should trade upon your necessities. 'T is a rogue to have done such a thing. Five pounds would have paid the man more than well; but ten pounds! Well, fetch me hither pen, ink, and paper, sirrah, and I 'll give you an order on my agent here in Norfolk. I 'll pay you,—but I have my opinion of you."

Lieutenant Maynard stood waiting at the open gangway as the three came out of the cabin, preceded by the captain carrying the bundle. Mr. Maynard took off his hat as the young lady approached.

"This is my daughter, Lieutenant Maynard," said Colonel Parker; and the lieutenant bowed low to her. "And this," said Colonel Parker, "is the young man who brought her back — a fine, noble fellow, and a good, honest, comely lad, too."

"Why, then," said the lieutenant to Jack, "I shall ask you to let me take your hand. Give me your hand." Jack reached out his throbbing palm to the lieutenant, who shook it firmly. "Zounds! you are a hero," said he. "See, sir," said he to Colonel Parker; "this is the boat they escaped in — such a little open boat as that to come all the way from Bath Town, and through a storm, they tell me, in the lower sound! We are going to tow it over to the schooner."

He pointed down at the yawl as it lay alongside, fastened to the other boat by the bow-line. Colonel Parker looked down into the empty boat. There was the stain of blood still upon the thwart where Dred had sat when he was shot. The very emptiness of the boat, as it lay there, seemed to speak all the more vividly of the tragedy that had been enacted in it.

Jack sat in the stern of the boat, not far from Colonel Parker and the young lady, as it was rowed away toward the schooner. They were towing the yawl behind. He was feeling how his smarting hands throbbed and burned in pulsations of pain. He looked down furtively into one of his palms.

"Why, what is the matter with your hand, my lad?" said Colonel Parker, suddenly.

Jack blushed red, and shut his fist tight. "I flayed them rowing, your honor," said he.

"While you were helping Nelly away?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Let me see your hand."

Jack held it out reluctantly, conscious of the rough knuckles and nails. Colonel Parker took it in his. "Why," he exclaimed, "what a dreadful, terrible sore hand is this! Let me see t' other. And did you suffer this in helping Nelly get away? Why, Lieutenant, look at the poor boy's hands. They must be salved and dressed as soon as we get him aboard the schooner."

"Let me see, my lad," said the lieutenant.

CHAPTER XLIII.

RISING FORTUNES.

COLONEL PARKER'S schooner had now been lying for two days at Norfolk, whither it had come after having picked up the crew of the bark "Duchess Mary"—the vessel the pirates

had sunk—at the mouth of the bay. In the open boat there were, as has been said, besides the crew, eleven redemption servants—nine men and two women.

The mate had been trying to make arrangements to have the servants and the shipwrecked crew forwarded to Charleston, whither the Duchess Mary had been consigned. Meantime, at his request, the servants had been held aboard of the schooner for safe keeping.

Perhaps there was no part of his misfortunes more bitter to Attorney Burton than to be thus held a prisoner in the very sight of land, and almost within reach of the town.

The news that Colonel Parker's daughter had escaped from the pirates, and that one of the pirates had brought her back, was known all over the ship, since word to that effect had been brought aboard early in the morning.

Now the boat was returning, bringing the young lady and her rescuer, and all on board clustered at the side, looking out toward it as it approached.

Attorney Burton stood looking on with the others. He had heard that the young lady had been brought back, and that the man who had rescued her was one of the pirates. He was very curious to see him. The crowd about him jostled him and pushed him, but he held his place. The boat was coming nearer and nearer. It was towing another boat after it. From where the little attorney stood he could see that the surgeon and the sailing-master and the master's mate stood at the gangway waiting for the approaching boat. The men all around him were talking, and he listened as he stood looking.

"That 's the young lady sitting there in the stern." "That young fellow must be he what fetched her back." "Why, he looks to be no more than a boy! To think of him being one of them pirates!" The boat was close under the side of the schooner, and the next moment the crew had unshipped their oars with a loud and noisy clatter. The lieutenant leaned out astern, and stopped the yawl as it slid past him with the impetus of its motion, and then it also fell around broadside to the schooner. A young man sat in the stern of the boat with the young lady and her father. As it stopped he arose with Colonel Parker and Lieutenant Maynard. Attorney Burton looked down at them with the others. Was that young man—almost a boy—really one of the America pirates? They were assisting the young lady aboard.

"By glory! she 's a beauty!" said one of the men.

"I wish I had that there young fellow's luck," said another, "to have fetched her back as he 's done. 'T is like his fortune is made with it."

The young man was roughly dressed in a sort of half sailor costume. His hair was long and shaggy. Suddenly he turned up his face, and the attorney could see it more plainly. There was something very familiar in the face. Then the young man had climbed aboard after the others, and he and the young lady and Colonel Parker and Lieutenant Maynard had gone into the cabin together.

One of the crew of the boat threw a line aboard. Some of the men on deck caught it, and drew both of the boats and the yawl forward to the davits, close to which the attorney was standing. "Out of the way, there!" said one of the men, and then he moved aside.

"What boat have ye in tow there, Tommy?" called one of the men to an oarsman of the boat's crew below. "Is that the boat he fetched her up in?"

The man in the boat below looked up. "Ay," said he, "that 's the boat they came up in. There was a man shot aboard of her. He was shot where ye see the blood there on the stern-thwart."

The attorney could see a dark stain upon the seat.

"Who was it 't was shot?"

"I don't just know what his name was, but 't was one of them pirates."

They made fast the falls to the boat, and were hoisting her aboard. There were some men in the yawl. "You 'd better push that yawl aft. We 'll tow her astern," said the master's mate, who had come forward.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The attorney plucked the sleeve of one of the boat's crew who had come aboard, and was standing talking to a little group that had gath-

ered around him. The man turned to the attorney. "Do you know what is that young pirate's name?" said the lawyer.

"Why, yes," said the man. "Let me see, though; I do believe I 've forgot. What was it? Lancaster? No, that were n't it. 'T were something like Lancaster. What was the name of that young fellow, Jimmy?" said he, turning to another of the crew; "I 've clean forgot."

"Who? The young lad in the boat? 'T were Ballister," said the man.

Jack sat in the cabin while Dr. Poor dressed his hands. The surgeon was just winding a linen bandage around one of them. The dressing felt very soothing and cool to Jack. Colonel Parker and the young lady and Lieutenant Maynard sat opposite to him across the table. Colonel Parker had been asking them many things about the circumstances of their escape. Jack had just been telling what he knew of the circumstances of the young lady's abduction. "And were you with the pirates, then, when they took Nelly away?" said Colonel Parker.

"No, sir. I did n't go with them over to the house, if you mean that, your honor," said Jack. "I stayed aboard of the boat while they went. There was a watch of half a dozen left aboard, and I was with them. The others went off in three boats. The yawl was one of them. It was the biggest of the three, and Blackbeard went in it. I had only just come aboard, and I don't think they would have chosen me to go with them upon such an expedition. I had just run away from Mr. Parker's then, and that was my first day with them."

"Why, then, I am glad of that," said Colonel Parker. "I am very glad you were not with them in such a wicked business as attacking a defenseless house of women. But I don't see how they could dare to do such a thing. There must have been some one put the villains up to doing such a thing. Did you hear whether there was any one else concerned in it, instigating them to do the outrage?"

Jack had heard enough talk in Blackbeard's house to guess that Mr. Richard Parker had been the prime mover in the outrage, but he did not dare to tell Colonel Parker so to his very face. "Why, I can 't say," said he; "but they 're very desperate villains, your honor, and that 's the truth. You don't think what desperate villains they are when you are with them, for they talk and act just like anybody else. But I do believe that there 's nothing they will stop at."

Colonel Parker sat in silence for a little space.

"Ay," said he at last, and speaking in a low voice, "well do I know, to my sorrow, what desperate villains they are. No one knoweth it better than I." No one spoke; all knew that he was thinking of how his son had been killed.

Jack was thinking how intimately Dred was concerned in that tragic happening. Then he suddenly remembered what Dred had told him about the chest of money Blackbeard had buried. "I nigh forgot to tell your honor," said he. "Dred told me, just before he died, that the pirates had taken a chest of money out of the vessel that — that time — when —"

"Ay," said Colonel Parker; "I know what you mean. 'T was that wretched chest that my poor dear Ned gave his life to defend. Rather would I have paid ten times all there was in it than that he should have endangered his precious life in defending it. They could not have got so much by it, either," he continued; "for there was only between three and four thousand pounds of coin in it, the rest being goldsmiths' bills and bills of exchange which were being forwarded to some merchants in Baltimore."

"Well," said Jack, "Dred told me that Blackbeard had buried that chest down near his house at Bath Town. He said he saw Blackbeard bury it at night. He told me just where it was hid. I believe I could find the very place if I had the chance."

"Could you, indeed!" cried Colonel Parker. He sat thinking for a few minutes. "Very well; I will speak to you about that at another time."

The surgeon had been silently listening as he bound up Jack's other hand. He clipped off the thread. "There; you are all as well as I can make you now," said he.

"And indeed they feel mightily comfortable," said Jack, opening and shutting his hand; "and I thank you kindly."

"If you 'll go along now with Dr. Poor," said Colonel Parker, "he 'll take you to the lieutenant's cabin. The steward hath laid out some clean clothes there for you to put on."

The steward was just coming out of the lieutenant's cabin when the surgeon brought Jack to it. "You 'll find everything you want in there, I do suppose," said the steward. "If you don't find everything, you may call me. I 'll be just outside here."

He had laid the clothes upon the lieutenant's berth. He closed the door as he went away, and Jack stood looking about him. It was very clean and neat. A cool, fresh smell pervaded it. He laid his clothes aside and sat down upon the edge of the berth, and then, presently, lay down at length upon it. As he lay there, resting, he was very happy. He went over in his mind all that had passed that morning. How beautiful it all was! How kind was Colonel Parker! Yes; he was reaping his reward. He lay there, thinking and thinking. Everything seemed very bright and hopeful. His hands felt so comfortable! He lifted them and looked at the bandages. How neatly they were stitched! He could smell the salve. He was glad that Colonel Parker had seen his hands, and that they had looked so terribly sore. At last he roused himself and looked at the clothes, turning them over and feeling them. They were of fine brown cloth, and there were a pair of white stockings. "I wish I had something to rub up my shoes a trifle," thought Jack; "they look mightily rusty and ugly."

He got up and began dressing. There was a wash-bowl and a ewer of water in the cabin. Should he use them? He stood, hesitating and looking at them. Yes, he would use them. He poured out some water from the pitcher, trying to make as little noise as possible. He washed his face with the towel, trying carefully not to wet the bandages on his hands. Then he began dressing himself again. He stopped in the middle of dressing and lay down upon the berth, resting there and building castles in the air. How fine it would be to be at Marlborough, not as a servant, but as somebody living in the house! He could hardly believe that he was to live at Marlborough. Suddenly the door was opened and the steward looked in. Jack sprang up from where he lay. "Be n't you dressed yet?" said the steward. "Well, then, hurry as quick as you can. His honor wants you over in his own cabin. There is somebody aboard here who knows you. He 's been in his honor's cabin for ten minutes or more. He 's there now, and his honor wants you. 'T is a lawyer — a man named Burton. He says he knew you in Southampton."

"A lawyer!" cried Jack. "Burton! Why, to be sure I know him. Are you sure that is who 't is? Why, how does he come aboard here? What is Lawyer Burton doing here in America?"

He was dressing himself rapidly as he talked. The steward came into the cabin, and closed the door after him. "Why," said he, "he came here naturally enough. The pirates sunk a vessel out at sea, and we picked up one of the boats down at the mouth of the bay. There was a lot of redemptioners aboard, and this man was one of 'em. I heard him tell his honor the lieutenant that he had been knocked on the head and kidnapped."

"Knocked on the head and kidnapped!" said Jack. "Why, that was just what happened to me."

"Here, let me hold your coat for you," said the steward. He held the coat while Jack slipped his arms into the sleeves. "There; now then, come straight along." He led the way across the great cabin to the colonel's own private cabin. He tapped on the door and then opened it.

"Come in," Colonel Parker called out, and Jack entered.

He saw the Attorney Burton immediately. Jack would not have recognized him if he had not known whom he was to see. He looked, somehow, very different from what he had been when Jack had seen him last. Jack could not tell what it was that had changed him. It was not the thin, stringy beard that covered his cheeks and chin that made him look so different. Perhaps it was more the rough, frowsy

clothes he wore, and the baggy breeches tied at the knees.

"Do you remember me, Master Jack?" said the attorney.

"Why, yes, I remember you well enough," said Jack; "but, to be sure, I would n't have known you if the steward had not told me you were here."

Colonel Parker was lying in his berth, a blanket spread over his knees and feet. Miss Eleanor Parker sat on the edge of the berth, holding his hand, and the lieutenant sat opposite in the narrow space. "Come hither," said Colonel Parker, reaching out his hand; and as Jack came toward him he took the lad's bandaged hand into his own and held it firmly. "Why did you not tell me who you were?" said he.

"Why, I did tell you, your honor," said Jack.

"Don't call me 'your honor,'" said Colonel Parker; "call me 'sir,' or else 'Colonel Parker.'"

"Yes, sir," said Jack, blushing.

"But you did not tell me about yourself," said Colonel Parker. "You told me that you had been kidnapped, and that you had some fortune of your own in England. That was all you told me. How should I have known that you were Lady Dinah Wellbeck's nephew, and that you were heir to such a fortune as hath been left you, according to what this good fellow saith — a fortune of six or seven thousand pounds? Why did you not tell me that?"

"Why, I don't know, sir," said Jack. "I don't know why I did n't tell you, but I did n't think to do it."

"Well, I am glad that now I shall know how to do for you."

Jack was filled with happiness and elation as he stood with Colonel Parker holding his hand.

They had been sailing up the river all the afternoon and all night. Now it was early in the morning. The breeze was very light, and Marlborough had been in sight for nearly an hour. They were still a long distance away, but they could see that the house had been aroused by the approach of the schooner. They could see people hurrying hither and thither, and then a number come running down to the landing from the house and the offices and the cabins, until a crowd had gathered at the end of the little wharf. The schooner drifted rather than sailed nearer and nearer. At last they could distinguish the individual figures upon the wharf.

"There is thy mother, Nelly," said Colonel Parker. "There is thy mother, my dear." He spoke with trembling lips. The tears were running down the young lady's cheeks, but she seemed hardly to notice them, and she was not crying. She wiped her eyes and her cheeks with her handkerchief and then waved it; then wiped her eyes again; then waved it again. "There is your Uncle Richard with her," said Colonel Parker; and he also wiped his eyes as he spoke.

Jack could see his former master standing close to the edge of the wharf. He himself stood a little to one side with the Attorney Burton. He had an uncomfortable feeling of not sharing in all the joy of this home-bringing.

The schooner floated nearer and nearer. A boat was pulling rapidly off from the shore. The anchor fell with a splash. They were close to the wharf. The boat from the shore was alongside. They were all cheering. Jack and Attorney Burton stood silent in the midst of it all. Colonel Parker turned to Jack, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Come," said he; "you shall go along with us. The others will follow later."

The young lady did not see him or think of him. The crew helped her down into the boat, and Colonel Parker followed. Jack followed after him. Then the men pulled away toward the shore. In a moment they were at the wharf. The people were crowded close to the edge. Madam Parker had struggled so close to the edge that her brother-in-law and the Rev. Jonathan Jones were holding her. She was crying convulsively and hysterically, and reaching out her arms toward her daughter. Jack sat looking up at all the faces looking down at them. The only unmoved one among all upon the wharf was Mr. Richard Parker. He stood calm and unruffled, with hardly a change of expression upon his handsome face. The next moment the mother and daughter were in each other's arms, weeping and crying; and then a moment more, and

Colonel Parker was with them, his arms around them both.

Still Mr. Richard Parker stood calmly by; only now, when Jack looked, he saw that his eyes were fastened steadily upon him, but there was neither surprise nor interest in his face. Then Jack, too, went ashore. Colonel Parker saw him. "My dear," said he to his wife, "this is our dear Nelly's preserver. Here is the young man who brought her back."

Madam Parker looked up, her eyes streaming with tears. She could not have seen Jack through them. Jack stood overcome and abashed. Through it all he was conscious that Mr. Parker was still looking steadily at him.

"Ay, brother Richard," said Colonel Parker, wiping his eyes, "you know him, do you not? Well, 't is to him that we owe it that our Nelly hath been brought back to us, for 't was he who brought her."

Then Jack looked at his former master. He wondered what Mr. Parker would say. He said nothing.

Chapter XLIV.

PREPARATION.

We, in these times of America, protected by the laws and by the number of people about us, can hardly comprehend such a life as that of the American colonies in the early part of the last century, when it was possible for a pirate like Blackbeard to exist, and for the governor and the secretary of the province in which he lived to share his plunder, and to shelter and to protect him against the law.

At that time the American colonists were in general a rough, rugged people, knowing nothing of the finer things of life. They lived mostly in little settlements, separated by long distances from one another, so that they could neither make nor enforce laws to protect themselves. Each man or little group of men had to depend upon his or their own strength to keep what belonged to them, and to prevent fierce men or groups of men from taking what was theirs away from them.

It is the natural disposition of every one to get all that he can. Little children usually try to take away from others that which they want, and to keep it for their own. It is only by constant teaching that they learn that they must not do so; that they must not take by force what does not belong to them. It is only by teaching and training that people learn to be honest, and not to take what is not theirs. When this teaching is not sufficient to make a man learn to be honest, or when there is something in the man himself that makes him not able to learn, then he lacks only the opportunity to seize upon the things he wants, just as he would do if he were a little child.

In the colonies at the time, as has just been said, men were too few and scattered to protect themselves against those who had made up their minds to take by force whatever they wanted.

The usual means of communication between province and province was by water, in coasting-vessels. These small coasting-vessels were so defenseless, and the different colonial governments were so ill able to protect them, that those who chose to rob them could do it almost without danger to themselves.

So it was that all the western world was in those days infested with armed bands of cruising freebooters or pirates — men who had not been taught, or who had not been able to learn, that they must not take from others what belonged to those others. These pirates used to stop merchant vessels, and take from them what they chose.

Each province in those days was ruled over by a royal governor appointed by the king. Each provincial governor was at one time free to do almost as he pleased in his own province. They were accountable only to the king and the home government; and England was so distant that they were really responsible almost to nobody but themselves.

The governors were just as desirous of getting rich quickly, just as desirous of getting all that they could for themselves, as was anybody else, only they had been taught that it was not right to be actual pirates or robbers. They wanted to get rich easily and quickly, but they did not desire riches so much as to lead them to dishonor themselves in their own opinion, and in the opinion of others, by gratifying the desire. They would even have stopped the pirates from doing unlawful acts, if possible;

but their provincial governments were too weak to prevent the freebooters from robbing merchant vessels, or to punish them when they came ashore. The provinces had no navies, and they really had no armies; neither were there enough people living within the communities to enforce the laws against those stronger and fiercer men who were not honest.

After the things the pirates seized from merchant vessels were once stolen they were altogether lost. Hardly ever did the owner apply for them, for it would have been useless. The stolen goods and merchandise lay in the storehouses of the pirates, seemingly without any owner excepting the pirates — who did not own them. The governors and the secretaries of the colonies would not dishonor themselves by piracy against merchant vessels; but it did not seem so wicked after the goods were stolen to take a part of that which seemed to have no owner.

A child is taught that it is a very naughty thing to take by force, for instance, a lump of sugar from another child; but when a naughty child has seized the sugar from another, and taken it around the corner, and that other child from whom it was seized has gone home crying, it does not seem so wrong for a third child to take a bite of the sugar when it is offered to him, even if he believes it has been taken from some one else.

It was just so, no doubt, that it did not seem so wicked to Governor Eden and Secretary Knight of North Carolina to take a part of the booty that Blackbeard had stolen. It did not even seem very wicked to compel Blackbeard to give them a part of what was not his, and which seemed to have no owner.

However, in Governor Eden's time the colonies had begun to be so thickly peopled that the laws in their turn gradually became stronger and stronger to protect men in the possession of what was theirs. Governor Eden was the last of the colonial governors who was a friend of the pirates. And Blackbeard was the last of the pirates who, with his banded men, was savage and powerful enough to come and go as he chose among the people whom he plundered.

Virginia at that time was the greatest and the richest of all the American colonies. Upon the further side of North Carolina was the province of South Carolina, also strong and rich. It was these two colonies that suffered most from Blackbeard, and it began to be that the honest men who lived in them could no longer endure to be plundered.

The merchants and traders and others who suffered cried out loudly for protection — so loudly that the governors of these provinces could not help hearing them.

Governor Eden was petitioned to act against the pirates; but he would do nothing, for he was very friendly toward Blackbeard — just as a child who has had a taste of the stolen sugar might feel friendly toward the child who gave it to him.

At last the governor of Virginia, finding that the governor of North Carolina would do nothing, took the matter into his own hands, and issued a proclamation offering a reward of one hundred pounds for Blackbeard, alive or dead, and smaller sums for the other pirates.

Governor Spottiswood had the right to issue the proclamation as he chose, but he had no right to commission Lieutenant Maynard to take down an armed force into the neighboring province, to attack the pirates in the waters of the North Carolina sounds. It was all a part of the rude and lawless condition of the colonies at the time that such a thing could have been done.

The governor's proclamation against the pirates was issued upon the eleventh day of November. It was read in the churches the Sunday following, and was posted upon the doors of all the government custom-offices in lower Virginia. Lieutenant Maynard, in the boats that Colonel Parker had already fitted out to go against the pirates, set sail upon the seventeenth of the month for Ocracock. Five days later the battle with the pirates was fought.

On the evening of the twenty-second, the two vessels under command of Lieutenant Maynard came into the mouth of Ocracock Inlet, and there dropped anchor. A New York vessel was lying within the inlet. It had been there over a night and a day, and the captain and Blackbeard had become very good friends. The same night that Maynard came into the



"COLONEL PARKER REACHED OUT AND LAID HIS HAND UPON JACK'S SHOULDER. 'AY,' SAID HE, ''T IS A GOOD, HONEST FACE.'" (SEE PAGE 649.)

inlet a wedding was held on the shore. A number of men and women had come up the beach in ox-carts and sledges; some had come in boats from more distant points and across the water.

The captain of the New Yorker and Blackbeard went ashore together a little after dark. The New York captain had been aboard of the pirate's sloop all the latter part of the afternoon.

It was nearly dark when they stepped ashore on the beach.

The people had already begun to dance in an open shed fronting the shore. There were fires of pine-knots in front of the building, lighting up the interior with a red glare. There was a negro playing a fiddle somewhere inside, and the shed was filled with a crowd of grotesque figures, dancing men and women. Now and then they called with loud voices as they danced, and the squeaking of the fiddle sounded incessantly through the noise of voices and the stamping and shuffling of feet.

Captain Teach and the New York captain stood looking on.

The young woman who had just been married approached the two. She had been dancing.

"Hi, Captain, won't you dance with me?" said she to Blackbeard.

"Why, to be sure I 'll dance with you; that I will!" said the pirate captain.

The other men and women who had been standing around drew away, and in a little while the floor was pretty well cleared. One could see the negro now; he sat on a barrel at the end of the room. He grinned, showing his white teeth, and, without stopping in his fiddling, scraped his bow harshly across the strings, and then instantly changed the tune to a lively jig. Blackbeard jumped up into the air, and clapped his heels together, giving as he did so a sharp, short yell. Then he began instantly dancing grotesquely and violently. The woman danced opposite to him, this way and that, with her knuckles on her hips. Everybody was laughing loudly at Blackbeard's grotesque antics. They laughed again and again, clapping their hands. The negro scraped away on his fiddle, and they danced and danced. At last the woman burst out laughing, and stopped. Blackbeard again jumped up in the air, and clapped his heels. Again he yelled, and as he did so he struck his heels upon the floor and spun round. Once more everybody burst out laughing, clapping their hands. The negro stopped fiddling.

"Hi, Captain!" called one of the men. "Maynard 's out yonder in the inlet. Jack Bishop 's just come across from t' other side. He says the King's man hailed him, and asked for a pilot to fetch him in."

"Well, luck to him, and he can't come in quick enough for me!" said Blackbeard.

"Why, Captain," said another man, "will ye fight him to-morrow?"

"Ay," said the pirate; "if they can get in to me, why, I 'll try to give 'em what they seek. As for a pilot, I tell ye what 't is. If any man hereabouts goes out there to pilot that villain in, 't will be the worst day's work he ever did in all of his life. 'T won't be fit for him to live in these parts of America if I am living here at the same time." There was renewed laughter.

"Suppose you are done for, to-morrow, Captain," said the New York captain; "what then?"

"Why, if I am," said Blackbeard, "I am; and that 's all there is of it."

"Your wife 'll be a rich widdy then," was the reply.

"She 'll be no richer than she is now," said Blackbeard.

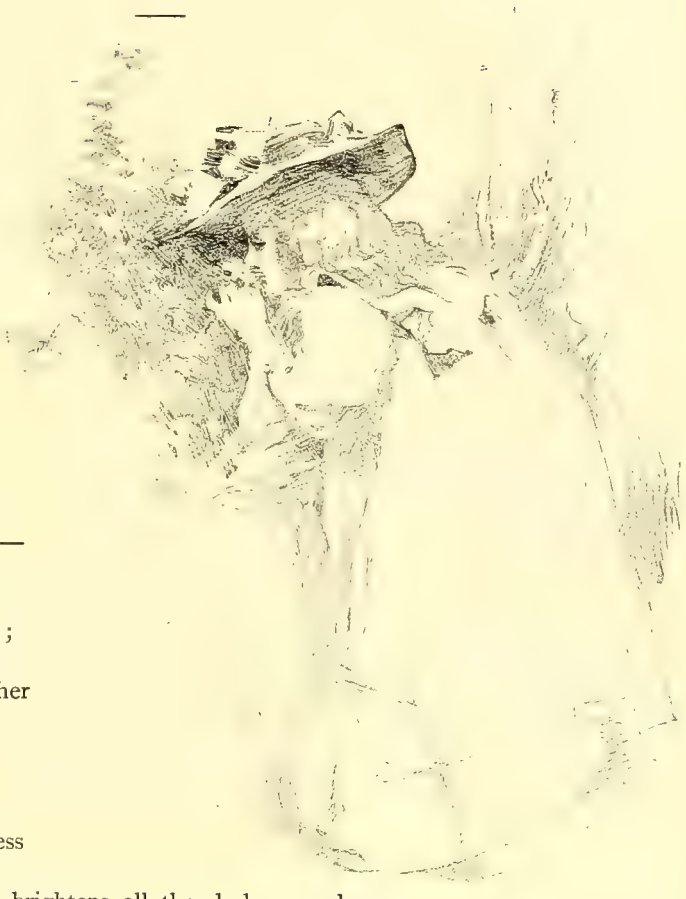
"Well, she knows where you 've hid your money, anyways; does n't she, Captain?"

"Nobody knows where that money is but me," said Blackbeard; "and nobody else shall ever know it."

(To be continued.)

FIRST-COUSINS.

By M. B.



The finest flower that blows
  Is the lady rose;
Pink, or white, or crimson,
  Everybody knows
That where her beautiful
    face is seen
The rose is queen.
—And little lady Alice,
  Herself so fine and fair,
Looks like a dainty fairy
    queen
  With a white rose in her
    hair.

But there 's a shy, wild cousin—
  The delicate sweet-brier;
She blossoms in the wilderness,
  And careless folk pass by her;
Yet butterflies have found her,
And bees come buzzing round her
  With covetous desire;
While little barefoot Katy
  (Who never, I suppose,
  Has plucked a lady rose)
Takes home a bunch of sweetness
  To poor blind Annie's room,
    That brightens all the darksome place
    With sudden sense of bloom,
    And fills her long and lonely hours
    With happy dreams of birds and flowers.





"TO-MORROW IS COMPOSITION DAY."

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

NANNY has a hopeful way—
  Bright and busy Nanny.
When I cracked the cup to-day,
She said in her hopeful way,
"It 's only cracked—don't fret, I pray."
  Sunny, cheery Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,
  So good and sweet and canny.
When I broke the cup to-day,
She said in her hopeful way,
"Well, 't was *cracked*, I 'm glad to say."
  Kindly, merry Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way—
  Quite right, little Nanny.
Cups will crack and break alway;
Fretting does n't mend or pay.
Do the best you can, I say,
  Busy, loving Nanny.

TEDDY AND CARROTS:

TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

By James Otis.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

Chapter III.

THE ARREST.

The policeman marched Teddy along while he whistled a remarkably merry tune, which the young prisoner thought out of place.

If anybody had shown sufficient curiosity regarding him to have asked Teddy if he had any friends in the city, his reply would have been that he had none; but he would have been wrong, as events proved.

Master Joseph Williams, otherwise known as Carrots, had witnessed the affray from a distance, but was not able to take an active part in it during the brief time it lasted, owing to the fact of his being occupied just at that moment in blacking a customer's boots. But when Teddy had been dragged less than a block on the road to his "dungeon cell" by the whistling officer, he had completed his task, and, what was more to the purpose, received therefor the amount of money which it was customary to expect.

Now this boy from Saranac had no claim upon the red-headed, blackened-nosed young newsboy; but despite the fact that Carrots's face was not cleanly, and that his general appearance was rather disreputable, he was ever ready to assist others.

Slinging his box over his shoulder, he ran to the scene of the assault just in time to rescue Teddy's stock of newspapers from beneath the feet of a dray-horse, and followed with all speed after the officer and prisoner.

Teddy, plunged into a very "Slough of Despond," was suffering himself to be taken through the streets like a criminal, when he was startled by hearing a hoarse whisper directly behind him; at the same instant his hand was grasped by another.

"Say, can't you wriggle out er that cop's fist?" Carrots asked. But Teddy shook his head mournfully.

"This is what comes of bein' brought up in the country," the boot-black muttered to himself regretfully.

"Don't lose your pluck," he said aloud. "I 'm goin' to stand by you through this thing, 'cause it 's all come out er that Skip Jellison's gang, an' he 's forever pickin' on somebody."

"I don't know what you can do," Teddy replied mournfully, speaking in an ordinary tone. Then, glancing around, the policeman noticed that his prisoner was holding a conversation with a seeming friend.

"Now, then, what do you want, young chap?" the officer asked.

"Nothin' at all," said Carrots. "It ain't ag'in' the law to speak to a fellow, is it, when he 's walkin' through the streets?"

"Is this boy a friend of yours?"

"Bet your life he is, off'cer!" Carrots replied earnestly. "Why, we 're jest like twins. You don't s'pose I 'm goin' to see him lugged away when he ain't been doin' nothin' at all, do you?"

"If you boys who loaf near City Hall keep on doing this 'nothing at all' business, more of you will be arrested before a great while," the officer said grimly. "You seem to think that park 's made for you to fight in, but it won't take long to show you you 're mistaken."

"But this fellow was n't fightin'," Carrots replied in a positive tone. "I was only a little ways off when Skip Jellison come up, hit him a clip, an' knocked his papers out er his hands. What kind of a duffer would he be if he had n't tried to square things? The only trouble is, he did n't have a chance to do any fightin' before that crooked-nosed park guard got hold of him. Say, it don't seem to me jest right that a reg'lar policeman should help that gray thing along in the way he 's actin'."

"Why don't you come up before the commissioners, and give them an idea of how the

police force of the city ought to be run?" the officer asked sarcastically.

"Well, I would; but you see, I ain't got the time. When a fellow 's doin' sich a business ez I am, it keeps him right down to dots," Carrots replied gravely.

"It 's really a pity, the way you must be rushed," the officer said, with a laugh; and, made bold by this apparent friendliness, Carrots ventured to make a request.

"Say, where are you goin' to take him?"

"Down to the station-house, of course."

"Well," said Carrots, "it would n't be any harm if I walked alongside of him, an' talked over a little business, would it?"

"It 's nothing to me, so long as you don't help him escape."

"You need n't be 'fraid. I would n't raise my hand 'gainst you, 'cause you 're a pretty good kind of a man; an' that sort is mighty scarce 'round this part of the city."

"I suppose, now that I have won your good opinion, it won't be long before I 'm a captain, will it?" the officer asked laughingly.

"If I had my way, you 'd be a general before night; but I ain't standin' in with the commissioners like I ought ter be," Carrots said, with mock gravity.

Then — for they were getting dangerously near the station — he whispered to Teddy:

"Look here, old man; you want ter keep your upper lip mighty stiff jest now, an' I 'll get you out er this scrape somehow. I s'pose there 'll have to be a reg'lar trial down to the Tombs, and I 'll bring the fellows there to swear you did n't do anything. We 'll show up that Skip Jellison gang in great shape tomorrow mornin', 'less I can coax you off from this cop."

"It 's no use to try it," Teddy replied mournfully. "I reckon I 'll have to go to prison."

"Now see here, that 's just the way! You fellows from the country ain't got any sand about you, that 's what 's the matter. Don't get down in the mouth over this thing, 'cause, as I said before, I 'm goin' to see you through."

"But what can you do against a lot of policemen?"

"Wait and see. P'r'aps I have n't lived in this city a good many years, an' don't know how to fix things!" Carrots replied, as if he were positive how the matter might be arranged; yet at the same time he had not the remotest idea what it would be possible to do toward aiding this boy.

Teddy was not reassured by the remark.

Although a stranger in the city, he knew that young Carrots would not be able to do very much to help him, and felt sure his business career was ruined.

"How much money have you got?" Carrots whispered.

"Not more 'n ten cents. You see, I had jest begun to sell papers when they nabbed me. How much do you want?"

"I 've got enough. I was only thinkin' 'bout you. Here, take this; it may come in handy before mornin'"; and the boot-black pressed several coins into the prisoner's hand.

"I don't want it," Teddy replied, as he attempted in vain to return the money. "You must n't give your cash away like this; an' besides, what good will it do me?"

"That 's jest what we don't know. It 's allers better to have a little stuff in your pocket, no matter what happens. I 've got your papers, an' am goin' to sell 'em, so I 'll get my money back. You jest let me run this thing, an' see how quick we 'll have it shipshape."

There was no opportunity for further discussion, for by this time the three had arrived at the door of the station-house, and Carrots, who had a wholesome dread of such places, made no attempt to enter.

"I 'll see you to-night if they hold on to you; but if the sergeant turns out to be an easy kind of a fellow, an' lets you go, come right up to City Hall to find me."

"I reckon there won't be any chance of his getting on the streets this afternoon," the officer said, as he halted for a moment to give his prisoner's friend a bit of kindly advice. "He 'll have to go down to the Tombs for trial in the morning, and if you boys can prove that he was n't really fighting, but only trying to prevent another fellow from taking his papers, he 'll stand a good show of slipping off. I 'll see that the case is n't shoved very hard."

"You 're a dandy! Next time you want your boots shined, come right where I am, an'

if I don't do it for nothin' it 'll be 'cause my blackin' has run out!" Carrots cried enthusiastically; and then, wheeling suddenly, he ran at full speed in the opposite direction.

"It seems to me I 'm gettin' a pretty big job on my hands," he muttered to himself when he was at Printing House Square once more. "I've promised to help that boy out er this scrape, an' don't see how it 's goin' to be done. The fellows won't dare to go up and say anything against Skip Jellison, 'cause he 's sich a terrible fighter: guess he can get the best of anybody 'round here in less 'n three rounds. I wish I dared to tackle him! I don't b'lieve he can do as much as he makes out." Then Carrots suddenly bethought himself of the papers which yet remained under his arm, and added, "Jiminy! I 'most forgot 'bout these. It 's time they were worked off, or else they 'll be too old to sell"; and soon he was crying the news again.

Half an hour later, the substitute newsboy was hailed by Teenie Massey, who asked:

"What are you up to now, Carrots? Shifted business?"



"'NOW, THEN, WHAT DO YOU WANT, YOUNG CHAP?' THE OFFICER ASKED."

"Say, Teenie, was you 'round here when Skip Jellison hit that fellow from the country?"

"Yes; an' if the cops had n't come along so soon, Skip would have been sorry he tackled sich a job. I b'lieve that new fellow can fight."

"So do I; but he did n't stand any show at all, the way things were. These are his papers, an' I 'm sellin' 'em for him."

"Where is he now?"

"Jailed."

"Well, that settles him."

"I ain't so sure of it. You know, an' I know, an' all the rest of the fellows know, that Skip Jellison did n't have any business to run 'round punchin' him just 'cause he was a new hand. I 'm goin' to see if there ain't some chance of gettin' him clear."

"What 'll you do? Break into the station-house, an' pull him out?" Teenie asked ex-

citedly, believing any of his friends capable of doing such a thing, because of the style of reading in which he indulged, wherein such deeds are often performed, in print, by the smallest and most feeble boys.

"Well, I don't count on doin' quite so well as that," Carrots replied, thoughtfully rubbing his nose once more, and thereby adding to the smudge of blacking which already nearly covered his face. "I kind er 'lowed we 'd get a lot of the fellows, an' go down to court termorrow mornin' when he 's brought up, so 's to tell the story jest as it is. The judge is bound to let him off then, an' I would n't be s'prised if Skip Jellison found hisself in a scrape."

Teenie shook his head very decidedly.

"Don't think it can be done, eh?"

"Who 're you goin' to get to tell that yarn in court? Skip would about knock the head off er the fellow that did him that turn!"



TEENIE MASSEY'S EVENING CALL AT CARROTS'S RESIDENCE. (SEE PAGE 668.)

"I know that. He *is* terrible! He 's jest terrible!" Carrots replied reflectively. "But I don't see why it is the fellows 'round here let Skip jump on 'em so! If three or four of us turned to, we could thump him, and do it easy; and yet all hands lie down like lambs whenever he happens to want to wink."

"Why don't *you* give him a pounding?"

"You see, I can't do it alone. I 'd be willin' to go in if anybody 'd start in with me, 'cause it 's got pretty nigh time somethin' was done, or else that fellow 'll own the whole town. Say, will you go down to court with me, an' tell what you know 'bout this thing?"

Teenie gazed at his toes several seconds before replying, and then said:

"I don't know whether I 'll have time, Car-

rots; but I 'll see you to-night, an' let you know."

Carrots muttered to himself as his acquaintance was lost to view among the crowd of busy pedestrians:

"That fellow 's pretty nigh scared out er his life 'bout Skip. There ain't any use thinkin' he 'll help in this trouble."

Half an hour later, when Carrots had disposed of the stock of papers purchased by Teddy, and was congratulating himself, Skip Jellison approached, looking very fierce as he asked in a threatening tone:

"See here, Carrots, what is it you are up to now?"

"Me?" Carrots replied, in surprise. "Why, I 'm shinin' boots same 's ever."

"Now don't try to be too smart! You know what I mean."

"Well, if I do I 'm a duffer. What *are* you drivin' at, Skip, anyhow?"

"Ain't you been tellin' what you was goin' to do to help that fellow from the country that I settled this forenoon?"

"Did n't strike me as if you settled him very much. If he 'd had half a chance, he 'd 'a' settled you."

"You 've got to be took down a peg or two," Skip said threateningly, as he doubled his fist and brandished it before Carrots's face.

"Want ter git another fellow 'rested, do you? Well, I ain't goin' to fight."

"You 'd better not, if you know what 's good for yourself."

"I won't scrap 'cause I don't want ter git jailed; but you can't frighten me, no matter how bad you jump 'round."

"Look out for yourself, that 's all I 'm sayin'," Master Jellison replied angrily. "I 'm watchin' you, an' the very first time you go to meddlin' with that fellow from the country, what 's got to be drove out this city, I 'll make you sorry for it!"

"It 's very polite o' you to give me a friendly warnin'," Carrots replied, in the most innocent and pleasant tone.

Skip had nothing more to say, but walked away with a dignity befitting one who considers it his mission in life to regulate the business affairs of a large city.

Chapter IV.

THE PRISONER.

Although Carrots had pretended that Skip's threats neither frightened nor disturbed him, he was thoroughly uncomfortable in mind.

He knew by past experience what Master Jellison could and would do, with no provocation whatever save only a desire to exercise that authority which he had assumed.

Carrots believed, however, that in case of an encounter with a boy who was ready and forced to defend himself, Skip would not prove so great a master of the "manly art of self-defense" as he claimed to be.

But such a champion had not as yet been found.

Teenie Massey had chanced to be in Brooklyn about a week before the arrival of Teddy in the city, and upon his return home he had stated that he had seen Master Jellison attack a boy not nearly so large as himself, on Pineapple Street in that city, and receive a sound beating.

"He was n't in it at all, from the time they begun," Teenie had stated to his friends; and on more than one occasion he had referred to this defeat in the presence of Skip himself.

It is but fair to say, however, that Skip Jellison positively denied the truth of any such statement. In explanation of the blackened eye and badly swollen lip he brought from Brooklyn, he announced that he had been set upon by a crowd of young ruffians.

"Of course a fellow 's goin' to get some clips when he tackles a dozen or fifteen fellows at once," Skip explained to an admiring audience, shortly after Master Massey's story had been noised about the streets; "but every one of 'em got it worse 'n I did, an' it was n't more 'n five minutes before all hands were runnin' lickertysplit up Fulton Street. I reckon they did n't stop till they got to Prospect Park. Teenie wants to make out a good story; but it 's all a whopper, an' he knows it."

Now, although Carrots believed that Master Massey had told the truth in regard to what really occurred in Brooklyn, Carrots did not feel competent to take upon himself the task of cowing the bully; and he felt reasonably

certain Skip would carry his threats into effect should occasion arise.

Carrots was also quite positive the occasion would arise, because he did not intend to desert Teddy.

"I 'm goin' right ahead with what I 'greed to do," he said to himself. "If Skip wants to thump me for it, I s'pose I 'll have to let him."

These reflections were interrupted by Reddy Jackson, who asked as he approached and halted in front of Carrots:

"Seen Skip lately?"

"He jest went away. Been 'round, kind er reg'latin' the town. Goin' to rest hisself, 'cause he 's 'most played out workin' so hard."

"Did he tell you anything?"

"Yes; thought I was rather meddlin' with his business: but I don't see how that is."

"Now look here, Carrots; I 'm a friend of yours, an' don't want ter see any trouble come out er this thing. Skip 's jest wild 'bout what you 've told the other fellows, an' I reckon he 'll do as he says if you try to help that fellow what got 'rested."

"You 'lowed you was a friend of mine, did n't you, Reddy?"

"That 's what I said."

"Well, then, why don't you show it by helpin' me stand up 'gainst sich a bully as Skip Jellison is, 'stead of comin' here and tellin' me what he 's goin' to do? To hear some of you fellows talk, anybody 'd think he was a reg'lar rhinoceros huntin' 'round to eat folks. Now it 's jest like this: I 've got to help that fellow, 'cause I promised him."

"But you don't even know who he is."

"I did n't ask him to write out a history 'bout hisself, an' swear to it, so 's I could tell you fellows; but he 's like all the rest of us, got to hustle for a livin', an' has come down here to do it. Now what business is that of Skip Jellison's? He does n't own this town—ain't even got a mortgage on it—yet he makes out this fellow can't stay, an' tries to lick him. Now I s'pose you think it 's mighty smart to try an' shove that country fellow down?"

"You don't know anything about it, Carrots. He put on more frills this mornin' than you ever saw in a circus procession. We ain't goin' to stand that; of course not."

"I s'pose it broke your heart 'cause his face was clean, did n't it?" And it was apparent from Carrots's tone that he was losing his temper.

"Oh, well, go ahead, an' see how you 'll come out, that 's all. I jest thought I 'd tell you, so 's you would n't get into a fuss with Skip; but if this is the way you 're goin' on, why, let her flicker, for all I care."

"I 'm much obliged to you for bein' so willin'; an' when I want another favor I 'll call 'round an' see you," Carrots replied, as he turned on his heel, while Reddy walked rapidly away.

"It looks as if I 'd got to put this thing through alone," Carrots said to himself; "an' if that 's so, it 'll be a good idea for me to keep away from where Skip is, 'cause if he should get a whack at me, I 'm afraid I would n't be in a condition to do much of anything for a day or two."

Carrots visited all of his acquaintances in whom he felt he could confide, trying to enlist their sympathies in the work which he had undertaken.

Unfortunately for his purpose, however, he did not find any who were willing, simply because of the stranger, to brave the doughty Skip's wrath; and nearly every one advised Carrots to "give it up before he got into trouble."

Not until nearly nightfall was the well-disposed boot-black willing to cease his efforts in this particular direction.

Then he repaired to a certain restaurant on Baxter street, where he appeared to be well acquainted with the waiters, and called for a hearty meal of corned beef and potatoes, at the expense of fifteen cents—an unusual amount for him, as could have been told by the remark which the waiter made.

"Ain't you spreadin' yourself some to-night, Carrots?"

"Well, it does look a little that way; but, you see, I 've got a lot of business on hand, and I need to be braced up a bit."

"Bought out some other boot-black, or found a bigger line of customers?"

"Well, no; I 'm buyin' stocks now. The Wall Street men are kind er 'fraid I 'll down 'em, an' they 're makin' me hustle."

"Oh!—gone into the Stock Exchange, eh?"

"Well, I have n't been any further than the

gallery yet; but that 's all right. You don't want ter put in a piece of pie with this corned beef, an' take the chance of a rise in Western Union for the pay, do you?"

"No, I guess not. It would be too much like speculatin'."

"Well, I did n't s'pose you would; but I 'm comin' 'round here in the mornin' to give your boss some points about running his business," Carrots replied; and, handing over his money, he walked with a majestic air into the street.

Having thus refreshed the inner man, Carrots bent his way in the direction of the station-house.

It was his intention to ask for an interview with the prisoner who had been arrested in City Hall Park, and he felt extremely doubtful whether this request would be granted, until he entered the building and recognized in the sergeant behind the desk an old customer.

His surprise at meeting a friend, when he had expected to see the stern visage of a mere servant of justice, was quite as great as it was pleasing; and he marched up to the desk and said familiarly:

"If I 'd knowed you was here, I 'd 'a' come before."

"I don't want my boots shined now. See you outside in the morning," said the sergeant.

"But I ain't shinin'; I 'm on business."

"Oh, you are, eh? Well, what 's up?"

"One of the pleecemen 'round City Hall arrested a fellow this mornin' what had jest walked down from Saranac; an' it 's all wrong, I tell you,— all wrong."

"He 's a friend of yours, I suppose?"

"Well, you can't exactly call him that. I never spoke to him till jest before this thing happened. I want ter git him right out, on 'portant business."

"I 'm afraid you will have to wait a little while, and explain the whole affair to the judge in the morning. I have n't any authority to do a thing like that."

"Could n't you fix it with the judge?"

"No, indeed," the officer replied laughingly. "The best way is for you to go to the court yourself, and explain how it happened, unless he is really guilty, in which case I suppose he will have to go to the Island. I fancy a week up there would n't do him any harm."

"But, you see, it was jest this way"— and Carrots assumed an attitude such as one takes when about to begin a long story.

"Never mind it now. I can't stop to listen; and, besides, it would n't do any good."

Carrots looked up as if surprised that an old friend should assume a dictatorial tone, and then, suddenly remembering that he had another favor to ask, added:

"Well, you can let me see him, can't you?"

"What good will that do?"

"Why, I jest want to brace him up a little. You see, he 's pretty green, an' he must be feelin' awful bad by this time. I won't stay more 'n five minutes, if you 'll let me see him."

"All right; go down-stairs. You 'll find him in one of the cells; and if the turnkey says anything, tell him I sent you."

Carrots did not wait for further instructions; but, fearful lest the permission should be withdrawn, hurried down the stairs at once, and was making a tour of the cells with the purpose of finding his friend, when the officer in charge stopped him.

"What do you want here?"

"The sergeant sent me down to see a friend of mine, that 's all; an' I 'm lookin' for him."

"The boy they brought in this noon?"

"That 's the very one."

"He 's over there; third cell from the end."

Carrots walked quickly to the place looked in through the grated door, and saw Teddy lying on a wooden bench, which served the double purpose of a seat and a bed. The young prisoner's face was covered by his hands.

"Come, old man," Carrots said soothingly, "you ought ter have more sand than to give up like this. Besides, ain't I here to help you?"

Teddy leaped to his feet immediately, and came to the door, through which Carrots thrust a very grimy hand as he said:

"Shake hands! Brace up, an' have some style about you! I 've been 'tendin' to your business pretty nigh ever since you was gone, an' thought I 'd jest run in to let you know everything will be all right; but you 'll have to stay here till mornin'."

"Till mornin'?" Teddy repeated in dismay.

"Yes; that ain't sich a very long while, an' it 'll take me till then to get things fixed."

"How did they happen to let you in?"

"Oh, you see, the sergeant is an old friend of mine. I 've blacked his boots, on an' off, for 'most a year."

Then Carrots, with the hope of cheering his friend, began to explain what might be done toward effecting the prisoner's release; and when it was time to bring the interview to a close, he had so far succeeded that Teddy was really quite hopeful, believing there was no serious obstacle in the way of his freedom.

Bidding Teddy adieu, Carrots left the station-house.

It was now so nearly dark that Carrots turned in the direction of his own home, for the purpose of gaining as much rest as possible before beginning what looked like a hard piece of work.

Now Carrots was a householder in his own right, or at least by right of discovery.

More than one of his acquaintances had been eager to know where he lived; but he avoided all questions on the subject, save to one person —Teenie Massey.

In addition to his being a trusted friend, Teenie lived with his parents; therefore, when Carrots revealed the secret, it was with the knowledge that Master Massey would not wish to share the dwelling with him.

To avoid interference, Carrots always approached his home in the most cautious manner, and this occasion was no exception.

He walked leisurely along in the direction of Canal Street, as if going nowhere in particular, for the purpose of misleading any friends whom he might meet; and, on arriving at an alleyway which ran between two shops, he halted for an instant to make sure the coast was clear.

He recognized no one in the immediate vicinity, and, wheeling sharply around, ran swiftly up the narrow passage, climbed over a board fence, and dropped lightly into a yard in the rear of a business establishment.

Here was an enormous collection of packing-cases, some stacked in regular order, and others lying carelessly around wherever they might have chanced to fall when taken from the shop by the employees. To Carrots, however, the yard was as familiar as any of the city streets.

He knew exactly where each case should be, unless, perchance, there had been some addition made to the collection since his departure from home; and, although it was dark, proceeded without difficulty until he arrived at one corner of the yard, where, by pulling out an unusually large box, he disclosed a narrow passage running along the side of the fence.

It was not possible to walk upright through this opening, owing to the lumber above; but, once Master Carrots arrived at the further end, he found as snug and comfortable a dwelling as it would be reasonable for any boy in Master Carrots's walk of life to desire.

Two cases, facing each other at an interval sufficiently wide for a small person to enter, formed an apartment four or five feet square; and, although it was impossible for Carrots even to stand erect, he could sit or lie down in a most comfortable fashion.

A small bundle of straw, taken from some of the other cases, made a bed for the boot-black; and directly opposite this impromptu couch were Carrots's household treasures.

A bottle which served as a candlestick, a cigar-box as pantry in case he chanced to lay in a stock of provisions, a well-worn brush, several empty blacking-boxes, and a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends, were packed in one corner with the utmost neatness.

On arriving at his home, Carrots lighted the candle in order to render the apartment more cheerful; and then he sat down with his chin in his hands, trying to decide how it would be possible to keep the promise made to Teddy.

Before he had succeeded in solving the problem, however, a shrill whistle was heard from the alleyway, and Carrots muttered to himself as he crawled through the passage out from among the boxes:

"I wonder what Teenie Massey wants? A fellow that 's got so much business on his hands as I have can't 'ford to waste a great deal of time with visitors."

"Hi! Carrots, are you there?" Teenie asked.

"Of course I am! Where do you s'pose a fellow would be at this time of night?"

"I 'm comin' over!"

"Well, come, then; an' don't make so much noise about it. Nobody knows who may be 'round here"; and Master Carrots retraced his steps to the packing-case dwelling.

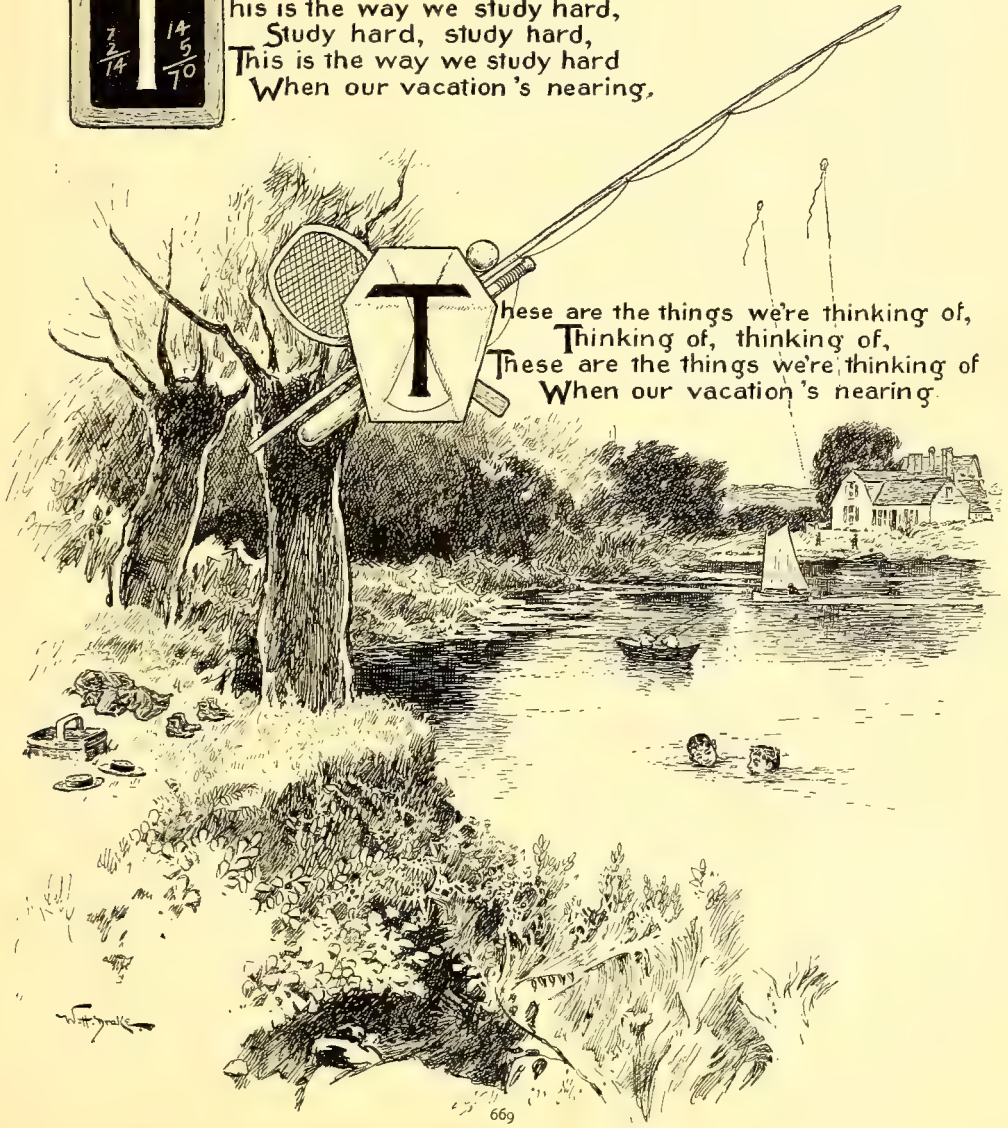
(*To be continued.*)

WHEN VACATION 'S NEARING.

By A. S. Webber.



This is the way we study hard,
Study hard, study hard,
This is the way we study hard
When our vacation 's nearing.



These are the things we're thinking of,
Thinking of, thinking of,
These are the things we're thinking of
When our vacation 's nearing.



"ONCE UPON A TIME."

By Harriet F. Blodgett.

Once upon a time — a cat
  Might be a princess then,
And thistles growing in the field
  Could turn to armèd men.
They dared not stoop to pluck a flower,
  When walking in the wood,
For fear, in taking it, they 'd rob
  Some fairy of her hood.

Once upon a time — a bean
  Could grow so high and far,
That when they clambered up the vine
  'T would lead them to a star.
And when they planted apple-trees,—
  You need not to be told —
Why, just as likely then as not,
  The fruit would be of gold.

THE SANDMAN.

By Harriet F. Blodgett.

Over the hills from far away
He comes at closing of the day
To shut the children's eyes;
And his hair is gold with sunset light,
And his voice is soft as dreams at night,
And he gathers lullabies.

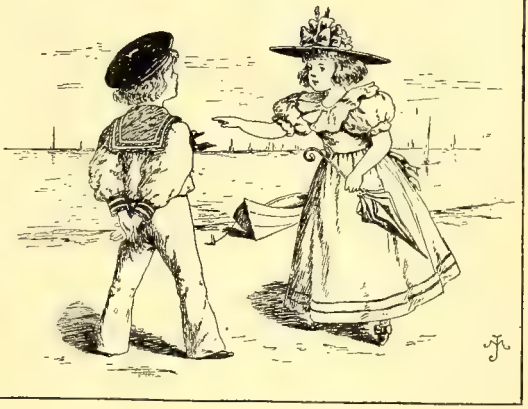
One he takes from the bumblebee,
Singing, humming drowsily;
And the robin gives him one;
And down beneath the grasses hid
He robs the little katydid,
And leaves her there alone.

Then over all the sunset lands
He scatters down his golden sands
And spreads his soft, gray wings;
And every little sleepy head
Goes nid-nid-nodding off to bed,
Because the sandman sings.

A Slight Objection



"Will you go a-sailing, pretty one," he said, "with me to-day?
I've a little boat here waiting
She is called the 'Lily May'.
And her sails are white as milk,
And the wind's as soft as silk,
And the little waves are dancing on the bay."



"O I'm very fond of sailing", she replied, "except, you know,
For those little waves you speak of, sir, that always wobble so!
Just arrange it, if you will
That the boat shall keep quite still
Underneath us, and I'd really like to go!"



THE BOY IN GRAY.

A Ballad for Decoration Day.

FREDERICKSBURG had had her fray,
And the armies stood at bay;
Back of wall, and top of hill,
Union men and men in gray
Glowered at each other still.

In the space between the two
Many a hapless boy in blue
Lay face upward to the skies;
Many another, just as true,
Filled the air with frantic cries.

"Love of God!" with pity stirred,
Cried a rebel lad who heard.
"This is more than I can bear!
General, only say the word,
They shall have some water there."

"What 's the use?" his general,
Frowning, asked. "A Yankee ball
Drops you dead, or worse, half way,
Once you go beyond the wall."
"May be!" said the boy in gray.

"Still I 'll risk it, if you please."
And the senior, ill at ease,
Nodded, growling under breath,
"For his mortal enemies
I have sent the lad to death."

Then a hotter fire began
As across the field he ran,—
Yankee shooters marked a prey,—
But beside each wounded man
Heedless knelt the boy in gray.

Parched lips hailed him as he came;
Throats with fever all aflame,
While the balls were spinning by,
Drained the cup he offered them,
Blessed him with their dying cry.

Suddenly, through rain of those
Pattering shots, a shout uprose;
Din of voices filled his ears;
Firing ceased, and eager foes
Made the welkin ring with cheers.

Foes they were, of bitter need,
Still to every noble deed
Hearts of men, thank God, must thrill;
And we thrill, too, as we read
Of those cheers on Marye's Hill.

Days of battle long since done,
Days of peace and blessing won,
Better is it to forget
Cruel work of sword and gun:
But some deeds are treasures yet.

While a grateful nation showers
Graves of heroes with her flowers,
Here 's a wreath for one to-day:
North or South, we claim him ours—
Honor to the Boy in Gray!

Mary Bradley.



THE BUFFALO, MUSK-OX, MOUNTAIN SHEEP, AND MOUNTAIN GOAT.

(Fifteenth paper of the series on North American Quadrupeds.)

By William T. Hornaday.



HEAD OF AMERICAN BISON.

In a wild state, the American Bison, or Buffalo, is practically, though not quite wholly, extinct. At the present moment there are about two hundred wild Buffaloes alive and on foot in the United States. To obtain these high figures we include the one hundred and fifty individuals that the white head-hunters and red meat-hunters have thus far left alive in the Yellowstone Park, where the buffaloes are fondly supposed to be protected from slaughter. Besides these, there are only two other bunches: one of about twenty head in Lost Park, Colorado, protected by State laws; and another, containing between thirty and forty head, in Val Verde County, Texas, between Devil's River and the Rio Grande.

AMERICAN BISON, OR BUFFALO.

(Bi'son A-mer-i-can'us.)

Four years ago there were over three hundred head in the Yellowstone Park, thriving and increasing quite satisfactorily. Through them we fondly hoped the species would even yet be saved from absolute extinction. But, alas! we were reckoning without the poachers. Congress provides pay for just *one* solitary scout to guard in winter 3575 square miles of rugged mountain country against the horde of lawless white men and Indians who surround the park on all sides, eager to kill the last Buffalo! The poachers have been hard at work, and as a result our park herd has recently decreased more than one half in number. It is a brutal, burning shame that formerly, through lack of congressional law adequately to punish such poachers as the wretch who was actually caught red-handed in January, 1894, while skinning *seven* dead buffaloes! and now, through lack of a paltry $1800 a year to pay four more scouts, the park Buffaloes are *all doomed to certain and speedy destruction.*

Besides the places mentioned, there is only one other spot in all North America that contains wild Buffaloes.

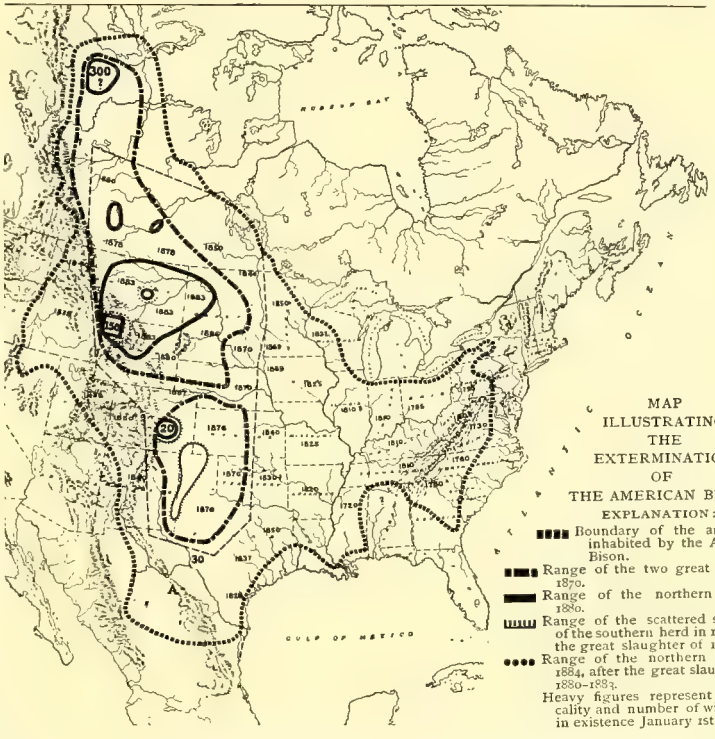
Immediately southwestward of Great Slave Lake there lies a vast wilderness of swamps and stunted pines, into which no white man has ever penetrated far, and where the red man still reigns supreme. It is bounded on the north by the Liard and Mackenzie Rivers, on the east by the Slave River, on the south by the Peace River, and on the west by the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Warburton Pike says it is now the greatest beaver country in the world, and that it also contains a few bands of the so-called Wood Buffalo. "Sometimes they are heard of at Forts Smith and Vermillion, sometimes at Fort St. John, on the Peace River, and occasionally at Fort Nelson, on the Liard;

but it is impossible to say anything about their numbers." At all events, in February, 1890, Mr. Pike found eight Buffaloes only four days' travel from Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake, and succeeded in killing one. The Canadian authorities estimate the total number in that region at three hundred.

The story of the senseless, wasteful, and wicked butchery of the buffalo millions has been told many times already, and it is not necessary to repeat it here. The frenzied war of extermination began in the fall of 1871, and in four years the great herd south of the Union Pacific Railway was completely blotted out. In 1880 the building of the Northern Pacific Railway made the northern herd equally accessible at all points; and in October, 1883, the last thousand head were utterly annihilated, in southwestern Dakota, by Sitting Bull and a band of about one thousand braves from the Standing Rock Agency. Two small bands, one containing about two hundred head and the other seventy-five, escaped into the bad lands of the Missouri River, in central Montana, where a few individuals survived until 1887. Another band took refuge in the fastnesses of the Yellowstone Park, where a few survivors still are; or were at last accounts.

The accompanying map is designed to tell in the smallest limit of space the story of the practical extermination of the American Bison. Notice the vast extent and varied character of the territory once inhabited by this lord of the plains. Not only did he inhabit the prairies of the West, but also the hilly hard-wood forests of the southeastern States, the burning plains of northern Mexico, the "Great American Desert," the Rocky Mountains to an elevation of 8000 feet, and the bleak and inhospitable plains of Canada, up even to the land of the musk-ox. From north to south his range measured 3600 miles, and from east to west 2100, or about one third of the entire continent of North America.

In 1869 the completion of the Union Pacific Railway forever divided the great universal herd into two portions — a "southern herd," containing between three and four million Buffaloes, and a "northern herd," of about a million and a half. It is probable that never since the world was made has man seen another such mighty host of wild animals as those of our Bison only twenty-three years ago. In swimming rivers, they stopped boats for hours at a time; and on land they frequently stopped railway trains, and even derailed locomotives that tried to plow a way through their ranks.



Where the herds assembled, they covered the earth as with a black mantle. I venture to say that no man ever saw in one day a greater panorama of animal life than did Colonel R. I. Dodge in May, 1871, when he drove for twenty-five miles along the Arkansas River

through an unbroken herd of Buffaloes. On that memorable day he actually saw, according to careful computation, nearly half a million Buffaloes. It was the great southern herd moving slowly forward on its annual migration northward.

MUSK-OX.
(*Ovi-bos mos-cha'tus.*)

that is the MUSK-OX. He is under the protection of the Frost King, whose game-pastures are seldom penetrated by white poachers. On the map of Arctic America you can put your finger down almost anywhere, so



GROUP OF AMERICAN BISON.

To-day you may travel across the continent as you choose, by rail or by wagon, without seeing either a live Buffalo, a stuffed head, or even a buffalo bone. It was the long-range breech-loading rifle and the murderous still-hunt that did it, backed by man's inborn greed and destructiveness. It is our way to grind to powder everything that is not protected by a policeman and a club. May Heaven send to the boys of the rising generation more sense and more humanity in the preservation of our beasts and birds than we have yet shown; and the girls should stop wearing dead birds, and birds' wings, right *now!*

But there is one large bovine animal on our continent which is not destined to be snuffed out of existence like the unfortunate Bison, and that it be on land north of the Great Slave Lake and east of the Mackenzie River, and say, "There lives the Musk-Ox," without fear of successful contradiction.

Just beyond the limit of trees and bushes, even the smallest and scantiest, on the silent, desolate, and awful Barren Grounds northeast of Great Slave Lake, at 64° north latitude, the Musk-Ox draws the line marking his farthest south.

A man who can endure cold like an Eskimo, travel like a caribou, live for weeks on frozen caribou meat, starve as cheerfully as a Yellow-Knife Indian, and endure the companionship of vermin-covered natives, can reach the southern border-land of the Musk-Ox, and possibly get back alive with two or three skins. Mr.

Warburton Pike, Englishman, can do, and did do all those things no longer ago than 1890; and his book on "The Barren Grounds of Northern Canada" is a most interesting and valuable contribution to our knowledge of that very desolate country.

The Musk-Ox is perhaps the rarest, and to white men the most difficult to secure, of all our land quadrupeds. Robes are by no means uncommon, and often sell for as little as $15 each; but of mounted skins there are in our country exactly seven. Three of these constitute a group in the National Museum; two are at the American Museum of Natural History in New York; and the museums of Philadelphia and Cambridge have one each. Although during their long sojourn in high latitudes General Greely and the members of his expedition party killed many Musk-Oxen, you will notice that they were unable to bring back even so much as a single horn.

Next to the body is a matted mass of very fine and soft hair, like clean wool, so dense that to snow and fog it is quite impenetrable. Over this lies a thick coat of very long, straight hair, often twelve inches in length and sometimes twenty, like the grass rain-coat of a Japanese soldier. Sometimes it actually touches the snow as the animal walks. In all pictures, and in all mounted specimens I know of save



ESKIMO DOGS, AND MUSK-OXEN AT BAY.

The appearance of the Musk-Ox is so odd and striking that when once seen it is seldom forgotten. You see an oblong mass of tremendously long brown hair, four and a half feet high by six and a half long, supported upon wide hoofs and very short, thick legs, almost hidden by the body hair. There is also a blunt and hairy muzzle, a pair of eyes, a pair of broad, flattened horns that part like a woman's hair and drop far downward before they curve upward,— and that is all. The mass of hair is so thick that as the robe lies on the floor it is about as easy to walk over as a feather bed. Over the loins you will find, if you look closely, a broad "saddle-mark" of dirty-white hair, shorter than the rest of the coat.

one mounted by Mr. John Fannin, the head is placed below the line of the back; but in describing the gait and appearance of the first Musk-Ox he saw alive on its native heath, Mr.



HEAD OF MUSK-OX.

Pike declares that "the shaggy head was carried high."

Although that doughty gentleman took part in the killing of about fifty Musk-Oxen, which he says were "slaughtered without any more trouble than killing cattle in a yard," there was no opportunity to weigh any of them. General Greely, however, had better facilities. When he and his party landed at Lady Franklin Bay in August, 1881, they were welcomed by a herd of Musk-Oxen, and during the first ten days of their stay sixteen head were killed. Think of it! Fresh beef in abundance at north latitude 81° 40′! During the two years of the stay of General Greely's party at Fort Conger, they found Grinnell Land abundantly supplied with Musk-Oxen. From first to last they killed one hundred and six head, the flesh of which supplied them abundantly during almost their entire stay; and they caught four Musk-Calves alive. The latter were kept in captivity about four months, but finally died.

In the large natural-history collection made then by Lieutenant Lockwood there are now three skins of Musk-Oxen, boxed securely, and even at this moment waiting patiently amid the arctic snows and frosts at abandoned Fort Conger, "to be called for."

Of other far north regions, the Musk-Ox inhabits northern Greenland, and has also been taken on the eastern coast. General Greely says that "not far from two hundred Musk-Oxen are now inhabitants of Grinnell Land, fed by abundant vegetation. Willow, saxifrage, dryas, and grasses form winter as well as summer food. I found large beds of willow that had been fed on during April, the Musk-Oxen having broken the crust and scraped off the snow to reach it." Contrary to many published statements, General Greely found no evidence that this animal ever eats lichens.

In actual bulk I think the Musk-Ox must be about equal to our elk, though of course the latter is very much taller. General Greely states that the average for ten Musk-Oxen



HEAD OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

killed in the autumn of 1882 was three hundred and sixty pounds of dressed meat, while the largest of all weighed "about twelve hundred gross, and dressed four hundred and thirty-two pounds."

At last we have reached that gallant fellow, the MOUNTAIN SHEEP, or BIG-HORN. A true cliff-dweller is he. Born under the shelving rocks of a beetling cliff, sometimes actually cradled in the snow, and reared in the stormy atmosphere of high altitudes, he is a typical mountaineer. Wherever spread like a relief-map three thousand feet before him, is his delight. In former times he was venturesome, and often wandered miles away from his mountain home to explore tempting tracts of bad lands; and, being unmolested, he sometimes took up a permanent residence in such places. But the venturesome inhabitants of low, isolated mountains and shelterless bad lands have paid with their lives for their pioneering, and now a Mountain Sheep is rarely found elsewhere than amid mountains worthy of the name.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP, or BIG-HORN.
(*Ovis mon-tan'a.*)

Kill one fine old mountain ram by your own



A GROUP OF MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

you find him at home, depend upon it that you will also find the finest scenery of the district.

This animal loves a bird's-eye view of a mountain landscape as well as does any member of the Geological Survey. A steep descent, with a narrow, level valley and a thread-like river efforts in climbing and stalking, and we will call you a sportsman, with a capital S,—provided you save his head for mounting, and his flesh for the platter. But no ewes, mind you! Ewes and lambs count against you, rather than to your credit. Can I ever forget how I once

traveled all the way from Washington to Wyoming, killed just one superb mountain ram amidst grand scenery, preserved him, carried his "saddle" to Washington, and called my pleasure-trip a complete success? Hardly. Even the recollection of it is worth four times the money it cost.

spite of the difficulty of the process, and the pitiful scantiness of the grazing, I was astonished beyond measure at finding that his stomach contained fully half a bushel of that same grass. He was not only in good flesh, but positively fat; and from the fact that to save our lives Fleming, the packer, and I, both mus-



MOUNTAIN GOATS. (SEE PAGE 681.)

That particular Mountain Sheep stood four feet three inches in height at the shoulders. He was four feet ten inches in length of head and body, and his girth was three feet eight inches. He leaped off a low ridge of bare rock, fell dead on a foot of snow in the head of a rock-walled gulch, and oh! boys, how fine he was! Up in the mountain park he had been pawing through the snow to get at the spears of dry grass that were there obtainable; and in

cular men, could not lift him upon a mule to carry him to our camp, and for other reasons, I am certain that he weighed at least three hundred pounds.

Formerly the Mountain Sheep inhabited practically all the wild mountain-ranges of the West, from central Arizona to the Arctic Circle. In the northern half of this vast range it still exists abundantly; but in the United States this much-prized animal has been so persistently

hunted and shot that now it is found in a few localities only, and those are very hard to reach. As late as 1886 a few daring pioneers wandered eastward through the bad lands of the Missouri River as far as the Sheep Mountains; and, stranger still, even to-day several small bands find safe refuge along the rocky walls of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where they have depth instead of height to protect them. Like the inhabitants of a volcanic island in an inhospitable sea, a band was found by Dr. Merriam on San Francisco Mountain, northern Arizona, which rises out of the heat and desolation of the Painted Desert.

There are Mountain Sheep in Colorado, Wyoming, the Yellowstone Park, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. Possibly a few still remain in northeastern California; but from Mount Shasta, where they were once so numerous, they are gone forever, and only a few bleaching skeletons remain.

No; the Mountain Sheep does *not* leap from great heights, and land either upon his horns or his feet. He knows the strength of his materials too well to try it. His horns and skull might successfully withstand the shock, but the weight of his body would break his spinal column in two or three places, to say the least of it. It is true that when hard pressed a herd will sometimes plunge down a terribly steep incline, sliding and bounding from point to point, until they plow into the "slide-rock" below; but as to leaping over a sheer precipice, I never saw any one who even claimed to have ever witnessed such a thing. The old rams often fight by butting each other terrifically, and often splinter, or sometimes break off, the ends of their horns in that way.

The Mountain Sheep is a brave and hardy animal, strong-limbed, sure-footed, keen of eye and of ear. The lambs are born in May, long before the snow is off the mountains, and some have been known to follow their dams over the snow-fields before they were twenty-four hours old. But the mountain lambkin has many enemies. The golden eagle, the coyote, the puma, and in some localities the wolverine, are all lovers of mutton, and ever on the alert for an unprotected lamb or a wounded sheep. While I was engaged in skinning the ram already mentioned, Lieutenant Robertson shot three ewes out of a large flock of ewes and lambs that were feeding on a hillside. Before we could get to them the next morning, to skin and dress them, all three were badly torn on their shoulders and necks by the pestiferous golden eagles, which had evidently kept a hungry eye on our movements.

In my estimation, the pursuit of the Mountain Sheep is the highest type of hunting our continent affords. To "collect" an old ram requires good lungs, good legs, good judgment, and good shooting. In the doing of it you are bound to rise in the world, to expand mentally, morally, and physically, and to come under the spell that Nature always lays upon the hunter who once sets foot upon her crags and peaks. I regret the disappearance of the Mountain Sheep even more than the passing of the buffalo and elk, for it is an animal of finer mold and stronger and more interesting character every way. It is much more alert than the mountain goat, and therefore more difficult to shoot,—so say the men who have hunted both.

Until quite recently, the ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT, WHITE GOAT, or GOAT ANTELOPE has been as little known and as seldom seen in museums as the musk-ox. Now, however, thanks to the mountaineering editor of *Forest and Stream*, Mr. George Bird Grinnell, and his untiring industry in the pursuit of this odd creature, both our knowledge of it and our stock of museum specimens have been very greatly increased. All visitors to the World's Fair who saw in the Kansas Building the grand series of groups of large mammals collected and mounted for the University of Kansas by Professor L. L. Dyche, will remember that the group of Mountain Goats was the most striking and conspicuous of them all. Another fine group was shown by the National Museum in the Government Building.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.
(*Ma-za'ma mon-tan'a.*)

The Mountain Goat is a creature of contraries. Though he spends almost his whole life either in climbing or in edging along rock ledges so narrow and so high that they would almost make an eagle dizzy, he is neither long-legged and high-headed like the mountain

sheep, nor lightly built like the chamois. He has a short, thick-set body, short and stocky legs, a short neck, and his head hangs low, like that of a buffalo. Indeed, if you but change his horns, and dye him dark brown, you will have a very good pygmy buffalo, and by no means the kind of a creature that you or I would naturally construct to climb precipices all its life. In no one feature save his hoofs does he seem built for climbing; but "he gets there, just the same."

Although his home is decidedly higher than that of the mountain sheep, and he frequents the tops of the highest mountains he can find, yet in western British Columbia he often descends in winter to the very shores of the sea and its inlets; and, ridiculous as it may seem, many a Mountain Goat has been shot from a canoe! East of the Rockies, this strange creature has on several occasions been seen in Montana, far from the foothills, and well into the prairie country bordering the Missouri River. But those observations were made a number of years ago.

The Mountain Goat is clad after the style of the musk-ox, save as to color,—a very dense coat of fine wool next the skin, covered with a thick outside thatch of coarse hair. Both coats are yellowish-white, and there is not a colored hair in either of them. The two together are quite impervious to moisture and rain, and the Goat loves just what nearly all other living creatures abhor,—altitudes where the moisture is great and the cold intense. Like the musk-ox, this creature knows nothing of intense cold save by hearsay, and even in winter he prefers to lie in the shade!

Says Mr. Grinnell:

"Often when hunting in the Rocky Mountains in bitter cold weather, when the ice would collect rapidly on the face and beard, and only heavy clothing and the constant and violent exercise of climbing the mountains protected us from severe suffering from the cold, we have been astonished to see the White Antelope seek out the coldest spots that it could find, and lie down in the shade, perhaps close to, or even on, the ice formed by some trickling rill whose waters, issuing from a crevice in the rock, were congealed as soon as they reached the outer air. At times when other animals try to find the warmest places they can, these seek the coldest."

In the United States the Mountain Goat is found on a few of the highest and most inaccessible mountains of Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, and in two or three localities in Colorado also,—provided the hunters have not yet killed all of them. Northwestward it is to be found here and there on the high mountains of British Columbia, both in the Rockies and the Cascades, through a strip of territory about four hundred miles wide, stretching along the Pacific Coast, and extending almost to the Yukon River in Alaska. Contrary to the ideas of many persons, this animal does not live wholly above the timber-line, but is often found, even in comparatively mild weather, where pine and fir are abundant. To hunt them successfully, the hunter must seek them before snow falls, when their white coats render them quite conspicuous objects against the somber-colored rocks. After snow falls hunting is useless, by reason of the impossibility of seeing the game.

Professor Dyche says the Mountain Goat is not going to be wholly exterminated very soon, chiefly by reason of its inaccessibility, and the cost in time, money, and muscle required to get within gunshot of it. Its flesh is so musky and dry it is not palatable to white men, save when they are very hungry indeed; and goatskins are so nearly worthless that I once purchased seventy skins, fully tanned and dressed, for only one dollar and fifty cents each. They were originally sold in Denver, as raw pelts, for fifty cents each.

Although the Mountain Goat is a very sure-footed and level-headed animal, he is said by those who have hunted him (of whom I confess I am not one) to be a very stupid animal, and easily killed when once the hunter reaches his haunts. In actual weight he is about the size of the Virginia deer, but in bulk he seems to be larger because of his shaggy fleece of wool and hair. The horns are small, smooth, and jet-black, and the hoof is a strange combination of rubber pad on the inside and knife-edge on the outside, to hold the owner on snow, ice, or bare rock without slipping.

To Desperation: A Little. Not at All.

BY

Gertrude Hall.

A CLUMP of daisies grew by the side of a path that had at one end a low-eaved, rose-embowered cottage standing by itself; at the other end the daisies did not know what it had, for it wound out of sight.

The daisies in this clump were five, all very beautiful and equally touched at the tip of every petal with crimson. They were all daisies of fine sentiment, as well: at least, it is certain that one of them, who in every external point resembled the others, was capable of deep feeling. She opened to the sun at morning a smiling eye radiant with gratitude, and in her language saluted him as brother; she drank her dew and took her rain with appreciation, saying a little grace before and after; she bowed amiably to every breeze that passed, whispering in friendly recognition. This daisy, from the first day she came to consciousness, felt a peculiar softness and warmth, in what we must call her heart, toward everything around her that seemed to her beautiful,— and, as often happens with such a nature, almost everything seemed to her beautiful.

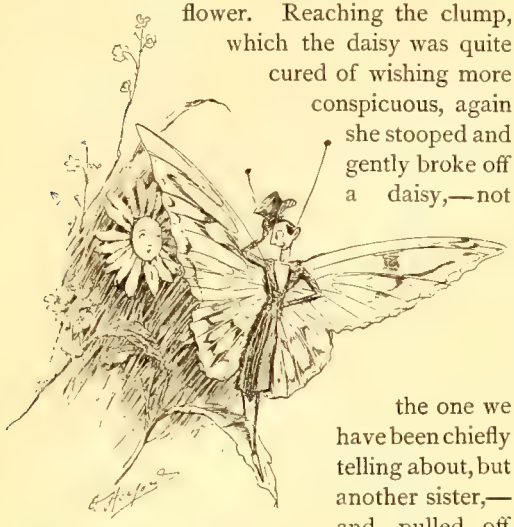
But there are degrees of beauty even to one of this disposition: to this daisy the most beautiful of all things seemed a maiden who came from the cottage every day, and walked down the path. She was a soft-eyed young maiden with pale gold hair in braids, and a color in her cheek like the flush of dawn reflected on a snow-peak. She passed with a pensive air, less alive to the things around her than to a vision in her own heart. The daisy wished with all her being that she would take some notice of them. After several disappointments, it came to seem to this daisy, who before had been so contented, that there was hardly any use in existing if never this maiden was to take any notice of one.

Imagine her feelings, then, when one morning the maiden, coming toward the clump, let her eyes drop on it,—with an appearance of seeing it, too! Not only that: having reached it, she stooped and picked one of the daisies,— not the one most interested, but a sister of hers,— and kneeling in the grass by the thrilled and watchful clump, stripped it of its crimson-tipped petals one by one, murmuring over and over: "He loves me!—with all his heart!— to desperation!—a little!—not at all!" till the grass was strewn as with snowflakes, and the maiden, holding the last petal, said with a dreamy half-smile: "He loves me!"

What she had seen had seemed to the shuddering daisy a cruel thing to do, and she did not understand how it could be that this compassionate-eyed creature could destroy an unoffending daisy. Her confidence in things beautiful was shaken. She wondered all day long, and inquired, but without satisfactory result, of every passing butterfly.

On the next morning she felt less delight than uneasiness when the damsel appeared.

She advanced, wearing the soft and dreamy look that fitted her for being adored by every flower. Reaching the clump, which the daisy was quite cured of wishing more conspicuous, again she stooped and gently broke off a daisy,—not the one we have been chiefly telling about, but another sister,—and pulled off its petals one by one, saying the same words as on the day before.



"SHE INQUIRED OF EVERY PASSING BUTTERFLY."

"With all his heart!" she breathed into the last one; and a look so beautiful came upon her face, as she lingered a moment in the grass before passing further, that the daisy trembled on her stem with an inexpressible feeling, her whole consideration and judgment of things undergoing a change.

All that day she swayed on her stem, dreaming, did this daisy; and at night an invisible bird sang on a neighboring tree with such effect that the sentimental little thing, who had drunk in all the music and moonshine, felt, as she dropped asleep, that she longed for nothing so much as the moment when she herself would be lifted up by the white hand of the maiden, and lose all her petals in the cause of bringing that lovely look into her human face. By reflection as well as inquiry she had arrived at an apprehension of the meaning of the girl's game with daisies. "All of my family die for love!" she said to a beetle, who it is not sure had asked for confidences.

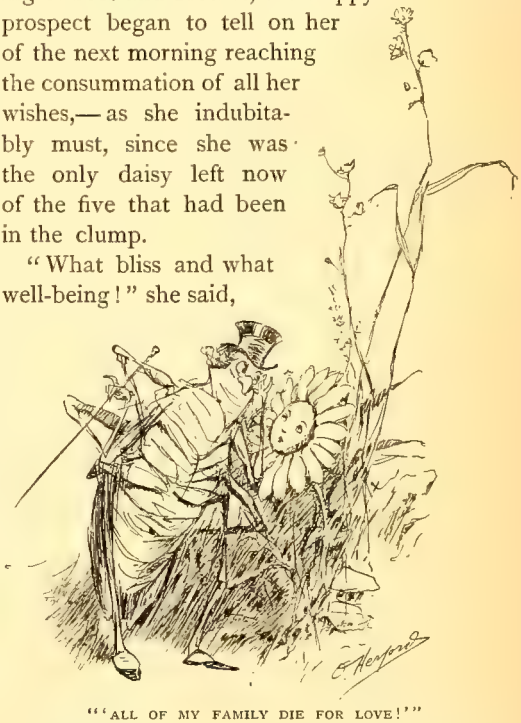
On the next day, at the approach of the maiden, she stretched up her head with a ready smile: she felt sharp grief this time, though she breathed more freely, too, at seeing the third of her sisters preferred to her.

And on the next day again, Fate willed that another sister still should be taken instead of herself that was so eager. She watched the fluttering white shreds drop in the grass, and mechanically counted them as they fell, for by this time she was perfectly acquainted with the maiden's formula.

"He loves me!—with all his heart!—to desperation!—a little!—not at all!" The shower stopped at that,—at "not at all!" Something must be wrong: the daisy looked up in doubt and dismay at the maiden, and saw her blossom-face droop and cloud over. She lowered her hand, and let drop from it the yellow wreck of the daisy. With a step less elastic than usual she went her way down the path, and out of sight.

Half the day the daisy grieved over what she had seen, refusing to admit that the weather was anything but gray and cold, though the sun shone brightly. But in the mellow red-gold afternoon, with its long soothing of bees and breezes, the happy prospect began to tell on her of the next morning reaching the consummation of all her wishes,—as she indubitably must, since she was the only daisy left now of the five that had been in the clump.

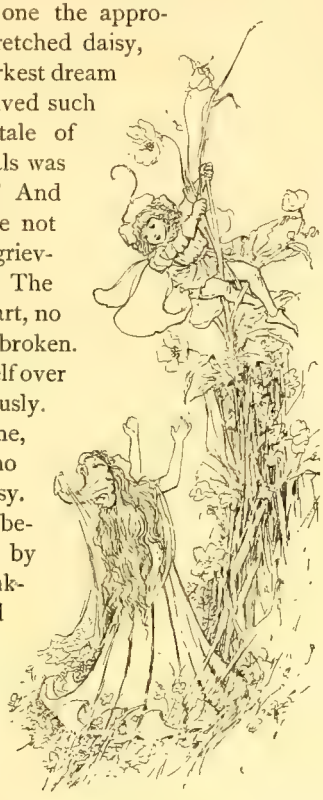
"What bliss and what well-being!" she said,



"'ALL OF MY FAMILY DIE FOR LOVE!'"

rocking herself in an ecstasy. "To perish, indeed; but in perishing to see above me that smile like a soft sunrise spreading over the tender face, and to know that it is owing to me!"

And, strong in her imagining, the daisy began rehearsing in her mind the little scene of the morrow. She counted her petals over, murmuring at each one the appropriate words. Wretched daisy, who not in the darkest dream could have conceived such a thing! The tale of her horrified petals was told at "a little!" And over her would be not the smile, but the grieved look, the tear! The poor maiden's heart, no doubt, would be broken. She counted herself over and over, nervously.



Darkness came, but no rest, no peace to the daisy. She could not believe but that by troubling and thinking she could find a way to prevent the impending calamity — to put off the fatal morning. As many as a hundred times she counted herself over. She had made no mistake: the verdict was a paltry "little" every time. There was no changing it; and she silently cried a large tear of dew on to the weed that grew just below and, unmindful of all but herself, greedily held up a dozen mealy red cups for more.

Her grief at last, as the night wore on, settled into despair; and as she was exhausted by her emotions, in spite of herself she fell asleep.

She was dreaming that already — too soon! — the birds were proclaiming the dawn, when an unusual stirring in the grass roused her.

"A drop of dew!" she heard a voice say, the size of a young cricket's chirp. "Oh, a large drop of dew! And every cup full as can be of honey-meal!"

The daisy peeped astonished through her half-closed eyelashes.

By the light of the broad moon that was just rising over the knoll near by, she discerned two exquisite creatures, very like human children, only each but a single inch tall — fairy people! She had heard of these, but never before had seen them; for, though not rare, they are by no means common.

One, who it was easy to see by his coat made of a crimson rose-leaf was a gentleman fairy, was clambering up the weed, peering into the red cups. The other, a lady fairy by her kirtle fashioned of a lily, stood at the foot of the daisy's own stem, watching her companion.

"I never tasted anything so good!" said the wisp of a man, dipping in his finger, then sucking it. "My Emeraldiana, we will eat it all up!" And, having slid down, he gallantly helped the lady to the top of the daisy, where, seeing her comfortably seated as on a stool, he said, "Stay there, my love; and do not give yourself the least concern. I will serve you myself. Just let me dip out the meal for you."

"Very well," said the little lady, gladly receiving a portion. "It is truly delicious! But how very sticky it is! You must certainly, my dear Rosodorinus, provide me with a napkin."

The inch-tall gallant looked about a second, at a loss, and delicately scratched his gold head; then suddenly, with a little cry of delight at his inspiration, he pulled off one of the daisy's petals, and handed it to his lady for a napkin.

"Oh, what is the matter with my chair?" she exclaimed, feeling the daisy under her tremble, as it did with joy and surprise.

For now the daisy knew that all was well, and that when the maiden consulted her she would be able to answer,



A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XV.

THE PRISONER OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

In the days of discussion that followed the Emperor's return from Russia, Philip found his greatest comfort in Corporal Peyrolles. The veteran of Austerlitz would come stumping along the Street of the Fight, and in the quiet home of the Keeper of the Archives would second all Philip's extravagant claims as to the invincibleness of the Emperor, and would "have it out" with Uncle Fauriel, who pretended to see in the Russian disaster the vengeance of heaven on the "Corsican ogre" who had, so he said, "betrayed the Republic."

"Did I leave a leg at Austerlitz," demanded Corporal Peyrolles, "to drag the other around after a defeated Emperor? No, Citizen. It was to have one good leg left, with which to dance with joy over every victory. And let me tell you, I can dance on one leg better than some of those dukes and marshals at the palace can on two — with all their titles. Faith! but I can, Mademoiselle. See now!" and, catching Mademoiselle round the waist, the old fellow actually swung the girl about the room, humming meanwhile one of the lively airs of the camp, to keep step to. Then, while the others applauded, they sank into chairs, the Corporal panting and Mademoiselle laughing merrily.

"You see, Peyrolles is good for something yet," said the Corporal. "And as for the leg, Citizen," he cried to Uncle Fauriel, "it has been a good republican leg; yes, I grant you that. But it is a good Empire leg, too. For, look you, it is the Emperor's leg!" and he slapped his one sound limb so heartily that all laughed aloud, and the page cried enthusiastically, "Long live the leg! Corporal Peyrolles's one is better than the Czar's million!"

"True for you, my Philip!" said the Corporal. "What is a Cossack's leg good for but to run away? or a Prussian's? or an Englishman's? or that of any enemy of the Emperor?"

"But the Corsican's legs are sound yet, my Corporal," said Uncle Fauriel, "and he is running too. He is running to destruction, and dragging all France with him."

"Bah!" cried Corporal Peyrolles. "It is the home-made dukes and marshals who are running that way — if any one is — with their thirst for titles and their greed for riches. Reduce 'em to the ranks, I say; reduce 'em to the ranks! and put true men in their place — even if they should be one-legged ones. Then I 'll back the Little Corporal against all Europe, and Russia into the bargain."

But Citizen Daunou said: "Ah, my friends, it is not a question of France and her salvation. If the Emperor will but be warned by this Russian disaster; if he will but heed the wail going up from thousands of French homes; if he will but keep friendship with Austria or Prussia or the Confederates of the Rhine; if he will but remember that a single card may lose as well as win the game, then France may not need to stand at bay against all Europe; thus may both the Empire and the Emperor be saved. It is wise, when your ship is drifting toward the breakers, to throw something overboard, and thus save ship and cargo. But, alas! the Emperor never was anything of a sailor, even though they did think of making a sailor of him when he was a boy. He will crowd on sail, and head straight for the rocks."

Philip did not believe this. He thought his old friend was what we to-day call an "alarmist." Philip was, indeed, a boy of the Empire. He had faith in Napoleon as the greatest man in all the world. To him Napoleon was France; France was the Empire; and the Empire would one day be Europe. So, as much

as any boy cares to think on such questions, Philip thought the future was clear. He believed that the Russian campaign had, indeed, been a victory. Did not Napoleon plant the eagles on the walls of Moscow? And what is that but victory? He knew that the Emperor would yet humble Europe, punish Russia, and give new glory to France as conqueror and as ruler.

On January 1, 1813, at the Emperor's New Year's day reception, Philip saw only the greatness and glory of Napoleon. Alike at review and fête that ushered in that disastrous year for France, this optimistic and vivacious young page was full of boastfulness as to the Emperor's invincibility and "the Emperor's luck."

France was arming again. Almost drained of men for the struggle with Russia, she was now preparing herself anew for a death-grapple with all Europe. Old men and young men, veterans and boys, filled the ranks. The shattered regiments were refilled. The Young Guard, drawn from the freshest blood of France, was formed into squadrons and battalions in blue; and Napoleon, looking at his new fighting-men that France had given him, cried with pleasure as they passed in review before him: "Ah, with these one may conquer every one and everywhere!"

The Emperor was continually on the go in those busy days. And so, too, was Philip. For the page, growing in strength and favor, was constantly in attendance on the Emperor at the palaces, in the city, at the hunt, and in the home apartments.

Here, on a certain day, as he was helping the Emperor put on his coat of green and gold, Philip overheard Napoleon say to his confidant the Marshal of the Palace: "To-morrow we hunt at Grosbois, Duroc. We must keep moving. I must be active, so that the newspapers will talk of it, and the English, who say I am sick, will see that they lie. Sick! I never was better, Duroc. But I am getting too fat, my friend, and action makes one thinner. Have patience. I will soon show Europe that I am the healthiest man alive."

There was no doubt as to the truth of this statement. The Emperor was growing fat. The thin and sickly-looking conqueror of Arcola and Marengo had grown into the fat and "well-groomed" lord of the land; and even Philip's loyalty could not deny that some day his hero and idol might be even as fat as Uncle Fauriel. But he hoped not.

Philip was glad of the hunting at Grosbois, and he was on hand betimes next morning when, with but a few attendants, the Emperor rode toward the barriers, on his way to join the Empress and certain of the court at Grosbois, the estate of Prince Berthier, near Melun, some thirty miles from Paris.

As they rode along the crowded Street of the Suburb of St. Anthony, Philip saw a boy not much older than himself spring from the watching crowd straight in the Emperor's path.

"Is it, then, an assassination?" Philip asked himself. "The Emperor is in danger!" And, quick as thought, he sprang from his horse and seized the boy's arm.

But the Emperor said: "Hold, then, young Desnouettes! What do you wish, you boy?"

"My freedom!" cried the boy. "See! your boy-stealers have drawn me to fight against the Cossacks. What do I care for the Cossacks? My old mother is more to me. What do I care for your throne? My home is dearer. My mother needs me more than you do. If I go, she starves. If I am killed, she dies. Hands off, palace-cub, Nicholas-dog!" he cried to Philip. "I do not seek to kill this Bonaparte. I would kill no one. I would keep my skin for my mother. I am a Paris boy, and too good to feed Russian wolves!"

The police made a dash at this boy who braved the Emperor; but from the crowd came threatening cries: "Touch him not, prison-sheep!" "Yah! Bonaparte!—Nicholas!—give us peace! We have had fighting enough!"

The police faced the crowd. The Emperor sat calm and immovable. Then, with a rush such as is known only to Paris mobs, the crowd made a dash for the prisoner. The police were forced off; Philip was rolled over in the mud, and when he struggled to his feet the boy was gone, while cries of delight and derision came from the victorious crowd. There had been a rescue, and the conscript had been smuggled away by his friends.

And still the Emperor sat immovable. This

was a new experience for him. But it was not his policy, just now, to antagonize the people. His success depended upon their agreeing to his demands.

"Let the boy go," he said. "The fools do not know what they want. A mob is but a pig, and you police — bah! you are imbeciles. To horse, my page; ride on, gentlemen! And you,"— this to the discomfited police,— "let not this thing happen again."

So they rode on to Grosbois — the "great wood" where was the villa of Prince Berthier, that dragoon captain who had fought for American freedom under Lafayette, had defended King Louis of France in the days of the Terror, and had helped Bonaparte win his way to a throne. And there they hunted the boar that January afternoon, and Philip had a glorious time.

But once, when the prickers had driven the big boar straight toward the imperial spear, Philip was surprised to see the Emperor, forgetful of the sport, with his head bent and his reins slack on his horse's neck, lost in thought.

"On guard, Sire!" cried the page. "The pig will escape you." And, fearing this, he dashed forward to head off the beast and drive him back for the Emperor's spear.

"Eh? So, boy! I was thinking. I had the Prussians cornered. Kill the pig yourself."

Philip sought to do this; but his horse turned sharply; the boar, darting between the horse's legs, disconcerted the steed; it snorted, reared, and plunged, and over on his head went Monsieur the Page. The boar turned to charge, and the Emperor, now aroused from his reverie, at once saw the boy's danger. Spurring his horse to the spot, with an expert plunge of the spear he ran the boar through, just as its murderous tusks were within an ace of the prostrate page.

"Why, Philip; why, boy!" cried the Emperor; "your training at Alfort must have been poor. Can you not keep your saddle? How can you expect to ride to the front in a cavalry charge?"

Philip rose, feeling very small indeed. Thrown by a mob! Thrown by a pig! This was not exactly a day of laurels for Monsieur the Page. But the Emperor cried gaily: "'T is the fortune of war, young Desnouettes! Up and try it again!" and, much chagrined, Philip mounted his horse and dropped behind the Emperor.

Next morning the talk at the grand breakfast in the castle of Grosbois was all of the hunt for that day. Horses and huntsmen were in readiness when, suddenly, the Emperor sprung a surprise upon the company.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we shall not hunt to-day. We ride to Fontainebleau."

"To Fontainebleau, Sire!" cried the ladies, in dismay. "To Fontainebleau? Why, we have only our hunting-dresses with us!"

"I weep for you, ladies," said the Emperor, in mock sympathy; "but such are my plans. The Holy Father will, I am sure, excuse your hunting-dress. Boy Philip, is the post-chaise ready for me?"

"It waits in the court, Sire," Philip replied.

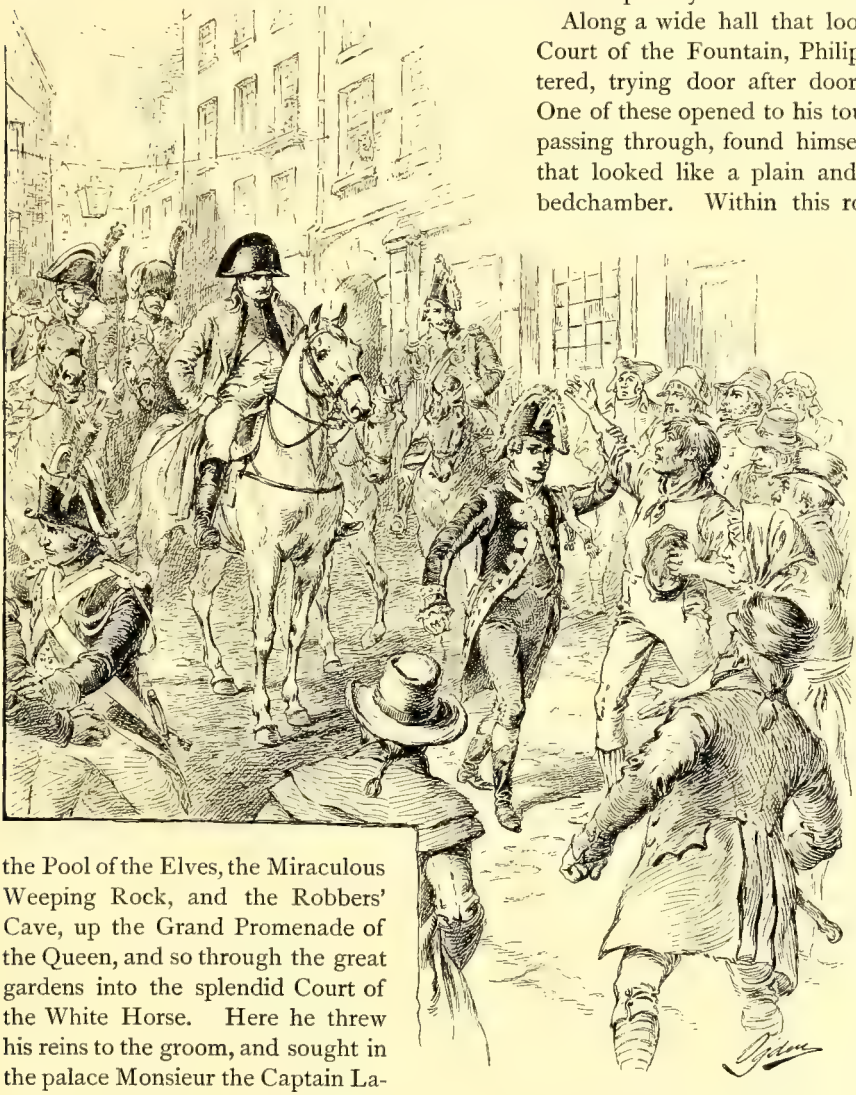
"Good," said the Emperor. "Do you, then, mount your horse and gallop on ahead to the palace. Tell Monsieur the Chamberlain that I shall be there within the hour. But let him on no account acquaint the Holy Father of my coming. Now then, off with speed! Ride on, boy; ride on!"

It was well that Philip had snatched a hasty bite to eat that morning with the chief page of Prince Berthier. Otherwise he would have gone breakfastless. For he was on his horse in an instant, galloping through the forest to the palace at Fontainebleau, where, for more than a year, the Emperor had held a close prisoner that Pope of Rome known as Pius the Seventh.

The quarrel between the Emperor and the Pope has no bearing on our story. Suffice it to say that when Napoleon assumed the sovereignty of Italy he took away from the Pope what is known as his temporal power — the right to rule the States of the Church as a landed prince. And when that spirited old Pontiff objected to Napoleon's ways, the Emperor stole him bodily — first from Rome, and then from Savona, until finally he shut the Pope up in this palace of Fontainebleau until such time as the Holy Father would yield to the imperial will. This the Pope refused to do; and, living the life of a recluse in that great gilded palace, he had come to be known to men as the Prisoner of Fontainebleau.

Through the crisp winter's morning Philip

rode on to Fontainebleau. Into the wide forest he galloped, on under its great leafless trees, on past the meadows, lawns, and cliffs that make the forest of Fontainebleau one of the world's picture-spots, on past the Cross of the Specter Huntsmen, the Gorge of the Wolf, the Pool of the Elves, the Miraculous Weeping Rock, and the Robbers' Cave, up the Grand Promenade of the Queen, and so through the great gardens into the splendid Court of the White Horse. Here he threw his reins to the groom, and sought in the palace Monsieur the Captain Lagrosse of the Imperial Guard, who, while really the jailer, posed as the chamberlain of the Prisoner of Fontainebleau.



NAPOLEON DENOUNCED BY THE MOB.

Philip delivered his message. At once there was the bustle of preparation. Not for a year and more had the Emperor or his court been seen at the great palace.

Philip, left to his own devices, wandered through the splendid building, prying into the magnificent rooms, in which kings and queens had held high festival in days gone by, and wondering, boy-like, as he peeped and pried, in just what rooms the captive Pope of Rome lived in priestly state.

Along a wide hall that looked out upon the Court of the Fountain, Philip strolled and loitered, trying door after door in his curiosity. One of these opened to his touch, and the page, passing through, found himself in a little room that looked like a plain and poorly furnished bedchamber. Within this room a slight and pleasant-faced man sat, busy with needle and thread, mending a pair of breeches.

"Eh, there! Grandfather," cried the heedless page. "I knew no one was here. Can you tell me, you now, where one might see the prisoner?"

"The prisoner, my son?" the old man repeated, looking at the boy in gentle inquiry.

"Yes — I mean the Pope, the Pope Pius," explained Philip; "he whom men call the Prisoner of Fontainebleau."

"I am that unfortunate, my son," said the old man, rising. "What would you with me? Speak. I am the Pope."

"You the Pope! You — and in this mean little room — mending old clothes like that!

Oh, forgive me! I — I did not know —" and down on his knees before this sweet-faced old man dropped the prying page, now deeply mortified at his heedlessness of speech and act.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOR FRANCE!

AT that moment a voice was heard in the outer room; then followed the sound of swinging doors and hurrying feet.

The Pope, living in an atmosphere of uncertainty, gave quick ear to the disturbance. He drew away his hand from the head of the kneeling boy, and looked with anxious inquiry into Philip's upturned face. Did this boy's presence, this sudden noise of intrusion, mean a new danger for him? Recollections flashed across him of how that very room in which he sat had, long years ago, been the apartment of that stanch Archbishop Thomas à Becket, whom an English king had murdered at the very altar. He stood erect, defiance and resignation curiously mingled in his face.

Philip, too, sprang to his feet.

"It is the Emperor!" he cried.

"The Emperor?—here?" echoed Pope Pius. He strode to the door and flung it open. There, in the opposite doorway, stood his persecutor and his opponent. But not as a foeman nor an assassin did the great Emperor appear. Instead, his broad, handsome face beamed with friendship; from eyes and lips sprang the smiles of welcome and good will. Crossing the Pope's antechamber, he almost ran, with extended arms, to where in the open doorway stood the startled Pope, with the troubled page behind him.

Napoleon flung his arms about the Pontiff.

"My father!" he cried, and kissed him on the cheek.

"My son!" the Pope responded, tenderly but with dignity, and returned the embrace.

Pope Pius saw the man whom, ten years before, he had anointed Emperor of the French; Napoleon saw the man from whose hands he had received the imperial crown, and whom it was now his policy to reconcile.

For nearly ten days the court remained at Fontainebleau, and when Napoleon rode back to Paris he had accomplished what his surprise-party to the Pope was intended to bring about.

As for Philip, he experienced for days no little uncertainty and chagrin, although he managed, of course, to have a good time at Fontainebleau.

He had not made a dazzling success of himself, however, on this semi-official outing. He had been tumbled into the mud when he had tried to protect the Emperor from a fancied assassination; he had been flung heels over head and almost disabled on the hunting-field, when he had the chance to show his valor and his skill; he had intruded most unwarrantably upon the privacy of a Pope, and used language of which he was ashamed. Certainly, as a page of the palace he had displayed an ability for blundering into scrapes, in which only his loyalty and the Emperor's favor saved him from ridicule and a scolding.

The Emperor saw this, too. For, one day, standing in the gorgeous vestibule that led to the private apartments of the Emperor, Philip was suddenly accosted by Napoleon.

"Well, my Philip," the Emperor said, "you look tall enough to be a man. How old now, you boy?"

"Seventeen next August, Sire," said the page.

"Within the legal age for conscription, eh?" queried the Emperor. "And smart and sound enough, although something of a blunderer. We must find active service for you. Sometimes you appear to be more a bull in a china-shop than a quiet page of the palace. But you do your best, you boy; you do your best. We must put your overflow of spirits to better service for France."

For France! That was the Emperor's one thought now; that, too, was Philip's desire, and he hailed with delight the promise of a change of duty.

But when Philip told the old Keeper what good fortune awaited him, Citizen Daunou said solemnly: "The Emperor has yet to learn the grandeur of victory that comes through peace. Heaven send he may not learn it at the cost of his crown, his country, and his life!"

Pierre, the young inspector of police, was becoming a frequent visitor at the house of the

Keeper of the Archives, who, like the good republican he was, disdained the distinctions of rank and of title, if only men were true at heart, and at Mademoiselle's salon welcomed all his friends on equal footing and with equal good will. After Philip had gone, Pierre remained to see their host alone.

Pierre beckoned the old Keeper aside.

"I have found something, Citizen Daunou," he said, "that for nearly two years I have been hunting down — at the Emperor's request, mark you. Only to-day did I unearth what may be the thing I seek. I found it — well, no need to tell you where. Enough that I have found it. Will you read it, Citizen? See if you can fit it to anything you have."

Citizen Daunou took from Pierre's hand the piece of paper the inspector held out to him. It was a frayed and dingy slip, yellow with age, and with the appearance of having been torn, years before, from a larger document. The old man adjusted his spectacles, and read the words upon the slip. They were not many, but they seemed to startle him. He gave a glance of rapid inquiry at Pierre. Then he read the lines again.

"Why! What is it?" he said. "This is most singular. This is — my faith! Pierre, it may be — it *is* the missing record! And you found it — where?"

Pierre shrugged his shoulders. "That is my affair, Citizen. Does it tell you anything?"

Did it not, though? For this is what good Citizen Daunou read on that frayed and dingy bit of paper:

". . . —izen Jules Marcel of the Street of the Straight Wall, to bring up as good patriots and as children of the Republic."

"Marcel? Marcel? Jules Marcel?" mused Citizen Daunou, tapping his forehead. "Why, that was the husband of Mademoiselle's nurse. He was a sansculotte. And from her must have come — A light! A light! Pierre! I see a light! And the Emperor said I was but an owl! I was, my faith! I was. Will you give me this, lad? I must study it out, and think it over. And — why is it with you?"

"The Emperor's commission, Citizen," said the boy inspector. "He said to me, 'Find this out for me.' And I have found it."

"Have you shown it to him yet?" asked Citizen Daunou.

"No, Citizen," Pierre replied; "for have you not the rest of the paper?"

"To be sure; so I have — at the Archives," the Keeper admitted. "Let me but fit the pieces together, and unravel the tangled threads. I must study it out with certainty. Trust me, you shall have all the glory of the find, my Pierre."

"Oh, as for that, my friend," — another shrug, — "if it solves the riddle, and does those we know a service, it is glory enough for me. It is my life — such things as this, Citizen."

There was no doubt that Pierre's cleverness had brought about an important result. But so, too, had Philip's loyalty led to results equally important in that young patriot's estimation. For one bright day in March, as he awaited in the Tuileries garden the pleasure of good Madame de Montesquiou, the governess of the little King of Rome, he spied the Emperor pacing the path, head bent, and hands behind his back — his best-remembered attitude.

"So, Monsieur the Page, are you there?" he said. "I have been thinking of you. Almost seventeen, eh? And here is all France rallying around the eagles. It is Young France's opportunity for glory. It shall be yours. And you — you, my Philip," he went on eagerly; "look now! You are nearly seventeen. You are sturdy and strong. Sometimes you play the fool, but you are true-hearted and faithful. You know the ways of palaces. You can read; you can write; you can ride; you can draw plans; you can foot up figures; you can obey orders quickly and with brains. You are too good for a private soldier, or even a sub-lieutenant; you are not good enough for a captain or a private secretary. You shall join my new flying squadron of field secretaries — my unofficial aides-de-camp. You shall go to the wars with me as one of my new officers of ordonnance."

"Oh, Sire! in that splendid uniform of blue and silver?" cried the page.

"Hear the boy!" laughed the Emperor, tweaking the page's ear. "I give him a chance

for glory, and he chatters about his uniform. Look, your Majesty," and he pulled Philip toward the little King's carriage, once again in his path, "here 's a fellow who thinks more of his rig-out of blue and silver than of France and the Emperor. What can your Majesty make of such a dandy?"



THE EMPEROR SAVES PHILIP FROM THE BOAR.

"No, no, Sire; do not say that!" Philip protested, flushed with excitement and pleasure. "But you quite took away my breath with your kindness. I have never dreamed of anything so glorious. And I? Hear me, Sire! I will serve you faithfully."

"I believe you will try, boy Philip—boy no longer, now," the Emperor said kindly. "See that you keep that promise. And remember! It is not for me, but for France, that you labor. For France, the mother of us all."

There were others besides Philip to stand up for France; to shed their blood for France; to conquer, even to die, for the glory of France. But there were others, forced to serve in the great army of three hundred thousand men which as if by magic had risen from the earth at the Emperor's command, who were drilling and marching against their will, and only because of the strong arm of military despotism. There were many who might willingly fight for France, but not for the Emperor. The nation desired peace, the Emperor commanded war; and many followed his eagles against their will.

But let justice be done Napoleon.

"I desire peace," he said at the opening of that battle-spring of 1813. "It is necessary to the world. But I will never make any peace which is not honorable and in conformity with the greatness of my Empire. Our enemies seek the disruption of the Empire. They proclaim universal war. I will conquer them, and bring peace through victory, and give greatness and glory to France."

So, bent on his purpose, the Emperor hastened his preparations for war. The Empress was made Regent of France, to reign in his absence and in his name; and, rank upon rank, the battalions in blue marched toward the Prussian frontier.

On April 15, 1813, Napoleon left St. Cloud to take command of his assembled armies.



"'WHAT CAN YOUR MAJESTY MAKE OF SUCH A DANDY?'" (SEE PAGE 692.)

Philip was to accompany him. The boy was full of confidence and hope, and so inspired his friends with his bright enthusiasm that even Uncle Fauriel gave the lad his blessing, while Mademoiselle went into ecstasies over his fine appearance, and Corporal Peyrolles was sure "his boy" would return a marshal at least.

At the Tuileries the Emperor joined his staff and his escort of the Guard. There Philip was to join him, and there, on the morning of that momentous fifteenth of April, the boy ordonnance-officer reported for duty.

Thither had come Pierre and Peyrolles to bid him good-by; and, with Uncle Fauriel as escort, thither came Mademoiselle, bravely smiling through her tears.

The Emperor, in his well-known green uniform and famous cocked hat, appeared in the portal of the palace; the last good-bys were being said; and, now that the time for separation had actually come, Philip and Mademoiselle felt just a trifle awkward.

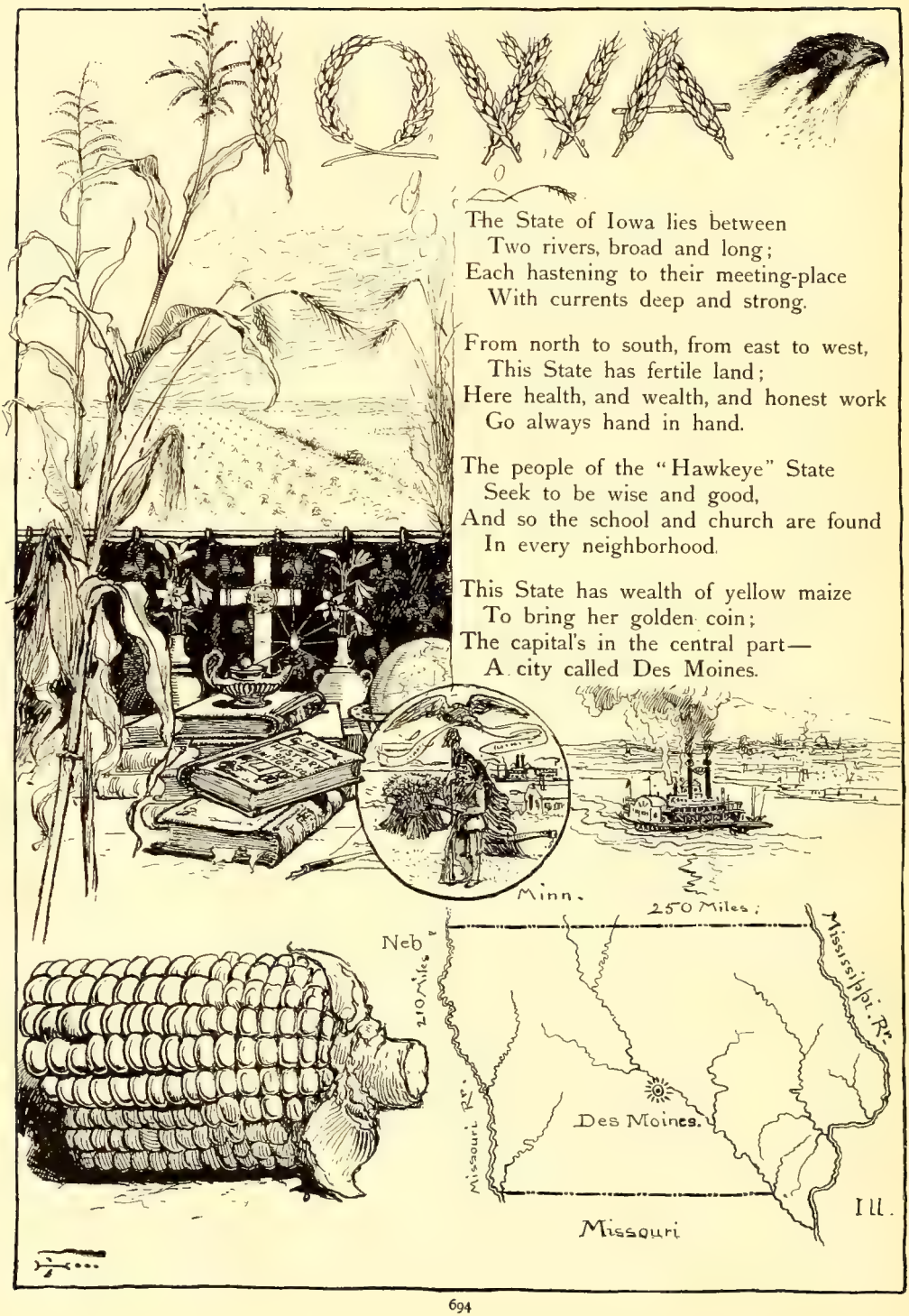
Even the Emperor had an eye for this little scene, and was on the point of making some characteristic remark, when through the crowd burst Citizen Daunou, his chapeau awry, his white hair all about his ears.

Excited and unceremonious, he cried out as soon as he found the little group, "It fits, Sire! The paper fits. I am an owl no longer. Embrace our Philip, Mademoiselle. It is your right. Bid him God-speed for France! I have made a discovery! You are not Mademoiselle Daunou, as you thought; nor Lucie Marcel, as I thought when I adopted you as my daughter from the home of the sansculotte. Embrace our Philip, Mademoiselle. It is your duty, I say. For you are Mademoiselle Lucie Desnouettes. You are of the best blood of France. And Philip — Philip is your brother!"

(To be continued.)

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By Garrett Newkirk.



The State of Iowa lies between
Two rivers, broad and long;
Each hastening to their meeting-place
With currents deep and strong.

From north to south, from east to west,
This State has fertile land;
Here health, and wealth, and honest work
Go always hand in hand.

The people of the "Hawkeye" State
Seek to be wise and good,
And so the school and church are found
In every neighborhood.

This State has wealth of yellow maize
To bring her golden coin;
The capital's in the central part—
A city called Des Moines.

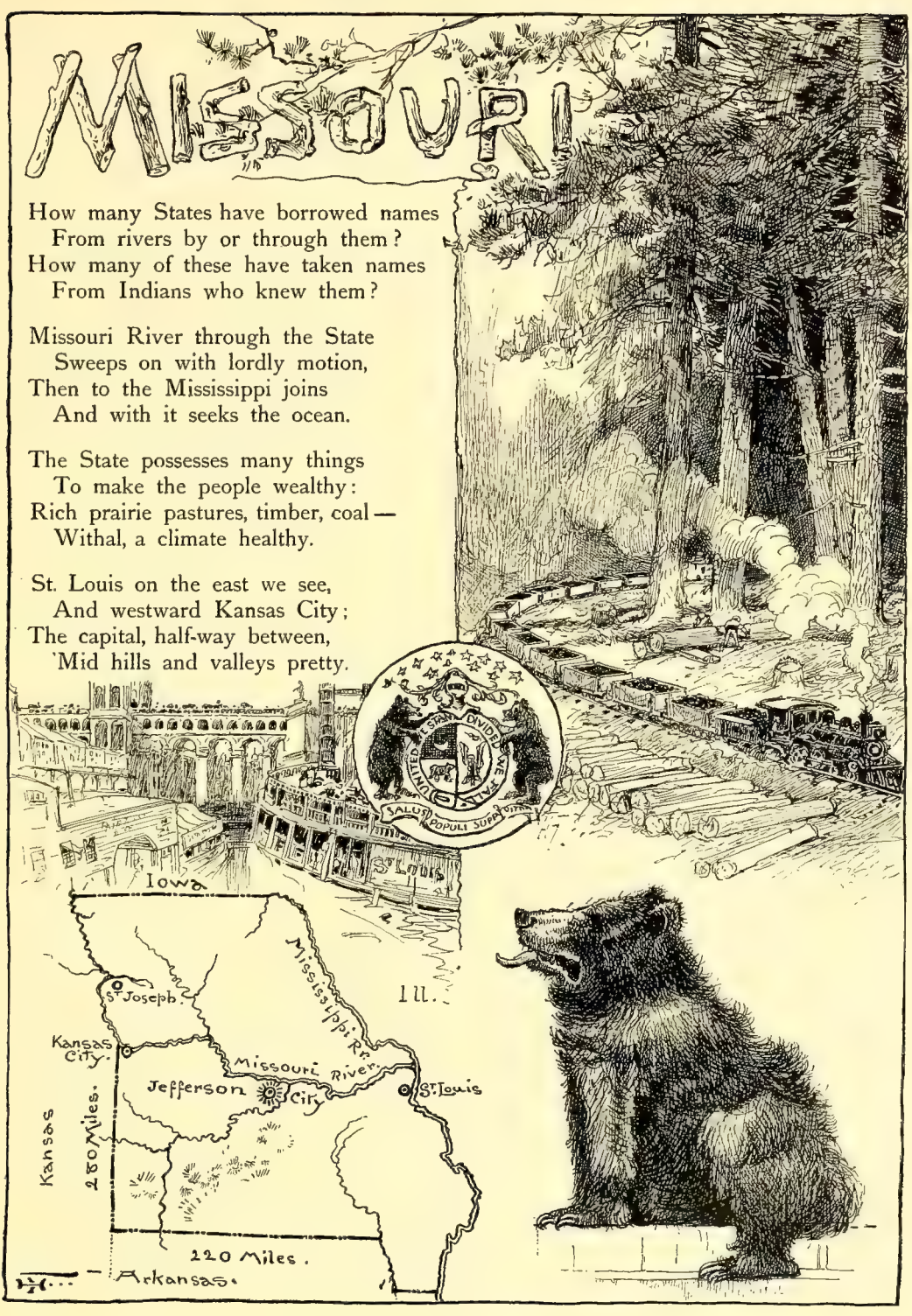
MISSOURI

How many States have borrowed names
From rivers by or through them?
How many of these have taken names
From Indians who knew them?

Missouri River through the State
Sweeps on with lordly motion,
Then to the Mississippi joins
And with it seeks the ocean.

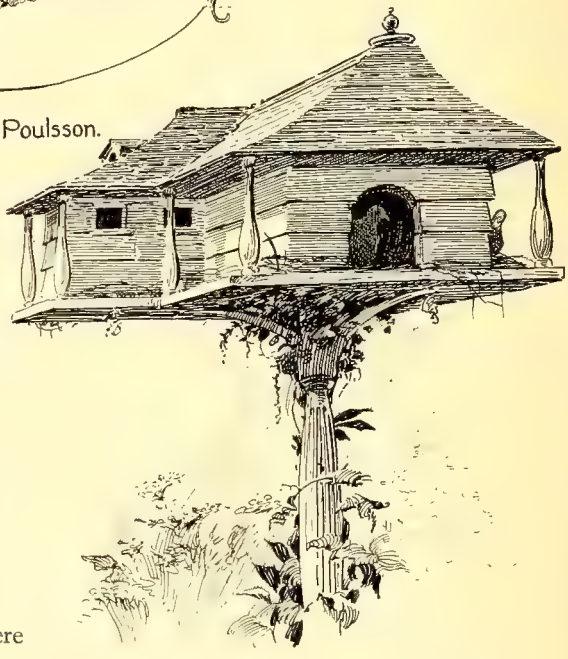
The State possesses many things
To make the people wealthy:
Rich prairie pastures, timber, coal—
Withal, a climate healthy.

St. Louis on the east we see,
And westward Kansas City;
The capital, half-way between,
'Mid hills and valleys pretty.



The Pigeons.

By Emilie Poulsson.



THESE are the eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.

This is the nest where the eggs were found —
The pretty white eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.



This is the pigeon with soft gray breast
Who sat all day on the loose straw nest —
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found —
Her own little eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.

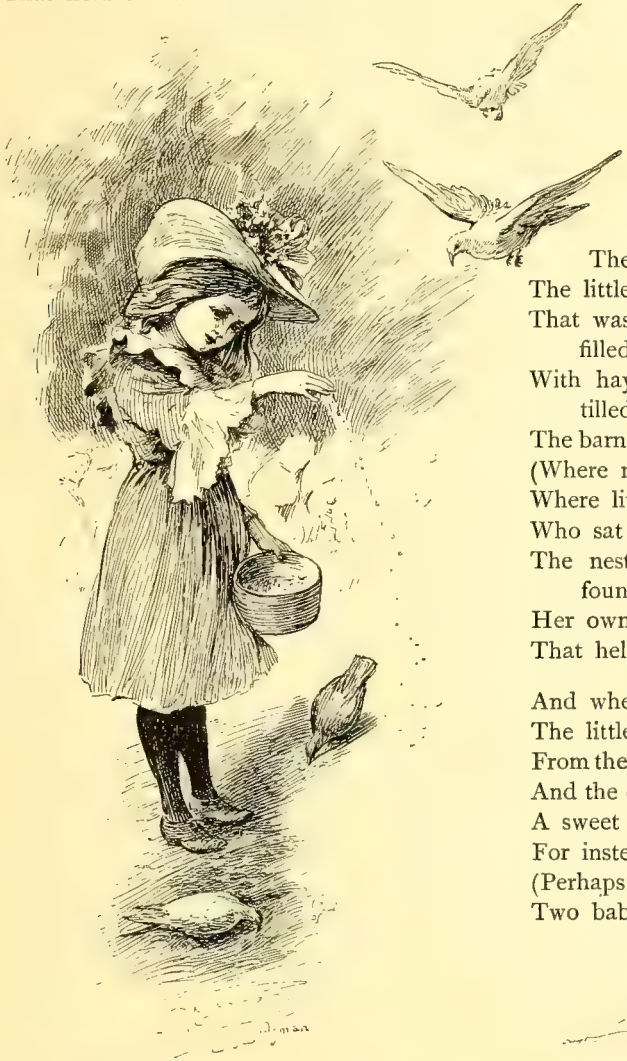


This is the pigeon-house safe and high
(Where never a prowling cat could pry)
Where lived the pigeon with soft gray breast
Who sat all day on the loose straw nest —
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found —
Her own little eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.

This is the barn which the farmer had filled
With hay and grain from the fields he had tilled —
The barn near which stood the pigeon-house high
(Where never a prowling cat could pry) —
Where lived the pigeon with soft gray breast
Who sat all day on the loose straw nest —
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found —
Her own little eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.

This is the bin full of corn so good,
The little gray pigeon's favorite food,
That was in the barn which the farmer had filled
With hay and grain from the fields he had tilled —
The barn near which stood the pigeon-house high
(Where never a prowling cat could pry) —
Where lived the pigeon with soft gray breast
Who sat all day on the loose straw nest —
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found —
Her own little eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.

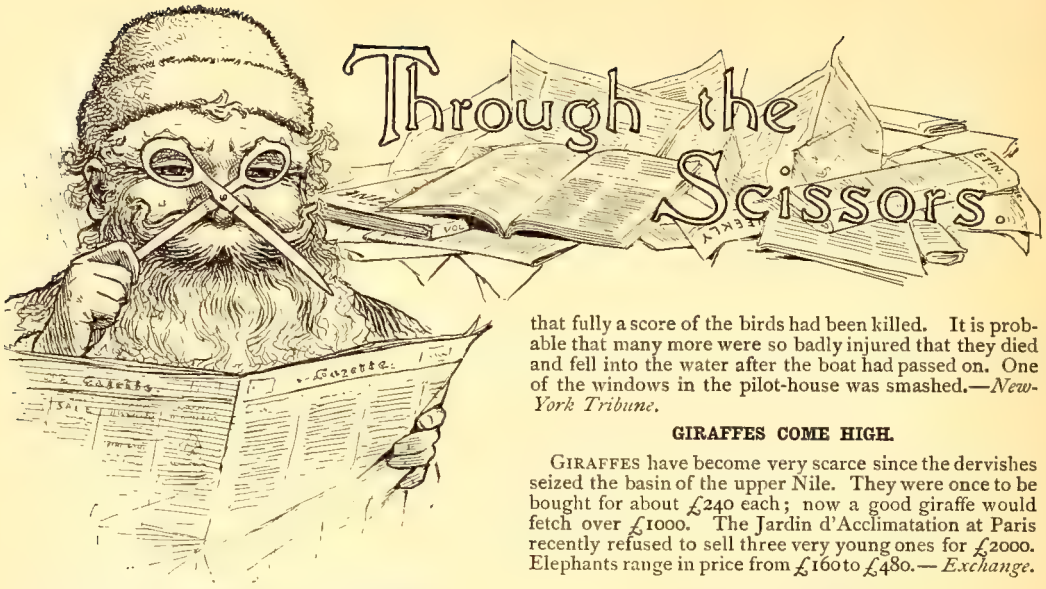




This is the child so thoughtful and kind
Who went to the bin the corn to find —
The bin full of corn so yellow and good,
The little gray pigeon's favorite food,
That was in the barn which the farmer had filled
With hay and grain from the fields he had tilled —
The barn near which was the pigeon-house high
(Where never a prowling cat could pry) —
Where lived the pigeon with soft gray breast
Who sat all day on the loose straw nest —
The nest where the pretty white eggs were found —
Her own little eggs so smooth and round
That held the wonderful secret.

And when the child threw the corn about,
The little gray pigeon came fluttering out
From the door of the pigeon-house safe and high,
And the child heard a faint little cooing cry —
A sweet little, wee little murmuring sound:
For instead of the eggs so smooth and round
(Perhaps the wonderful secret you 've guessed)
Two baby pigeons were in the nest!





THE GOOD MANNERS OF THE ELEPHANT.

WHILE visiting the "Zoo" some time ago, I took my children to see the elephant, and to give them a ride. After the ride I waited to give the elephant a bun, and, to make him say "Please," said, "Salaam kuro"—that is, "Make a salaam." The animal looked at me hard for some time, with the bun in my hand; at last memory came to his help, and up went his trunk, and he made a most correct "salaam." The keeper seemed very much surprised, and asked me what it meant. I told him it was a point of good manners for an elephant to raise his trunk up to his forehead if any one was going to feed him, and that frequently elephants will ask in this polite manner for something when they see any one pass by who is likely to feed them.

The keeper assured me he had never seen the elephant do this before,—and, if I remember rightly, he had been in charge of the animal since it arrived from India,—and that it was one of those which took part in the grand procession at Agra when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales visited India. There I doubtless saw it. For seventeen years this animal had never heard these words, and had always taken his food without this mark of good manners; but now I dare say the keeper makes him remember his youthful good training, and the little children will see on their visits to the "Zoo" this instance of "always say please."—*Exchange.*

DUCKS STRUCK THE SEARCH-LIGHT.

BRIDGEPORT, March 2.—The officers of the steamer "Nutmeg State," plying between this city and New York, had a fine dinner of wild duck yesterday. On Wednesday, when the steamer left this city at midnight, Captain Wilcox noticed that a flock of ducks hovered around the boat. When off Penfield Reef ice was found floating in the Sound in large quantities, and the search-light was turned on. A short time afterward Captain Wilcox heard a great flapping of wings, and by the rays of the powerful light saw a large flock of ducks circle again and again around the boat. Suddenly they turned and darted straight toward the light.

They struck the thick glass of the search-light and the iron box surrounding it, the pilot-house and the smoke-stack. The passengers were awakened, and many came on deck. When the excitement was over it was found that fully a score of the birds had been killed. It is probable that many more were so badly injured that they died and fell into the water after the boat had passed on. One of the windows in the pilot-house was smashed.—*New-York Tribune.*

GIRAFFES COME HIGH.

GIRAFFES have become very scarce since the dervishes seized the basin of the upper Nile. They were once to be bought for about £240 each; now a good giraffe would fetch over £1000. The Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris recently refused to sell three very young ones for £2000. Elephants range in price from £160 to £480.—*Exchange.*

GOLD NUGGETS.

THE largest nugget found in North Carolina weighed 80 pounds. The largest ever found in Siberia weighed 96 pounds and 4 ounces. The largest piece of gold ever found in Colorado weighed 13 pounds, and this was by no means pure gold. The largest ever found in the world was in Australia in 1852, and was known as the King of the Water Moon nugget. It weighed 223 pounds and 4 ounces, and was worth about $40,000.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

UNCLE SAM'S BIG FARM.

A CALIFORNIA writer states that the whole of our sixty-five millions of people could dwell in the three States of California, Nebraska, and Kansas without producing a greater density of population than there is in Japan, England, or several other countries. In the two Chinese provinces of Kiang-Su and Ngan-Hui, the area of which is but two thirds as large as that of California, there are over sixty millions who find the means of life.—*Exchange.*

AMERICA'S OLDEST TOWN.

IT has been generally conceded that St. Augustine, Fla., is the oldest white settlement in the United States, having been founded by Melendez in the year 1565; but there is evidence to show that the town of Tucson, in Arizona, antedates St. Augustine by at least thirteen years. In the year 1552 their Catholic Majesties Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain issued a charter to and for the pueblo of Tucson, which, after having been mislaid for a matter of three hundred years or more, has recently been discovered among the archives of the Church of San Xavier del Bac, which is situated about ten miles below the present town of Tucson.

Accompanying the charter of the pueblo of Tucson is an account, written in the handwriting of Padre Marco Niza, of the founding of the pueblo. Padre Niza was a Jesuit who accompanied the expedition organized in the City of Mexico for the exploration of Arizona and New Mexico, under the charge of Coronado, the function of the worthy padre having been the Christianizing of the natives and the recording of the progress and exploits of the expedition. If his account is to be received as historical,—and every presumption is in its favor,—a church was founded at San Xavier del Bac, and a small town

begun to support and protect the church, on the site of the Indian village of Tucson, the name having been preserved until the present day.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

AS TO EARLY RISING.

BOYHOOD owes a debt of gratitude to *The British Medical Journal*, which, in one of its recent issues, explodes the popular belief with regard to early rising. This leading medical authority takes the part of the sleepy youth against his wakeful parents. We learn now that it is natural and proper for elderly people to rise at 5 or 6 A. M., because their vascular system has become stiff; but that it is equally natural and proper for the healthy boy to keep his bed till 8. Henceforth boys must deny themselves such violent delights as rising with the lark, and their elders must cease encouraging them in so vicious a practice. The early worm may be all very well for the early-rising parent, if his tastes lie in that direction; but there are more palatable articles of food at the disposal of the boy who gets up later in the day, which derive additional savor from the conviction that by lying abed he has done justice to his vascular system. It is a great thing to have a vascular system—especially for boys.—*New-York Tribune.*

EAGLE AND RAVEN.

A Curious Battle in the Air Ended by a Charge of Buckshot.

SCRANTON, PA.

MR. LUTHER T. WALLING, of Bradford County, went into the North Mountain region of Sullivan County a few days ago to hunt deer with a party of Lackawanna Valley sportsmen. When they had established their camp the hunters made an agreement not to fire at anything but deer, the penalty for breaking the rule being a fine of $5.

While standing on a runway the second day, Mr. Walling's attention was attracted to a fierce battle in mid-air directly over the ravine, and the fight became so interesting that he forgot all about deer for the time.

The winged belligerents were an eagle and a raven. Apparently the eagle had started to fly from one mountain-top to another, and had been attacked by the raven before it had gone far. The eagle had a bird in its claws, and it was evident that the raven was trying to make it drop its prey. When Mr. Walling caught sight of the warring birds, the raven had the best of the fight. It dived and struck the eagle on the back a number of times, the eagle contenting itself with shooting out at the raven with its bill, but failing to hit it.

At length the raven worried the eagle to such an extent that the latter arose in the air with great swiftness, far above its tormentor, and then dived toward it with the speed of a meteor. The raven understood the eagle's tactics perfectly, for it evaded the fatal stroke just in the nick of time, and the eagle swooped to within 200 feet of the ground before it curved for another upward flight. At that moment the pugnacious raven struck it again, and once more the eagle arose high in the air and made another futile dart at the raven. This was repeated seven or eight times with a like result.

Then the raven clawed a mass of feathers from the eagle's back, and after another race skyward and downward, the eagle, seeming to have got enough of the battle, started to wing its way to the opposite mountain-top. It still clung to its prey, and the raven, which was as full of fight as ever, renewed the attack so furiously that the eagle was compelled to change its mind about seeking shelter in the timber. It fought the raven off until the battle-field was in about the same point of the sky that the fight had begun, or almost directly over the spot where Mr. Walling was standing in the bushes.

While witnessing the battle it occurred to Mr. Walling that the hunting-party had been talking about the difficulty of shooting ravens the night before. One of the sportsmen had said that he would give $10 for a perfect specimen of a raven to put in his collection of stuffed birds; and the remembrance of that fact caused Mr. Walling to make up his mind to shoot at the raven, even if he had to sacrifice his chance of killing a deer.

So the next time the raven dived at the eagle, Mr. Walling fired at it with a charge of buckshot. Both birds tumbled into the briers a few rods away, and both were dead when Mr. Walling reached them. The raven, which was as large as three ordinary crows, had been killed by a buckshot under its left wing, and its skin was in perfect condition for the taxidermist. The eagle, a large bald one, had a red-tailed hawk in its talons when it died with three buckshot in its body.

Instead of resuming his watch on the runway, Mr. Walling trudged back to camp at once with his feathered game. When his fellow-sportsmen returned, he sold the raven for $10, paid the penalty for shooting at something besides deer, and put $5 in his pocket.—*New-York Sun.*

HOW FAR DO BEES FLY FROM THE HIVE?

MANY authors have attempted to answer this question, but none have succeeded. Theoretically, the solution has been attempted by counting the number of wing-beats per second, and from that to guess the distance the bees fly from their hives. The results have differed widely, varying from two to twelve English miles. According to Professor Marey's "graphic method," the bees make 190 wing-beats per second. His method consists in fastening a bee in such a way that its wings are free to move, one of them touching lightly a rotating cylinder covered with a smooth and lightly blackened paper. Professor Landois, who has studied the sound-apparatus of many animals, thinks, from the pitch of the sounds made by the vibrating wings, that they move to and fro at the rate of 400 vibrations per second—more than double Marey's results.

According to Professor Marey's figures, 190 wing-beats per second would bring the bee over a distance of one English mile per minute. If Professor Landois is right, the distance would be two miles. According to these estimates, it will not be far from the truth to say that bees fly about thirty English miles an hour, or that, during an absence of twenty minutes from the hive, they fly about ten to twelve miles. Most observers, however, are inclined to think that the bees do not fly more than eighteen to twenty miles an hour, because the wing-beats of a bee in freedom and under the observer's instrument are not the same. Every one has observed the comparatively slow flight of the bee when returning home, loaded with honey and pollen. Practical examination shows that experiments of this kind are not entirely reliable. Better results are obtained by observing bees in districts where bees never before were found, or by introducing yellow bees where only gray or brown ones are known, or vice versa. In such cases it has been seen that the bees never went more than four to five English miles away, at the utmost. The usual distance was two miles. One instance is known where a bee-keeper on an island seven miles from the coast of Texas found that his bees went to the mainland for honey and pollen. A practical bee-keeper does not expect any great results from flower-fields three miles away. They should be no more than two miles away, in a straight line.—*Exchange.*

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

SINCE the publication of the article "The Last Voyage of the 'Constitution,'" in ST. NICHOLAS for February, we have received from two correspondents criticisms upon the story told about the jumping of the boy from the masthead. Certainly, it could not have been true in regard to Commodore Hull, as he had no children. One correspondent says that he has heard the incident told as occurring in the British navy at a period earlier than Hull's time. It is at least doubtful, also, whether any boy could make the leap described, so as to clear the sides of a ship as wide as the Constitution, unless the vessel was rolling. But the ballad beginning "Old Ironsides at anchor lay, in the harbor at Mahon," is so familiar to every school-boy that it may well excuse Mr. Benjamin for retelling the story there told of the Constitution, though the basis of the ballad is perhaps little more than a legend.

A "SAVANNAH READER" asks us to say that by the census taken in January, 1895, the city of Savannah, Georgia, showed a population of 62,279. These figures are of course later than were available for the "Rhymes of the States."

MARY A. G.— Please send your address again to the editor.

SALEM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letter from Witch City, though I have seen one from Boston, which is only seventeen miles from here.

Salem is the dearest old place in the world, *I* think. It has so many old buildings, tablets, and so on, with Baker's Island, Marblehead, and "The Willows" (all popular summer resorts), and two museums for amusements when others fail. "The Old Church" (the first church built in Massachusetts) is still standing, and is a funny little old place. The "Witch House" is also standing, and there are people living there. "Gallows Hill" (the hill where the gallows stood in "Witch Times") is on the road to Peabody, which is quite near here.

At the latter place the citizens are about to celebrate the birth of George Peabody, after whom the town was named. He founded the great Peabody Institute.

There is a great deal I could write about Peabody, but I will leave that for another time.

Salem is the birthplace of Hawthorne, the great author who wrote "The House of the Seven Gables," and many other romances. The same house is still standing, and somebody lives there.

In closing my description of Salem, I will add that Marblehead is a popular summer resort, and in its harbor fishing, boating, and racing are carried on quite extensively. I remain your admiring friend and reader,

ETHEL G. H——.

TAUNTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two neighbors who live next to each other. We take your delightful magazine, and spend many happy hours poring over your entertaining articles. We are very much interested in "Brownies." We had a "Brownie" entertainment here in town this season. The principal characters were: Indian, Indian maiden, Uncle Sam, College Student, Sailor Boy, Dude, Toboggan Slider, and many others of less importance. They all were very nice, as each had some amusing thing to do or say, which made it very interesting. The part of the dude was taken by a pretty little brown-eyed girl who sang "I am a Dashing Brownie Swell, as You Can Plainly See," and acted it out. The Indian maiden was equally good, speaking a very nice piece. The part of the Sailor Boy was taken to perfection by a very small boy who sang a very appropriate song.

Herbie set a dozen and a half of bantam eggs last fall, and got two banties who are great pets.

Long life to the ST. NICHOLAS.

Ever your friends, BERTHA E. N——.
HERBERT R. E——.

AMARILLO, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We first commenced to take you in November, 1894. We enjoy you ever so much, and hope we can take you for many years.

I live in the "Panhandle." We have n't any trees here; we have to go three or four miles to see any trees. The people here have planted a few trees in town. The people of Amarillo have a good many picnics in the summer; they have them on the creeks or cañon. The cañon is a very interesting place; it is very large, and runs through a great many towns. I will give some of the names of parts of the cañon: The Lakes, Chalk Cañon, Whispering Cave, The Falls, and then there are parts that are not named, and parts that I do not know.

Your reader, FLORIEDE W——.

MONTREAL, P. Q.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a very nice uncle who lives in St. John, N. B. He sends me ST. NICHOLAS, and I like it very much; this will be the second year I have taken you. The story I like best is "Tom Sawyer Abroad"; I have read it twice.

I used to live in St. John, but came here last July, and, oh! I was so home-sick for dear old St. John. I did n't know any little girls here, and for two whole months I never got ST. NICHOLAS, and you don't know how lonesome the days were; at last, one morning, the postman brought me two numbers, and I was so glad to get them that I cried, for I just felt as if I had got one of my old St. John friends back again.

I like Montreal much better now than I did. I go to Miss Gardiner's school, and many of the girls there are very nice. We have lots of snow here, and papa takes us for such lovely sleigh-drives; and if you come up here I will get him to take you, too, and I am sure you would like it.

Believe me, dear ST. NICHOLAS, one of your Canadian friends, GWLADYS D——.

GLEBE HOUSE, ROCHDALE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fairly well acquainted with you, as I have had you for eight years, but have never written to you before. I am at school at Rugby. I don't

know if its routine would be interesting to you. We are waked at 6:30, and have to be in our places in the school chapel at 7. There is a short service till 7:15, and then first lesson till 8:15. Then we all separate to our various houses for breakfast. After breakfast there is usually about three quarters of an hour to ourselves. Then we have to prepare for second lesson, which is from 10:15 to 11:15; this does not apply to the whole school: some, those who learn chemistry, go in on their proper days from 9:15 to 10. Third lesson is either from 11:15 to 12:15, or 12:15 to 1:15—it depends on the form you are in, and what masters you are under. In the afternoon, the times vary considerably; I can't give you any proper notion of them. Fifth lesson is from 5 to 6. In the summer term, locking-up is at 7:30. Locking-up is, as its name implies, locking the house-doors, so that no one can get out. But in the Christmas term it gets gradually earlier and earlier, till it is at 4:30. This is on half-holidays only; on the others, of course, we are in school. We have three half-holidays a week. At 3 o'clock we have "calling over" in Old Big School (generally called "C. O."), and after that we go to our games. We have two racquet courts, and a good number of hand-fives courts.

The evenings of the days we have to ourselves, except that we have preparation for first lesson to do some time. For the middle school, and the lower, there is "preparation" from 7:30 to 9:15; and they prepare their work then.

As to holidays, we have eight or nine weeks at midsummer, and four at Christmas and Easter. When Easter falls on a certain date, however, we have five at Christmas and three at Easter, as we are having this year. I should like to know how we compare with your average school.

I think "Decatur and Somers" was a good story. Best wishes for good luck and long life from

B. H——.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though I have always been one of your warmest friends, I have never yet aspired to the dignity of seeing my letter in the "Letter-box."

By the post-mark you will see that I live in "The City of Groves and Bowers," and of course, as the capital of the United States, it is the best and most beautiful city in the world. With its wide, shady streets and stately houses, it can be spoken of only in the superlative degree.

Good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

NANNIE M. K——.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we have taken you six years I thought it would be nice to write you a letter. My father is an officer in the United States Navy. We live now at League Island Navy Yard, but we used to live at Annapolis, Maryland, aboard the old frigate the "Santee." There, my father was in charge of ships, and we went out in a steam-launch almost every day. Beside the Santee were the "Wyoming" and "Passaic" along the wharf. It was very interesting to watch the cadets practise in the rigging of the Wyoming. Here, we live in a house two miles from the city, near the water, opposite the marine barracks, where we can see the marines drill. Occasionally my father has a chance to take us to Cramp's shipyard, where were built the "Minneapolis" and the "Columbia," the two fastest cruisers afloat. It is great fun to see the men there—numbering about six thousand—go home to dinner. I liked best in the ST. NICHOLAS for April "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," and "Jack Ballister's Fortunes." I remain your devoted reader,

SAMUEL V——.

DRESDE, ALLEMAGNE.

CHER ST. NICHOLAS: Je suis une petite fille Amèricaine agée de dix ans. Je veux vous dire ce que j'ai fait pendant les vacances de l'été passé. Je suis allée à Mittenwald au sud de la Bavière. Là on construit les meilleurs violons de toute l'Allemagne. Nous avons fait beaucoup de tours à pied et en bicycle. Parmi les premiers, l'ascension de la Zugspitze, qui est de trois mille pieds plus haut que Mt. Washington.

Certains passages sont très raides, et l'établissement d'escaliers en fer a été nécessaire pour les gravir. Une fois nous avons fait trente-deux lieues en bicycle, en montant et descendant des collines. Vos histoires me plaisent beaucoup, et l'arrivée du ST. NICHOLAS est toujours un plaisir pour moi. J'aime "Decatur and Somers" beaucoup. Je vous souhaite une bonne année, en restant votre lectrice interessée.

RACHEL W——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you about a house-garden which I own. I have it in a small room in the back part of the house. This room has two windows with broad window seats. In one window I have a large box containing violets. In the other window I have geraniums and heliotrope. I water my flowers every day, and they afford me much pleasure. When I go to the hospital I take some flowers and your famous magazine with me. All the children at the hospital are crazy about you, and on the twenty-fifth of each month I take you to them.

I am your faithful friend and interested reader,

MARY G. E——.

ANDREWS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since 1886, and enjoy reading you very much. I have read *all* of your continued stories and enjoyed them all. There is an old lady in our neighborhood who is an invalid and just stays in a large chair; and as she loves to read, I take you over to her, and she likes your stories very much. I am your constant reader,

ALICE C. B——.

NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was twelve years old on the fourteenth of this month, and for a birthday present papa took me to visit Helen Keller, about whom I had read in ST. NICHOLAS. I talked to her by putting her fingers to my lips while I spoke, and she talked to me like anyone else, only it took me a little while to get used to her pronunciation. Before I went away I could understand all she said perfectly.

I told her that I played golf, and she said, "That is a Greek game, is it not?" and then, at her teacher's request, told the story of Hyacinthus, who was killed by Apollo with a discus while playing.

She read Tennyson's "The Brook" for me from one of her volumes printed in raised letters, and she said that she liked many books which I had also read, such as "Little Women," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "David Copperfield," and "A Tale of Two Cities."

I do not know what impressed me the most, but I have thought a great deal about my visit, and the idea that she can know so little of what is disagreeable and wicked seems very beautiful to me. She of course knows nothing but kindness from those who have taken care of her, and what she has read has been so carefully selected that her idea of the world must be a charming one.

Sincerely your friend, ELEANOR A. H——.

THE REAL "MARY" AND HER LAMB.

WATERBURY, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sure that all of your readers have known the verses of "Mary's Little Lamb" some time, though I suppose that the greater number of them now consider themselves too grown up to care for them.

I wonder how many of them know that Mary and her little lamb both lived and grew up like all other little girls and little lambs.

Her name was Mary Sawyer, and she was born March 22, 1806, in the pretty town of Sterling, in Worcester County, Massachusetts.

When she was still a little girl, her father brought into the house a little lamb which was sick and almost dead. Mary wanted the little thing, and she took such good and tender care of it that it soon became well and strong.

It became very much attached to its little mistress and wished to be wherever she was.

At this time Mary went to school at the district schoolhouse with the other farmers' children. One day the lamb followed her to the school-house and walked into school behind her. It greatly amused the children as well as the teacher.

That day John Rollstone, a young student, was visiting the school. A few days after this, as Mary was coming out of school, he rode up to the door and handed her a slip of paper on which were written the first two verses of the rhyme which we all know. These were afterward added to by some one else.

The lamb grew to be quite old and was at last killed by a cow.

Mary's mother made her a pair of stockings out of the lamb's snowy fleece.

Mary afterward became Mrs. Tyler, and lived in Somerville, near Boston. She had always kept the stockings.

About this time there was a talk about tearing down the Old South Church in Boston, and some ladies had a fair to raise money to save it.

And Mary Tyler, who was then an old lady, raveled out the stockings, cut the yarn into little pieces, and fastening each piece on a card, she wrote on every one of them herself. They were sold at the fair and brought in a large sum of money in aid of The Old South Church.

Annt Mary was a dear old lady, and all the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls would like to have seen her and her beautiful home in Somerville. She died December 10, 1889, at the age of eighty-three years.

We take the ST. NICHOLAS and like it very much.

Yours truly, MARY'S GREAT-GRANDNIECE.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a resident of the Crescent City.

I would like to tell you about Mardi Gras. You know of course, that Mardi Gras means Fat Tuesday — well, every year in New Orleans it is celebrated. This year, Monday, the day before Mardi Gras, King Rex came in, and then at night there was a lovely parade, which we all enjoyed very much. We watched the procession pass by from the gallery of the Boston Club, down on Canal street.

Tuesday morning there was another procession. But at night the procession was simply grand. The subject was "Old Songs"; some of the floats were "Coming through the Rye," "Gaily the Troubadour," "In the Merry Month of May." This last float was very pretty; in the center of it was a May pole with long ribbons, and a dozen boys and girls dressed in old-fashioned costumes were holding them and dancing around the pole. Another was the "Mistletoe Bough"—I suppose you have all heard this sad story, and if you have not you had better run and ask your mama or papa to tell you. But the float that was most interesting to us was "Dixie." On this float in front were several large bales of cotton, on which were lounging several men with black masks on who looked like negroes; in the center, raised a little above the rest, was growing some sugar-cane that looked very natural; last, but not least, on the back of the float were four or five enormous oranges, about a foot in diameter. These, of course, were not natural. The band also marched in front of the float and played the air of "Dixie."

There were either nineteen or twenty floats, and the last one was "Home, Sweet Home."

A great many people went home as soon as the procession was over, but my friends and I waited till a great deal of the crowd had dispersed, and then we went home. That night we were so tired that for once we were willing to go to bed, and we did not want to get up Wednesday morning and go to school, but we were obliged to.

To speak about yourself, my dear ST. NICHOLAS, I must say I don't think I could do without you. I am a great book worm and would read all day if Mama would let me; but it does not matter how interesting a book may be, if Papa comes in with you, I always leave it as quick as a flash and take you away from him before he has set his foot in the door, and begin to read you.

We had a snow-storm on St. Valentine's Day, which was the deepest snow that the people of New Orleans had ever seen. It snowed about twelve hours, and the average depth was ten inches. Everybody turned out, for some of the people had never seen any snow before, and they nearly went crazy over it. I was as much excited as any of them, though I had been born in Tennessee and had seen snow every year of my life until I came to New Orleans. It stayed on the ground for four days, and we all enjoyed going out in it. I had a great deal of fun myself, snowballing everybody that passed and getting snowballed myself.

Your loving reader, VIRGINIA N——

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Julia M., Mary P., Charles J. O., Nancy L., Theodore D. R., Harriet E. S., Lizzie W. B., Everett T., Marion C. H., Julia B. F., Caroline De F. P., H. G. H., M. Y., Mary S., Hope W., Ruth P., Bess and Su B., Mabel S., Rebecca P., Helen W., Miner S., Marjory F. H., Helene M., J. B. C., N. B. H., Louis S., Jr., Louis G. H., Caroline M. J., Nan V., Eugene T. W., Kate, Harold E. J., Mary S. P., Eleanor McC., Lena H., Mattie, H. F., Nellie M., D. Clifford J., Benj. A. L., Frank W., Ruth and Johnny C., May A., Charlie H., Anna A. H., Ewing R., Lizzie L. W., Mabel W., Mary E., Frankie S., Helen W., Fred W., Harold H., E. L. T., Emma H., Bertha G. M., St. George K., Jr., Jane C. B., H. J. G., Marguerite H., W. H. J., Susan G., Edith L., Mabel R., M. M. M., E. Jackson T., Edith B. H., Virginia N., L. E., Irene R., Nannie L., Fannie C. P., Louis H. H. W., Ida and Jessie W., Ethelred B., Bessie N., Marie B., Gladys J., Vida V., Alice J., Agnes Ethel C., Louis T. H., Howard P. B., Russell W. C., Helen G. B., Irene B., Olive M. L., Dorothy B., Louise G. C. and Elizabeth T. B., Blanche E. P., Florence E. T., G. Stanley S., Rosabelle B. N., Clotilde, Nelson B. W., Sue J., Harriet E. L., Charles T. M., Laura E. O., Carlton T. B., Lulu and Clarice H., Margaret D., Katharine P., Rose A. C., Maud W. N., T. A. P., Clara K., Mabel B., Francis J. H., Helen S. C., Edgar G., Alice N., Gypsey M., Nellie M. C., Alexander S., Sidney L. S., F. H., Judith H., Maurice, M. O., Nannie A. N., Harry H. T., Donald H., Clara M. J., Virginia W., Marguerite and May, Florence G., Guy G., Philip E., Hazel S., M. E. D., Harriet P. F., Jean R., Edna R., Gladys K., Cora M. B., M. C. Annzella P., May W.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Defoe. 1. Dragonfly. 2. Elk. 3. Flamingo. 4. Owl. 5. Eagle.

ZIGZAG. Sir William Wallace. Cross-words: 1 Solid. 2. Sigma. 3. Orris. 4. Crawl. 5. Chili. 6. Fable. 7. Helot. 8. Jiffy. 9. Above 10. Impel. 11. Gowan. 12. Cleat. 13. Swell. 14. Dwell. 15. Roach. 16. Ochre. 17. Erato.

PI.

Birds are noisy,—bees are humming,
All because the May is coming;
All the tongues of Nature shout,
Out from town, from cities out!
Out from every busy street!
Out from every darkened court!
Through the field-paths let your feet
Lingering go in pleasant thought!

DRESS MATERIALS. 1. Cambric. 2. Percale. 3. Satin. 4. Buckram. 5. Cashmere. 6. Henrietta. 7. Muslin. 8. Organdie. 9. Brocade.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Trace. 2. Redan. 3. Adorn. 4. Carte. 5. Ennew.

A VARIETY OF GATES. 1. Irrigate. 2. Abrogate. 3. Delegate. 4. Subjugate. 5. Surrogate. 6. Fumigate. 7. Variegate. 8. Mitigate. 9. Vulgate. 10. Agate. 11. Arrogate. 12. Derogate.

RIDDLE. Lime.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, crocodile; finals, chameleon. Cross-words: 1. Cubic. 2. Rajah. 3. Omega. 4. Charm. 5. Obole. 6. Drill. 7. Indue. 8. Limbo. 9. Ellen.

A FLIGHT OF STAIRS. 1. Cat. 2. Catsup. 3. Supper. 4. Permit. 5. Mitten. 6. Tendon. 7. Donate. 8. Ate.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Juvenal and Terence. Cross-words: 1. Jaconet. 2. Aurated. 3. Reverie. 4. Mileage. 5. Tenancy. 6. Scandal. 7. Empearl.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Camp. 2. Aloe. 3. Moor. 4. Pert. II. 1. Carp. 2. Area. 3. Real. 4. Palm.

RHYMING BLANKS. Fair, rare, care, stair, swear, bear, tear, wear, spare, dare, hair, bare, pair, flare, glare, where, mare, air, there, fare, stare, pear, blare, bear, hare, square.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

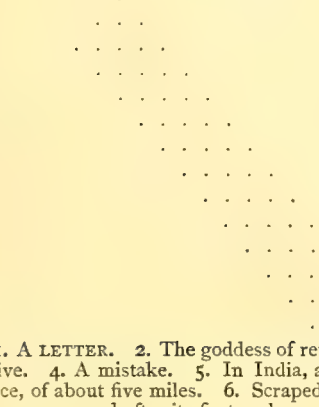
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from "Lord Clive,"—Sigourney Fay Nininger—L. O. E.—Josephine Sherwood—J. Chapman and J. Fletcher—S. L. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Frederick Shoemaker, 2—Pauline, 1—"Berwyners," 2—Emilie Wise, 1—Frederick G. Foster, 1—G. B. Dyer, 10—No Name, Phila., 4—Beatrice Livingston, 3—Kenneth and Arlene, 1—Arthur G. Corey, 1—E. H. and J. W. H. Jr., 1—Davila S. Du Brul, 2—No Name, Ohio St., 1—Ned Strouse, 1—Margaret Carter, 1—Mary K. Ralse, 1—Louisa Beal Barker, 2—Calla A. Guyles, 1—No Name, Pittsburgh, 1—Owen Thomas, 1—Rella Miriam Low, 3—Mabel Hamlin, 1—Bessie and Lottie Cutting, 1—No Name, New Castle, 1—C. N. Briggs, 2—Grace C. Webster, 1—Louise M. Roe, 1—S. W. F. and F. B. F., 6—Frank and Bryse, 4—Elizabeth B. Fay, 1—Fanny B. Ritchey, 1—Margaret Tupper, 2—"Samantha," 1—Mary Paul Mase, 1—Edith Nesmith, 1—Virginia Watson, 1—Eleanor Hayward, 1—Sara and Mabel, 1—Mary Kent, 4—C. T. G. and E. C. F., 3—Rhoda Braddock, 1—Emma M. Smith, 2—"Rasty H.," 5—Graham Crume, 2—George Bancroft Fernald, 11—M. F. Lawton, 1—Arthur D. Fiske, 1—"Breeze Lawn," 4—Leah Dreyfus, 3—"Kitty Clover," 1—"Midget," 10—W. B. Gill, 1—Paul Reese, 11—Eugene Thorne Walter, 2—Elizabeth, New Haven, 1—Roland Bettman, 3—Harold Raymond, 1—Wm. E. Suddath, 1—Harriet, 4—Bernice and Bessie Bell, 2—Ethel Swire, 3—Carolyn T. Salisbury, 1—Frederic Calhoun, 2—John Merchant, 3—Oskytel H. C., 2—Kenneth Lewis, 3—Elisha S. Chapin, Jr., 1—V. D. Schaefer, 3—Grace L. Black, 1—Genevieve Still, 1—Beatrice and Constance Banker, 1—J. A. K., 1—Helen S. Coates, 7—Constance S., 2—"Roselyn Chips," 4—Carrie and Philip, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 6—Mabel Riney, 1—"Jess," 9—Mary Wilson, 7—"New Boy," 7—Gwendolyn G. W. Williams, 1—W. L., 10—Gertrude Rutherford, 1—Muriel, Winnie, and Lisle, 3—Robert B. Farson, Jr., 3—Katharine Dent Hull, 3—A. C. S., 4—Laura and Virginia, 1—"Another Three," 2—H. B. S., 6—Clara A. Anthony, 6—Charles Dwight Reid, 7—Marie Louise Abbott, 2—Alice Juhring, 1—Ben, Jim, and Aunt Jack, 6—Adelaide M. Gaither, 4—Ella and Co., 11—"Highmount Girls," 11—Ralph W. Kiefer, 1—W. Putnam, 3—C. McC. L., 9—Victor J. West, 2—Mama and Sadie, 9—Nelson B. Weeks, 4—Clotilde, 3—Donald L. and Isabel H. Noble, 11—Odiorne Hatch, 2—No Name, Nicetown, 2—"Viele, Merson and Co.," 7—E. A. J. Schmitt, 9—Kathryn Lyon, 6—Walter L. Haight, 10—Azro and Charles Lewis, 4—W. A. B. and F. J., 3—Richard M. and Samuel J. Gummere, 4—Florence Szegedy, 1—Webb and Co., 10—"Brownies," 6—Franklyn Farnsworth, 10—Marjory Gane, 6—Marguerite Sturdy, 3—Merry and Co., 9—Marian Stoner, 1—Edith H. Whitehead, 1—Charles Remington Adams, 9—Grandma, Uncle, and Florence, 8—Mama, Gracie, and Minnie, 8—M. L. L., 1—Philip Ehni, 2—Helen Rogers, 9—Edward Wilson Wallace, 6—Bob Bright, 5—Jo and I, 10—Mary Lester and Harry, 8—Albert S. Taught, 4—Daisy Allen, 4—V. B. and A. H. Jacobs, 11—Anna B. Eisenhower, 7—Charles Travis, 6—Sadie W. Hubbard, 4—Katharine and Henry Parmly, 2—Edward C. Tatnall, 1—"Hill Top Farm," 11—"Embla," 9—Anna M. Davenport, 3—Margaret A. H., 1—Marian G. Dowling and Mattie N. Ward, 2—Two Little Brothers, 10—"Yale," 5—Norman and Mama, 6—Laura M. Zinser, 5—Bernard Breeden, 3—"Arbutus," 11—Karl G. Smith, 2—Mary Rake, 1—No Name, Back Bay, 8—Mabel Snow and Dorothy Swinburne, 11—"The Butterflies," 7—M. R. K., 2—Sybil Palgrave, 2—Alfred Sauter, 1.

OCTAGON.

1. AN ancient engine of war. 2. Extremely violent. 3. To continue in a place. 4. A midshipman. 5. The governor of Algiers. "SAMUEL SYDNEY."

AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



1. A LETTER. 2. The goddess of revenge. 3. A narrative. 4. A mistake. 5. In India, a measure of distance, of about five miles. 6. Scraped together. 7. A beverage named after its first maker. 8. Deceived. 9. The common European cuttlefish. 10. A piece of music of a mournful character. 11. To take to graze or pasture, at a certain sum. 12. To attempt. 13. To make brown. 14. A letter. GEORGE L. HOSEA.

DIAMONDS.

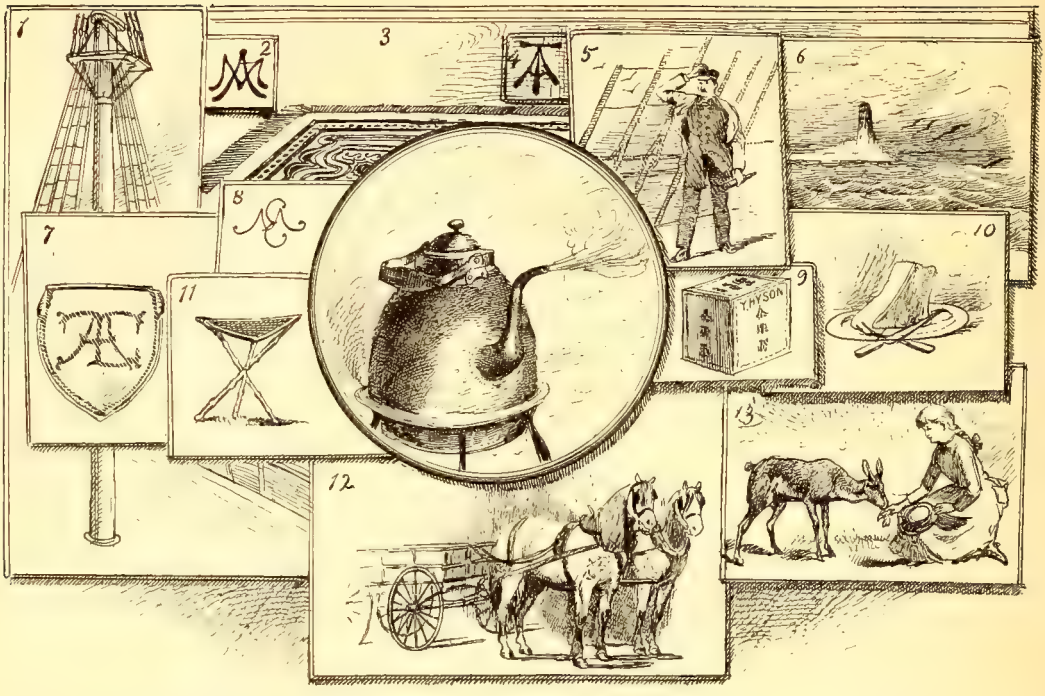
I. 1. IN nosegay. 2. To carry. 3. A witch. 4. An abridged account. 5. A very large man. 6. Skill. 7. In nosegay.

II. 1. In knife. 2. To free from. 3. Ran swiftly. 4. An invented story. 5. To consider worth notice. 6. To put on. 7. In knife. F. O. R.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name given to one of the European powers.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Part of an organ. 2. To subscribe. 3. A plant extensively cultivated in warm countries. 4. Eight quarts. 5. An indefinite quantity. 6. A portion. 7. A number. 8. A measure of length. 9. A fissure. 10. Unyielding courage. 11. To repeat in sound. 12. To cause to rise. 13. To catch sight of. 14. A measure of length. 15. To be overbusy about trifles. 16. A conspiracy. GEORGE B. FERNALD.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

THE central picture in the above illustration may be described by a word of five letters. From these five letters thirteen words may be formed, to describe the thirteen small pictures.

CHARADE.

MY *first* is to repair, or make as good as new;
My *second* is a letter dear to each of us.
My *third* is what you know all hypocrites will do;
My *whole* is one of those who oft beseech of us.
And should you give old clothes to the poor soul,
Add buttons, thread, and needles to your dole,
Or else my *whole* can say to you my *whole*.

L. E. JOHNSON.

A TREE PUZZLE.

FILL each of the seventeen blanks with the name of a tree.

Last summer we had a pleasant trip to the ——. My sister, who deserves the —— for early rising, as she is always up at five, called the rest of us.

After making ourselves look as —— as possible, we started. It was cool enough for —— capes, but we did not —— for the heat we knew would come later.

Dinner was an important feature of the day. We had clam chowder, a —— of chickens, —— pie, —— cake, and other good things. An —— taken occasionally gave relish to all.

Our conversation turned on heroes, and my little brother said he admired Old —— more than any other president. We gathered daisies and roses. I never thought it possible that a —— grow so close to salt water.

Before starting for home we all signed our names in the hotel register. We used a pencil, which we thought as good —— and ink. Driving home, along the shore of the ——, we watched the beautiful sunset. Regardless of propriety, most of us were chewing —— all the way, but no one seemed to care a ——.

I was the one to settle the driver's exorbitant bill, and now my sisters —— me some money for weeks to come.

ALICE I. HAZELTINE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and my finals spell the Christian name and surname of a very famous American.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Roughly frank. 2. To penetrate. 3. A Persian wheel. 4. A famous country of the East. 5. An exclamation of sorrow. 6. A reward of merit. 7. The tribe over which Boadicea reigned. 8. A month of the Jewish year.

C. C. N.

LABYRINTH OF PROVERBS.

W	B	R	O	O	M	S	S	W
E	I	N	K	T	W	I	C	E
N	H	H	O	S	E	W	E	E
E	T	T	A	R	E	H	B	P
C	R	S	E	N	S	O	E	C
N	A	A	N	O	O	W	F	L
O	E	F	A	E	D	I	O	E
K	H	T	O	N	L	L	R	A
A	E	P	S	U	O	Y	E	N

BY starting at a certain letter, and following a certain regular path, three familiar proverbs may be spelled.

PLEASANT E. TODD.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



BLACKBEARD'S LAST FIGHT.

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE. (SEE PAGE 736.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXII. JULY, 1895. NO. 9.

A DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY ALICE BALCH ABBOT.

MRS. BALLARD was seated at her sitting-room window one afternoon in April. Her work lay unheeded in her lap, for her eyes were fixed on the figure of her twelve-year-old daughter, who had just turned the street-corner half a block away. As she watched the regular rise and fall of the red wing in the jaunty sailor hat, and noted the steady swing of the short brown skirt, Mrs. Ballard thought of a remark made by a neighbor a few days before: "It is a perfect pleasure to watch your Frances walk. She seems to put her whole self into every step she takes."

Then, as the erect little figure turned in at the gate, and the mother caught a glimpse of the bright, earnest face, she said to herself:

"That is true of Frances in more than her walking."

Three minutes later, there was a rush over the stairs, and the daughter danced into the room, saying, "Oh, mother, I have had such an interesting afternoon!"

Mrs. Ballard looked up with a smile of welcome; but no words were necessary, for, with a whirl of skirts, Frances had seated herself on the stool at her mother's side, and after a moment's pause for breath had begun the story of the "interesting afternoon." "You know you said I might go home with Jessie Whitney to luncheon, some time. She asked me to-day, and I went. Jessie's mother is to have a sort of tea-party to-morrow, because it 's the battle of Lexington, and she is to wear a dress made of buff and blue, like the Continental uniforms, and she showed me some diamond shoe-buckles, and you can't belong unless your grandfather was in the Revolution; and I want to know whether I can be one when I grow up." Frances paused for breath and an answer to her question. Then, seeing the amused look in her mother's face, she said:

"I know you are thinking you would like me to parse what I just said; but please answer my question, and then I 'll go back and straighten it out."

"As far as I could understand, you asked if you could be a grandfather when you grew up."

"Now, mother, of course I meant a 'Daughter of the Revolution.' That 's what Mrs. Whitney is, and the society is to meet there to-morrow; but I want to know if any of my grandfathers fought in the Revolution. Did they?"

"Well, really I don't know, dear," was Mrs. Ballard's answer. "I have never inquired."

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"Well, have we anything that used to belong to our 'great-greats'?"

"Not an heirloom do we possess, to my knowledge," was the discouraging reply.

"I do wish we had," sighed Frances. "Only think how proud Jessie must be! They have the diamond shoe-buckles that belonged to her great-great-grandfather, who was a lieutenant in the Continental army. When I asked where he fought, Mrs. Whitney laughed, and said that all she knew about him was that he was said to have had the best-dressed hair in his regiment. Was n't that funny? I do hope, if we are descended from anybody, he will turn out to be a captain or a general that did something like — well — like Anthony Wayne at Stony Point; but I can't help wishing that he left something like shoe-buckles: Mrs. Whitney's slippers did look so pretty!"

Mrs. Ballard smiled.

"I am afraid there is very little hope for the buckles, even if we can discover the grandfather. We must ask your father to-night. Perhaps he is better acquainted with his ancestors than I seem to be."

That evening, dinner being comfortably under way, Frances was waiting eagerly for the question that must be asked and answered before she could hope for the desired information.

When, at length, her father said, "How did the lessons go off to-day?" her answer came like a flash:

"Pretty well; that Partial Payments example was all right, and I declined *bonus* without a mistake. History was n't so good, because I forgot which of those miserable French and Indian wars was ended by the treaty of Ryswick; but I know now, it was King William's. That 's all, I think. And now, please, may I ask you a question?"

"You may, Miss Ballard; but, after the varied learning displayed in your last remark, I tremble for my reputation."



"'OH, MOTHER, I HAVE HAD SUCH AN INTERESTING AFTERNOON!'"

"It 's only this — did you have any grandfather in the Revolutionary War?"

Mr. Ballard looked thoughtful for a moment, then shook his head, saying: "I really cannot tell. Is there any reason why such a possession should be especially desired?"

"I wanted to know if I could be a Daughter of the Revolution some day," answered Frances, with a look of disappointment.

"Ah! I see," said her father; "and you want to have a part in all these buff-and-blue luncheons and tea-drinkings on battle-grounds. Well, there is no great hurry. Perhaps by the time he is needed we shall have invented the necessary grandfather."

"But I don't want to invent him; I want him to really be, and I want to know about him now. It is n't just because of the society, but I think it would make me feel better to have him. Is n't there any one we could ask?" And Frances waited eagerly for an answer to her question.

After a moment's thought Mr. Ballard said, more hopefully:

"I declare, I believe Seth Hunter might know. When I visited there as a boy, I recollect that our games were always of a decidedly Revolutionary character."

Frances became interested at once. "Who is he, father?" she asked.

"A cousin of mine and yours."

"Were his grandfathers the same as ours?"

"Some of them, probably; for his mother and mine were sisters."

"Will you write to him to-morrow?"

Mr. Ballard looked amused. "Don't you think, as you are the one desiring the information, that you had better do the writing?"

"But I have never seen him," said Frances, in dismay; "and he 's a grown-up man, and perhaps he does n't like girls. Is he married?"

"Not that I know of; he and his sister Eliza live together in the old Hunter house, in one of the towns near Boston."

Mr. Ballard wrote a few words on a card, and then handed it to his daughter, saying:

"There is the address. Write as soon as you like, and give them my best regards."

Frances sighed. "Well, I suppose I shall have to do it, for I really think I cannot get along without knowing about my ancestors."

The next afternoon the following letter was produced for Mrs. Ballard's approval:

DEAR COUSIN SETH HUNTER: I am the daughter of your Cousin Henry Ballard, and I want to ask you if you know whether any grandfather of yours and mine fought in the Revolutionary War. I hope he did. Father thought that perhaps you would know. He does n't. If it would n't be too much trouble, I should like an answer soon. Father sends his best regards, and I do too. Good-by.

Your sincere cousin,
FRANCES STANTON BALLARD.

The mother handed it back. "Yes, I think it will do very well; but don't expect an answer too soon."

"I 'll try to think it won't come for two weeks; then if it does, I shall be surprised."

And Frances *was* surprised, for two days later, when she came down to the breakfast-table, the answer to her letter was lying by her plate.

DEAR COUSIN FRANCES: I was very glad to receive your letter this morning, and I hasten to reply. Your great-great-grandfather Middleton fought at Bunker Hill and remained with the Continental army throughout the war. If you ever come this way I shall be pleased to show you something that belonged to him, that is now in my possession. Kindly remember me to your father. It is many years since I have seen him. Cousin Eliza and I are all that are now left in the old home. We wish we could know our cousins better, for we are growing old. It would give us both great pleasure to welcome you to our home. Hoping that I have given you the desired information, I remain,

Your ob'd't cousin,
SETH HUNTER.

Frances looked up from the letter, with shining eyes. "What a very nice man! Can't we go and visit him, father?"

"To whom do you refer?—the grandfather you wanted?"

"No, indeed;—Cousin Seth; but the grandfather is all right, and he fought at Bunker Hill. Cousin Seth has something that belonged to him. Mother,—*do* you suppose it could be shoe-buckles?"

"I am afraid not," was Mrs. Ballard's answer.

"Well! perhaps it is a sword. I don't know but that I would rather have it a sword, and perhaps it will have jewels on the hilt. Do you think it will, father?"

"I think my little girl's imagination is running away with her," said Mr. Ballard. "In fact, I very much doubt if grandfather was more than a private. But the fact of his being in the army is all you will need for your membership."

"I believe I had almost forgotten the so-

ciety," exclaimed Frances; "but I am glad I can be a 'Daughter' some day."

Mrs. Ballard had finished reading Frances's letter, and handed it to her husband, saying:

"Did n't you tell me that you would be obliged to go on to Boston in June?"

"So I expect, as affairs are at present."

"Could n't you stop at Southville, and see these cousins?"

"And take me too?" broke in Frances.

"Take you — you mother-lover? Why, I should be away four or five days. How would you stand that?"

But even that prospect did not daunt his daughter.

When June came Frances carried her point, went with her father, made the acquaintance of her cousins, and returned from her trip bubbling over with delightful experiences to relate to her mother.

"I did have such a beautiful time! Cousin Seth and Cousin Eliza were so good to me. They live in a great square white house, and I slept in a high-post bedstead with curtains. But I won't tell those things now, because I want to begin right off about Grandfather Middleton and his possession. I wish I could tell about it the way I feel. It 's a Bible; just a plain brown leather one, mother, but he carried it with him in the battle of Bunker Hill and all through the war. The number of his gun is inside the back cover, and on the blank page between the Testaments are some words he wrote right after the fight — I copied them." And Frances took a folded paper from her pocket, then read slowly:

"'Cambridge, June 17, 1775 — I desire to bless God for His kind appearance in delivering me and sparing my life in the late battle fought on Bunker's Hill, and I desire to devote this spared life to his glory and honor. As witness my hand, FRANCIS MIDDLETON.'

"Only think, mother! his first name was like mine. I am so glad. I do wish you could see the Bible yourself; then perhaps you would know how I felt when I held it in my hands. It just seemed as if I must do something besides look at it, and it made me think what a dreadful solemn time it was to live. I asked Cousin Seth if grandfather was a minister after the war; and he said no, that he just settled down and was a brave, honest citizen, as he had been a brave, honest soldier; for he *was* only a private, mother, and there was n't any sword or buckles. I was a little sorry at first, but I am not any more; and somehow, now I know that I had such a grandfather, I wish I could do something to deserve him. I told Cousin Seth about the 'Daughters of the Revolution,' and he said he guessed we could n't know much of what the real daughters had to bear — that it cost something to be an American woman in those days as well as an American man, and that it took grit to deserve such a title. I told him I would try to be patriotic if I was a boy, but girls never had any chance except in stories, where they find out enemy's plots, and ride all night to warn soldiers that are in danger. Cousin Seth was so nice! he never laughed at all, but said I could be a brave, honest citizen just as well as a boy. Was n't it funny I could talk to him about such things? — for I was a little afraid of him at first, because he is very tall and grand-looking, and his hair is grayer than father's, and his lips shut very tight; but he and Cousin Eliza like little girls, and some day I want to make them a long visit." Frances paused; then, drawing a long breath, she asked, "*Do* you suppose I shall ever have a chance to do something that would make me *deserve* to be called a Daughter of the Revolution?"

Three years later, that question was answered.

It was just after Frances's fifteenth birthday that those black clouds called business troubles, which for many anxious days had been hovering above the Ballard home, at length lifted, and passed over; but the household sky, from which they had passed, was only gray, not clear blue.

"No, dear, there is no danger, now, of a failure; but father thinks that he will be obliged to go to England for two years, to take charge of the interests there," was the answer given by Mrs. Ballard to an inquiry of her daughter's concerning that important subject, "father's business."

"Go to England!" was Frances's amazed exclamation. Then the questions followed thick

and fast, till at length came the one the mother had been dreading.

"If we go abroad, what am I to do about going to school?"

Mrs. Ballard paused before answering, and Frances remarked:

"If I had known this, I should n't have felt so

year, but thought we would not be willing to send you so far away; but now, as we are to be in England, you could spend your vacations with us, and that could not be if we should leave you at school in this country."

"But, mother," gasped Frances, "you and father have n't decided yet?"



THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

badly when father told me he could n't afford to let me go away to boarding-school next year."

"How would you like to try that arrangement in Paris?"

"Mother!" was all Frances said, with a quick glance to ascertain whether Mrs. Ballard was in earnest.

"I really mean it, dear. We had a letter from Aunt Addie yesterday; she is very anxious that we should let her send you to the school, in Paris, that she attended when she was your age. It seems she wished to propose it last

"No, indeed. Father thinks you are old enough to have a voice in the matter yourself. I believe he intends showing you Aunt Addie's letter this evening. And now, I am afraid that the rest of the questions must be put off; for I promised Mrs. Lake that I would call this afternoon."

Frances waited, in silence, till her mother was about leaving the room, then said suddenly:

"When the Bradleys sent Nora to France, did n't father say he thought American schools ought to be good enough for American children?"

Mrs. Ballard looked perplexed as she answered slowly:

"I know he was surprised at their doing it; but I cannot remember what he said"; then, seeing the serious look on her daughter's face, the mother bent and kissed her, saying: "Don't worry more than you can help, little daughter. It is going to be hard for us, I know, but you and I must therefore do all we can to help your father."

That night Mr. Ballard did not return from business till after his daughter's regular bedtime.

As he came into the library, his wife said:

"I have told Frances that we are to go to England, and also of Addie's plan; but I fear it is too late to discuss it to-night."

Mr. Ballard seated himself in his arm-chair, then, drawing his daughter down on his knee, asked, with a keen glance into the face near his own:

"And what does Frances think of the great European question?"

"Will you let me wait three days, before I tell you and mother what I think?" was the answer that surprised her father.

"Putting off hard things makes them no easier to decide," he remarked; then, seeing the earnest look in his daughter's gray eyes, he took an envelop from his pocket, saying, "Here is Aunt Addie's letter for you to read, Frances; and suppose we say that the case will be called on Saturday evening. Will that suit?"

"Beautifully!" answered Frances. "Now, I want to ask one question before I go to bed. Did n't you say that you wanted me to go to college, some day?"

Mr. Ballard looked serious. "I did hope for it once; but there can be no looking ahead now."

"But if your business should be all right, and I should be prepared, when I am seventeen, you would like me to go?"

"I certainly should; but those are very large 'ifs.'"

"That 's all," said Frances, with a nod of her curly head; then said her good-nights and left the room.

Mr. Ballard waited till she was out of hearing, then asked his wife:

"What schemes are under way in that small head?"

"None, that I know of."

"I declare, I wish there need be no question of school, at all; but she is such a bright little student, and these next two years are such important ones, that I feel we must give her every advantage. But if I thought a foreign school would affect her as it did Nora Bradley! —" and Mr. Ballard paused, with such a frown that his wife hastened to say:

"Frances is n't Nora, by any means; and a French school turned out Addie Stanton; and you have always admired her."

"And I do still. She is one of the most brilliant women I have ever met; but I should not care to have my daughter resemble even her, in every respect."

Meanwhile the daughter in question was seated in her room, with Aunt Addie's letter before her. The writer was not her own aunt; but having been the most intimate friend of Mrs. Ballard's girlhood, she had always claimed Frances as a niece, by right of the love she bore the girl's mother, and for the "Stanton" in the daughter's name. Frances had often wondered whether any real relative could have been kinder than this fascinating "aunt by courtesy." Beginning with the beautiful silver baby-service, the list of her gifts had grown with the years. The pretty silver buckle that clasped Frances's belt, and the dainty chatelaine that hung at her waist, were both from the same generous hand. Her glove and handkerchief boxes were the envy of all her friends, who used to sigh for an aunt who was constantly going to Paris.

"Just like Aunt Addie!" was Frances's verdict, as she read the generous offer, made in such a delicate way that the writer seemed asking a favor, not conferring one. There was one especial message to the girl herself: "Tell Frances that I shall be in Paris next winter, and have already planned such shopping and sight-seeing as she could never dream." To see Paris with such a guide as fascinating Aunt Addie was certainly an alluring prospect; but there was another side to the question. Frances put the letter back into its envelope; then, clasping both hands around her knee, proceeded

to think her hardest, for a quarter of an hour. The result of that fifteen minutes' cogitation was a letter written before breakfast, the next morning, and sent by the early mail.

Saturday evening, after dinner, Mr. Ballard remarked:

"The great Ballard Educational Case will now be called. The jury, being mother, will occupy the sofa; the judge, being myself, will take this arm-chair; and, let me see, which are you, Frances, plaintiff or defendant?"

"Defendant," answered his daughter, with a flash of her eyes.

"Ah!—and the plaintiff?" questioned Mr. Ballard.

"Aunt Addie's plan," was the quick reply.

"Very well," said Mr. Ballard. "The defendant may take her position on this chair between the judge and jury, and we will proceed, at once, to the arguments for the defense."

There was a moment's silence; then Frances said:

"Now, please, we won't joke any more; and I am afraid there are n't any arguments at all; but before I say anything about Aunt Addie's plan, I want you to read this letter from Cousin Seth, that came this morning. I wrote to him and Cousin Eliza, two days ago, asking, if you should decide to leave me in this country, whether they would like to have me come and stay with them and go to the high school there."

The father and mother were too surprised to speak, for a moment; then Mrs. Ballard took the letter from Frances's hand, while her husband said:

"So that was the reason for the three 'days of grace.' What put the notion into your head, daughter?"

"Do you remember when we were there, three years ago, Cousin Seth saying that when you and mother were tired of your daughter, they would be glad to adopt me?"

"So he did; and you took him at his word?" asked Mr. Ballard, with a look of amusement.

"Of course I did. They are n't the kind of people who say a thing unless they mean it," answered Frances, in a tone of conviction.

Just then Mrs. Ballard looked up from the letter, saying:

"But even if we should consent, I thought you said you could never go to a public school."

"And I say now, mother, that I guess it would n't be any harder for me than for lots of other girls."

"That high school in Southville is one of the finest in New England," remarked Mr. Ballard. But the mother's thoughts were not of the excellence of the school—"Two whole years, Frances!—how could we bear it?"

The girl's lips quivered—"Please don't think about that now, mother, or I shall just begin to cry."

Meanwhile, the father had finished reading his cousin's letter, and, looking up, he said:

"No one could ask for anything more cordial than that. The plan is worthy of consideration; but now I should like to hear what this wise young schemer has to say on the Paris question."



THE OLD SECRETARY AT SOUTHVILLE.

Frances clasped her hands tightly in her lap, drew one long breath, then looked straight into her father's eyes, saying:

"Just this: that unless you and mother think it would be the best thing for me, I do not

see how I could possibly do it. One reason is that if I study in French, I shall have to go back to all sorts of first things, and in two years I will not be ready for college, even if you can afford to send me; but that is n't the principal reason," and the girl stopped; then, with eyes fixed on her folded hands, and cheeks pink with earnestness, she said, in a voice that trembled in spite of her efforts to hold it steady:

"I don't know that I can make you understand; but I cannot bear to think of studying a geography that has a big map of France in the first place, after the hemispheres, and to always talk about '*États-Unis*,' instead of 'United States,' and to study with girls who think Brazil is right next New York, and who ask if we are n't afraid of the Indians. That was what Nora said they asked her; and she had to study French history, as if it were the most important kind. When I asked if it did not make her provoked, she laughed and said one became used to it. I don't see how I ever could, though I suppose I might, for Paris is lovely; and when I asked Aunt Addie if she liked France better than America, she said she would n't want to choose, but she really had to go over there, at least once in two years, to breathe. Then, when I told her that George Washington was my hero, she laughed and said that he used to be hers, but Napoleon was much more exciting. It is n't that I don't want to go abroad, for I do want to, very much; and some day I hope I shall travel all around, and I should feel just the same if it were any other country than France; but somehow it seems to me that going to school in a country would make me belong there, just as if, while I was doing it, I had to stop being an American altogether." With a catch in her breath, the girl's voice ceased.

The clock ticked loudly in the silent room, till Mr. Ballard, laying a caressing hand on the pretty bowed head, said, in the tones his daughter loved best:

"What a dear patriotic little woman it is!"

Then, as Frances looked up and he saw a misty gleam in her bright eyes, he said, comically:

"So the case has become one of international interest. As such questions deserve serious consideration, I move that this court of arbitration be adjourned till further notice."

His daughter looked troubled.

"But, father, Aunt Addie comes next week, and you know how she can 'put things.'"

"I do, Miss Ballard, and I also know that some one else seems to possess that gift; and I think we may regard the American cause as ably defended. What do you say, mother?"

"I say that I think it is time for the defendant to go to bed"; then, drawing Frances to her side, the mother asked, gently:

"You really think you would be happier going to school in Southville than in Paris?"

"Yes, mother, I really do; but you and father won't think it will be easy for me to be away from you, will you?"

"My dear, I know my daughter too well for such thoughts, but," and the mother tenderly kissed the soft red lips, "after this evening, I think I shall know her better than ever before."

The school question was settled finally in accordance with Frances's plan.

The following week Miss Stanton came. Her niece almost dreaded seeing her; but there was no need to fear, for her aunt only said, as she kissed the girl on both cheeks, in her pretty French fashion:

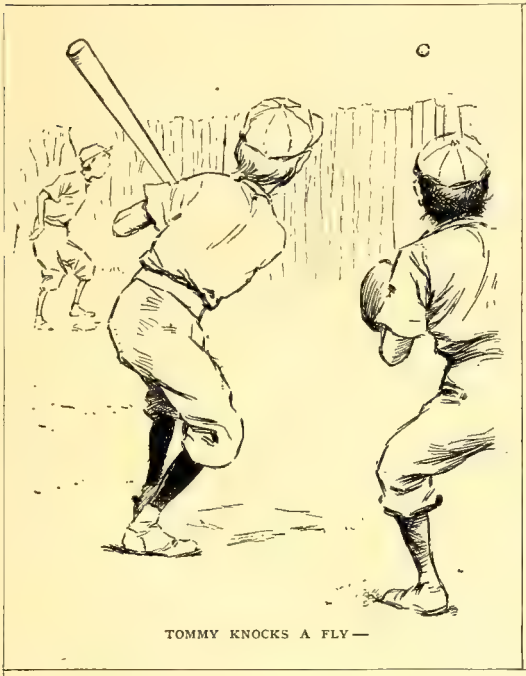
"So I am to wait until this loyal little citizen is fully armed with an American education, before I am allowed to show her the delights of my beloved Paris. Well, *ma chérie*, Europe will keep, and Aunt Addie thinks none the less of you; though she is not at all convinced," and her black eyes sparkled with mischief, "that it is not all your grand revenge for the slight she paid your beloved George Washington."

If you ask what Mr. Seth Hunter thought of his little cousin's decision, the answer to that question is written on a folded paper, locked carefully away in one of the brass-knobbed drawers of the old secretary in the Southville dining-room.

To my beloved cousin, Frances Stanton Ballard, I bequeath the Bible of my great-grandfather, Frances Middleton, which was bequeathed to me by my uncle Ezra Wood, who directed that I should dispose of said Bible to a direct descendant of its original owner, and that such descendant should be one whom I should deem worthy to possess so precious a treasure.

As witness my hand, SETH HUNTER.

TOMMY'S HOME RUN.



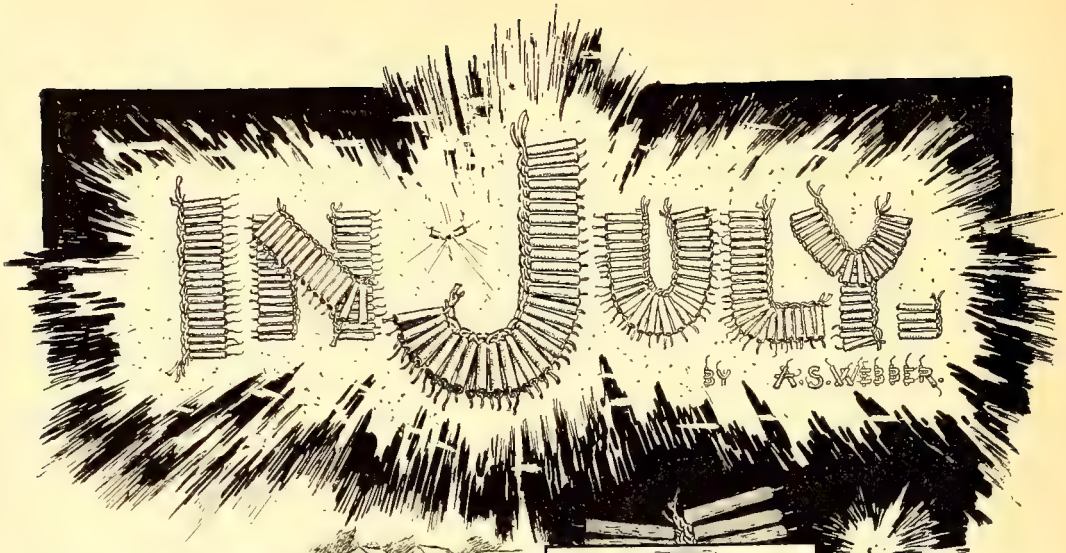
TOMMY KNOCKS A FLY—

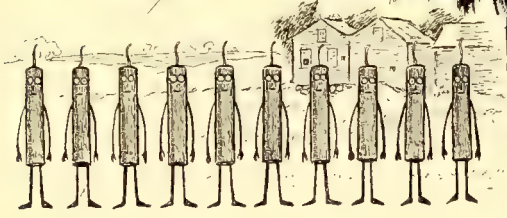


—OVER THE FENCE—



—AND MAKES A HOME RUN!

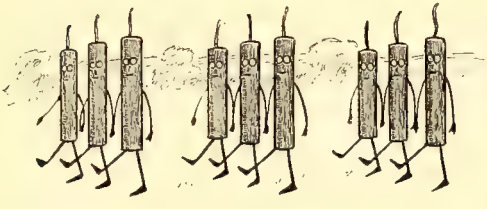




10

Ten little fire crackers
Standing in a line.
One thought he'd light a match
Then —
There were nine.

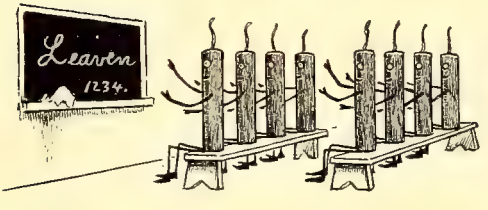




9

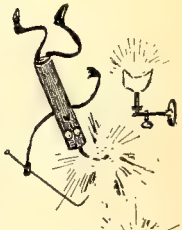
Nine little fire crackers
Walking very straight,
One caught an engine spark
Then —
There were eight.

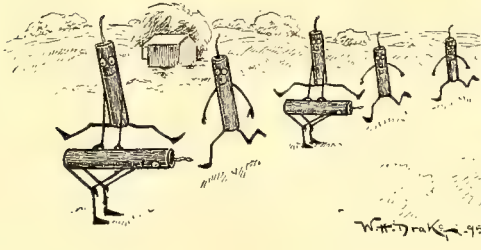




8

Eight little fire crackers
Trying to spell "LEAVEN."
One went too near the gas.
Then —
There were seven.

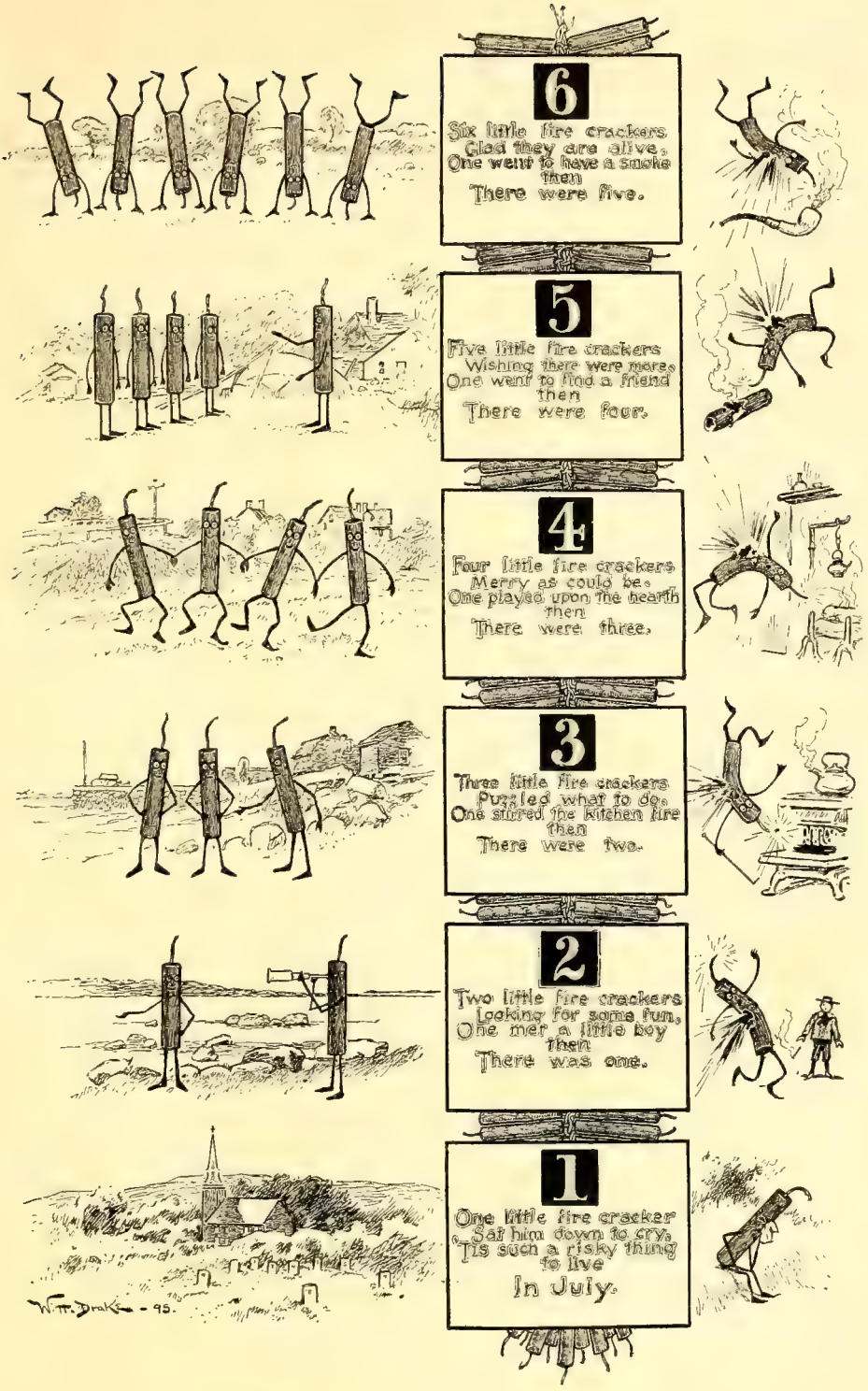




7

Seven little fire crackers
Cutting up tricks,
One played with lighted punk
Then —
There were six.




6
Six little fire crackers
Glad they are alive,
One went to have a smoke
then
There were five.
5
Five little fire crackers
Wishing there were more,
One went to find a friend
then
There were four.
4
Four little fire crackers
Merry as could be,
One played upon the hearth
then
There were three.
3
Three little fire crackers
Puzzled what to do,
One stirred the kitchen fire
then
There were two.
2
Two little fire crackers
Looking for some fun,
One met a little boy
then
There was one.
1
One little fire cracker
Sat him down to cry,
'Tis such a risky thing
to live
In July.
Wm. Drake - 95.

"ALICE."

By Hayden Carruth.

A girl there was—I knew her well—
Who bore the simple name of Alice;
But where she lived 't was hard to tell—
Now in a wood, now in a palace;
The reason for which curious way
Was her extraordinary habit,
When interrupted at her play,
Of following a whisking rabbit.

Or through the looking-glass she 'd pop
On days she did n't go with Bunny;
So her adventures would n't stop—
She 'd find a country just as funny.
I never knew another child
To meet with persons so surprising:
Such animals, *so* tame and mild;
Such food and drink, *so* appetizing!

She 'd eat a thing, and up she 'd grow
Much higher than the highest steeple;
Another bite, and down she 'd go
As short as Lilliputian people!
And she could swim, and she could fly,
And read the Jabberwocky writing;
In fact it is no use to try
To meet with things *half* so exciting.

But it was several years ago
I met this rarest of creations;
And here 's what I should like to know:
Does she keep up her explorations?
And does she meet the Cheshire Cat,
And find the Queen of Hearts a-roaring?
Is Humpty Dumpty just as fat,
And is the Dormouse still a-snoring?

And is the March Hare just as mad,
And is it tea-time with the Hatter?
Is the Mock Turtle just as sad;
Does Father William clear the platter?
And does she chase a Bandersnatch,
And lug about the tame Flamingo?
Do T. and T. fight out their match,
And does she hear the Gryphon's lingo?

The Aged Aged Man forlorn;
The Caterpillar with his notions;
The Dodo, Lion, Unicorn,
And those with Anglo-Saxon motions,—
Of these I 'd know, of every one,
And if they keep their curious habits.
In short, if Alice still doth run
Away with wild and whisking rabbits.

GLADNESS.

By Charles B. Going.

A warmth of gold, all summer stored,
The goldenrod gives up;
And filled from springtime's scantier hoard
Shines the sweet buttercup;
And from the singing of the breeze
And low, sweet sound of rain,
The little brook learns melodies
To sing them back again.

Forgotten all the cloudy sky
Of dark days overcast;
For flower-hearts let gloom go by,
But hold the sunshine fast.
And, all year long, the little burn,
Though wintry boughs be wet,
Picks out the happy days to learn—
The sad ones to forget.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH AND FIDDLEBACK.

By James Baldwin.

Among the horses which one would like to own, I fancy that the steed which Oliver Goldsmith once refused to accept would be considered a treasure. The story that is connected with it is a true one, and for that reason is as worthy of being repeated as any tale of knighthood.

Poor "Goldy," as he was fondly nicknamed later in life, did not look much like a knight. Short of stature, with a homely face deeply scarred by the smallpox, awkward in his manners and movements, he would have made but a sorry figure in the lordly tournament or at a royal banquet. And yet he had within him not a little of the knightly spirit. Generous to a fault, daring even to foolhardiness, tender-hearted, impulsive — he was just the kind of man to ride through the world, seeking adventures, and risking his life in defense of the helpless and innocent. Had he lived in the days of chivalry, he would doubtless have been, in spite of his ugliness and ungainliness, a famous knight errant.

It is possible that when he rode into the Irish seaport of Cork, one fine morning nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, he had some very knightly thoughts in his mind. He was mounted on a handsome steed; he was clad, if not in armor, in the gayest suit of clothes that his tailor could be persuaded to make for him; he had thirty pounds of his own earnings in his pocket; and he was bound for America, a country in which there was still plenty of room for knightly prowess. His mother and his friends, whom he had left behind in the poor little village of Lissoy, knew nothing of his whereabouts. He was not at all disturbed by the fact that he had sadly disappointed all their hopes; for would they not hear of his success in the New World, and be proud of him?

Oliver had but lately completed a rather wild and irregular course of study in college, and his kinsfolk had insisted that he should become a country parson, as his poor father had been before him. He felt his unfitness for such a calling, but he cared less for that than for some of the irksome restraints that it would impose. For instance, he could not bear the thought of being obliged to wear a long wig when he preferred a short one, or of being always dressed in a black coat when one of bright colors suited his fancy so much better. He had frankly told his relatives that he preferred pretty clothes to the hard lot of a poor parson; and yet, as neither he nor they could think of any other business for which he was better fitted, he at last consented to apply for holy orders. But when the time came for him to go to the Bishop of Elphin to be ordained, he could not resist the temptation to wear a pair of beautiful scarlet breeches with long hose and the brightest buckles. For would he not become a parson to-morrow, and be forever afterward condemned to sober black? The good bishop was horrified at such levity, and refused to ordain him. Perhaps upon examination he found that the young man was entirely ignorant of the catechism. This failure of Oliver's had been much less of a disappointment to him than to his friends. But as he was now twenty-three years old, and his mother was very poor, it was highly necessary that he should find something to do. And so he had found employment as a private tutor in a wealthy family near Lissoy. From his pupils' point of view, he was, no doubt, an accomplished and successful teacher. He was only a great boy himself, and life would have been one long holiday to everybody if he could have had his own way. But his way did not please his employer, and finally, after a quarrel for which Oliver was doubtless to blame, he was dismissed. The money which he had earned at tutoring, however, was sufficient to equip him as a knight

errant, for it enabled him to buy the horse and the splendid new suit of clothes with which, as I have said, he rode one fine morning into the city of Cork.

To his great satisfaction he found a ship already in port waiting only for favorable winds to sail for America. He lost no time, therefore, in selling his horse and in making a bargain with the captain for his passage to the New World. Then he sallied out to see the town. He had no difficulty in making friends; for he had money in his pocket, and he proceeded to share it with all the beggars and street loafers that he met. He was ready to relieve every case of distress that came to his notice, and many were the boon fellows whom he helped to entertain at the tavern. Several days were passed in this way, and the thirty pounds in his pocket had dwindled to but little more than thirty shillings; and still the ship, upon one pretext or another, delayed its sailing. One fine night, however, while Oliver was in the country enjoying himself with some newly made acquaintances, a favorable wind sprang up, and the captain, entirely neglectful of his passenger, ordered the vessel to be cast loose from her moorings and the sails to be set for the voyage. And in the morning, when Oliver sauntered leisurely down to the wharf, he found that he had been left behind.

It was lucky for the world that it happened so. For had Oliver been carried to America, our literature might never have known that most charming of stories, "The Vicar of Wakefield," nor those rare, delightful poems, "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village"—works which will keep green the name and fame of Oliver Goldsmith as long as the English language endures.

Oliver was one of those happy beings to whom all disappointments are light, and he did not greatly mind being left behind. Finding himself at last with but two guineas in his pocket, he began to bethink him of how he was to return to his good mother at Lissoy. To make so long a journey on foot was out of the question, and so after some bargaining he bought a wretched little pony—ill fed and very lean—whom he named "Fiddleback"; finding thereafter that he had just five shillings left. This, as he afterward told his mother, was but a scanty allowance for man and steed for a journey of above a hundred miles; but he counted on finding plenty of friends along the road. As he ambled out of Cork, mounted on poor Fiddleback, his fine suit of clothes a good deal the worse for the three weeks of careless living which they had seen, he would hardly have been recognized as the gay young fellow who had entered the city so proudly only a short time before. But he was none the less happy; for the sun shone as brightly as ever, and Fiddleback was really a much better nag than one might have supposed.

When but a few miles out from the city, Oliver was hailed by a poor woman at the roadside, who besought him for the love of God to give her alms. She said that her husband had been imprisoned for debt, and that her eight children were starving, and that the landlord was even then on his way to turn them out of doors. The young man could never listen to a tale of distress without being touched with pity, and he hastily drew his money from his pocket, and emptied the half of it into the woman's hand. He had hardly gone a hundred yards, however, when he began to feel sorry that he had not given her all of it; for he remembered that the home of one of his college friends was only five or six miles away and he felt sure that when he arrived there, all his wants would be supplied and his purse replenished.

But—alas for those who put their trust in human kindness!—Oliver's quondam friend gave him but a sorry welcome. Scarcely a mouthful of food did he offer him, and when Oliver told him of the straits into which he was fallen, he gave him but little sympathy.

"Let me see," said he. "You are now, as you say, nearly a hundred miles from home, and you have only half a crown in your pocket. That sorry nag which you have ridden from Cork can barely make the journey in five days, even if his bones should hold together so long; and in the mean while you must have food and lodging, which cannot be obtained for less than double your money. Let me tell you what to do. Sell this Fiddleback, as you call him,—I have a friend who will pay a guinea for him,—then accept from me the present of



OLIVER GOLDSMITH AND HIS SORRY NAG, FIDDLEBACK.

a fine steed that will carry you home, not only in safety, but with really no expense."

Oliver asked to see the steed that was thus offered. His friend led him into his bed-room, and pulled out from beneath the bed a stout oak walking-stick, gnarled and knotty, which looked as if it had seen some little service.

"Here is the horse for you," said he. "Take him, and he will bear you to your mother's house without costing you a penny."

It was not often that Oliver allowed himself to become angry; but as he took the stick into his hands he was strongly tempted to try its strength on its owner's head. He forbore, however, and at last handed back the proffered gift, telling his friend that he would not deprive him of so fine a steed, nor indeed remain in his house another hour.

A week later Oliver's mother was astonished to see him ride into her yard at Lissoy, astride of Fiddleback. Both man and steed were forlorn, bedraggled, half starved; but Oliver was happier even than he had been at the beginning of his knight-errantry.

What finally became of Fiddleback, or of that other horse so ungenerously offered and so promptly refused, nobody knows. But of all the horses that I should like to own there is none that would please me more than the stout oak stick, the memory of which has been preserved by this adventure of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

HERO TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

By Theodore Roosevelt.

III.—King's Mountain.

The close of the year 1780 was, in the Southern States, the darkest time of our Revolutionary struggle. Cornwallis had just destroyed the army of Gates at Camden, and his two formidable lieutenants, Tarleton the light horseman, and Ferguson the skilled rifleman, had destroyed or scattered all the smaller bands who had been fighting for the patriot cause. The red dragoons rode hither and thither, and all through Georgia and South Carolina none dared lift up their heads to oppose them; while North Carolina lay at the feet of Cornwallis as he started through it with his army to march into Virginia. There was no organized force against him, and the cause of the patriots seemed hopeless. It was at this dark hour that the wild backwoodsmen of the Western border gathered to strike a blow for liberty.

When Cornwallis invaded North Carolina he sent Ferguson into the western part of the State to crush out any of the patriot forces that might still be lingering among the foothills. Ferguson was a very gallant and able officer, and a man of much influence with the people wherever he went, so that he was peculiarly fitted for this scrambling border warfare. He had under him a battalion of regular troops and several battalions of Tory militia, in all eleven or twelve hundred men. He shattered and drove the small bands of Whigs that were yet in arms, and finally pushed to the foot of the mountain wall, till he could see in his front the high ranges of the Great Smokies. Here he learned for the first time that beyond the mountains there lay a few hamlets of frontiersmen whose homes were on what were then called the Western Waters — that is, the waters which flowed into the Mississippi. To these he sent word that if they did not prove loyal to the king he would cross the mountains, hang their leaders, and burn their villages.

Beyond the mountains, in the valleys of the Holston and the Watauga, dwelt men who were stout of heart and mighty in battle; and when they heard the threats of Ferguson their hearts burned with a flame of sullen anger. Hitherto the foes against whom they had warred had been, not the British, but the Indian allies of the British — Creek and Chero-

kee and Shawnee. Now that the army of the king had come to their thresholds, they turned to meet him as fiercely as they had met his Indian allies. Among the backwoodsmen of this region there were at that time three men of special note: Sevier, who afterward became governor of Tennessee; Shelby, who afterward became governor of Kentucky; and Campbell, the Virginian, who died in the Revolutionary War. Sevier had given a great barbecue, where oxen and deer were roasted whole, horse-races were run, and the backwoodsmen tried their skill as marksmen and wrestlers. In the midst of the feasting Shelby appeared, hot with hard riding, to tell of the approach of Ferguson and the British. Immediately the feasting was stopped, and the feasters made ready for war. Sevier and Shelby sent word to Campbell to rouse the men of his district and come without delay; and they sent messengers to and fro in their own neighborhood to summon the settlers from their log huts on the stump-dotted clearings, and the hunters from their smoky cabins in the deep woods.

The meeting-place was at the Sycamore Shoals. On the appointed day the backwoodsmen gathered, sixteen hundred strong, each man carrying a long rifle, and mounted on a tough, shaggy horse. They were a grim and fierce people, accustomed to the chase and to warfare with the Indians. Their hunting-shirts of buckskin or homespun were girded in by bead-worked belts, and the trappings of their horses were stained red and yellow. At the gathering there was a black-frocked Presbyterian preacher; and before they started he addressed the tall riflemen in words of burning zeal, urging them to stand stoutly in the battle and to smite "with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Then the army started, the backwoods colonels riding in front.



THE CHARGE OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIERSMEN AT KING'S MOUNTAIN.

Two or three days later word was brought to Ferguson that the Back-water men had come over the mountains; that the Indian-fighters

of the frontier, leaving unguarded their homes on the Western Waters, had crossed by wooded and precipitous defiles to the help of the beaten men of the plains. Ferguson at once fell back, sending out messengers for help. When he came to King's Mountain,— a wooded, hog-back hill on the border line between North and South Carolina,— he camped on its top, deeming that there he was safe; for he supposed that before the backwoodsmen could come near enough to attack him, help would reach him. But the backwoods leaders felt as keenly as he the need of haste, and choosing out their picked men,— the best warriors of the force and the best mounted and armed,— they made a long forced march to assail Ferguson before help could come to him. All night long they rode the dim forest trails and splashed across the fords of the rushing rivers. All the next day — the 6th of October — they rode too, until in mid afternoon they came in sight of King's Mountain.

The little armies were about equal in numbers. Ferguson's regulars were armed with the bayonet, and so were some of his Tory militia, whereas the Americans had not a bayonet among them; but they were picked men, confident in their skill with the rifle, and they were so sure of victory that their aim was not only to defeat the British, but to capture their whole force! The backwoods colonels, counseling together as they rode at the head of the column, decided to surround the mountain and assail it on all sides. Accordingly, the bands of frontiersmen split one from the other, and soon encircled the craggy hill where Ferguson's forces were encamped. They left their horses in the rear, and immediately began the battle, swarming forward on foot, their commanders leading the attack.

The march had been so quick and the attack so sudden that Ferguson barely had time to marshal his men before the assault was made. Most of his militia he scattered around the top of the hill to fire down at the Americans as they came up; while, drawing up his regulars and a few picked militia, he charged in person, with the bayonet, first down one side of the mountain and then down the other. Sevier, Shelby, Campbell, and the other colonels of the frontiersmen led each his force of riflemen straight toward the summit. Each body in turn, when charged by the regulars, was forced to give way, for they had no bayonets wherewith to meet their foes; but the backwoodsmen retreated only so long as the charge lasted, and the minute that it stopped they stopped too, and came back ever closer to the ridge, and ever with a deadlier fire. Ferguson, blowing a silver whistle as a signal to his men, led these charges, sword in hand, on horseback. At last, just as he was once again rallying his men, the riflemen of Sevier and Shelby crowned the top of the ridge. The gallant British commander became a fair target for the backwoodsmen; and, as for the last time he led his men against them, seven bullets entered his body, and he fell dead. With his fall resistance ceased. The regulars and Tories huddled together in a confused mass, while the exultant Americans rushed forward. A flag of truce was hoisted, and all the British who were not dead surrendered.

The victory was complete, and the backwoodsmen at once started to return to their log hamlets and rough, lonely farms. They could not stay, for they dared not leave their homes at the mercy of the Indians. They had rendered a great service; for Cornwallis, when he heard of the disaster to his trusted lieutenant, abandoned his march northward, and retired to South Carolina. When he again resumed the offensive, he found his path barred by stubborn General Greene and his troops of the Continental line.



THE NUMBER SEVEN OAR.

By Francis Churchill Williams.



"'WELL,' SAID FOSTER, 'I HAVE A MAN FOR HIS PLACE.'"

"This is hard luck!" said Tom Wright, gloomily. "Day after to-morrow we begin training, and Hill 's sick at the last minute."

There were four young fellows seated in Wright's room, all members of the 'Varsity crew. As Tom had just said, Hill, who had rowed in the No. 7 seat, had been suddenly taken with a low fever, and the doctor had positively forbidden his rowing. The prospect for filling his place was exceedingly poor, and Tom Wright, who was stroke-oar and captain of the crew, was in despair.

"Could n't Higgins row in Hill's position?" suggested Dorsey, who pulled No. 4 oar.

"No; he is n't up to it," answered Wright. "Brooks, here, will tell you that he can't be made to last over two miles, and that he 's only second-rate at that." Brooks nodded. "But I suppose we 'll have to do the best we can with him," continued Wright, resignedly.

Just then the door opened, and Foster, the bow-oar, walked in. Foster was in the post-graduate department, and when he said anything it was usually worth hearing.

"Hill 's sick?" he asked.

"Yes," said Brooks, dejectedly.

"Well," said Foster, in his slow fashion, as he seated himself on a table and examined a tennis-racket, "I have a man for his place."

"You have!" said Wright. "Who is it?"

"Fales. He 's a new man in the postgraduate department, a big fellow,—must weigh fully one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He 's coaching the sophomores in geometry, and he 'll row so long as it won't interfere with that. He looks as though he 'd get into condition in a couple of weeks, too. He 's rowed before — on some Canadian crew, I think he said."

"That 's something worth hearing!" said Wright. "When 'll he begin?"

"Immediately. I told him to be at the boat-house at four sharp to-morrow afternoon. He can row from four till six o'clock each day."

"Well, that makes our prospects considerably

brighter," remarked Brooks, in a delighted voice. "I only hope he 'll turn out as good a fellow as you describe. And I guess I 'll be going now for a dig at that astronomy. Good night, all!"

And the crowd separated, Foster remaining to have a chat with Wright.

The crew were in the dressing-room at the boat-house the following afternoon when Foster came in, followed by an athletic-looking fellow with curly hair and a pleasant, though decidedly grave face. Every one felt at once that this must be Fales, and seven pairs of eyes were turned on him critically.

"This is Bert Fales," said Foster.

"Glad to meet you, Fales!" exclaimed the stroke-oar, grasping the other's hand, and giving a glance of approval at his strong shoulders and well-knit frame. "We 're just getting ready for a couple of miles' spin, and we 'd like you to try No. 7 seat — that is, if you think you 're able to, to-day. Of course you can take it easy."

"All right; I 'll try it," said Fales, quietly. "I won't promise to do any very hard pulling. It 'll take me a little while to get my hand in; but I 'll do my best."

"That 's all we expect," answered Wright, briskly. "You 'll find a locker for your clothes over there, and you have come ready to row, I see."

In ten minutes more Fales was in boating costume, and Wright nodded to Foster as he saw the long arms and powerful chest of the new man. "He 's a good one," he whispered, as the eight men clattered down-stairs and ranged themselves along the shell, preparatory to carrying her down the slip to the water.

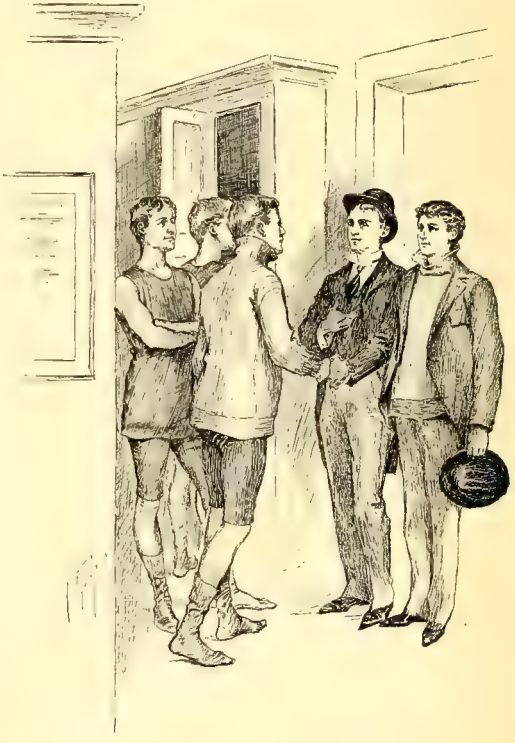
And Fales created no disappointment in the boat. He handled his oar cleverly, and, though he did not exert himself, the stroke-oar and the coxswain could see by the way the water swirled silently from his blade and went rushing toward the stern that he made every one of a well-developed set of muscles do its part in his stroke. And there was a grim smile of satisfaction on Wright's face as he bent to his work and glanced up at the little coxswain.

When they had come down the river to the boat-house again, and the coxswain's "Way enough!" had caused the oar-blades to lie on the water, sending little spurts from their edges as the shell shot down stream, the stroke-oar turned in his seat:

"Well, how did it go?" he asked.

"First-rate! I tell you it makes a fellow feel magnificent to get on the water. I am all out of condition, doing nothing but study and read; but I think I 'll be with you in a few days. Your stroke is a trifle different from ours; but I believe it 's a better one."

"Well, I guess we 'll go in now," said Wright, after a moment. "Ready there, Brooks!"



"'THIS IS BERT FALES,' SAID FOSTER."

"Ready!" repeated the coxswain. "Hold, starboard! Pull easy, port!" and the long "eight" slowly swung around, and, with her bow pointed for the slip, moved ahead.

"Fales!" called Wright, as the latter was leaving the dressing-room afterward. "I 'd take a short run each day, I think. You 'll get into condition quicker, and the regular training later on won't be so hard!"

"All right!" sang back the other in a cheery way, and he was gone.

The training went ahead steadily, and Fales gave no reason to regret the absence of Hill. Wright and Brooks were delighted with him; and as for Foster, he only smiled in a satisfied way which befitted him as the one who had secured the new oarsman. The rest of the crew took that interest in the No. 7 oar which every well-regulated crew takes in a fellow-member who does his full duty. But as to any feeling of personal friendship for him, it was impossible; for he was as silent as the proverbial oyster, except when questioned, and never remained after rowing to talk over the small matters of college life with the rest. So soon as the shell was placed on the racks he was off to dress, and immediately afterward left the boat-house and went to his room to study, or perhaps took a short run. He seemed to be occupied with his books or engaged in writing during all his leisure hours.

One evening Wright was sitting in his room, trying to master a difficult problem in astronomy, when the door was opened and Brooks came in. Wright glanced up, threw him a hasty nod of recognition, and then bent his head again and went on trying to study. He hoped the new-comer would go out soon; for he was intent on the work before him.

By and by he looked up again, and Brooks was still there, with his eyes gazing upon the carpet and his forehead all wrinkled as though he were greatly puzzled. Evidently he intended to stay.

"What 's the matter?" asked Wright, laying down his book in surprise. "Don't sit there frowning, but speak out!"

"I don't know how to begin," said Brooks.

"Don't know how to begin? Begin at the beginning! What 's it all about, anyhow?"

"It 's Fales," explained Brooks, slowly.

"Well, what about him? He is n't sick, is he?"

"No; only — oh, well, I guess I 'd better get it right out. He 's been writing letters!"

"What of that?" asked Wright, amazedly. "He can write them if he wants to, can't he?"

"Yes; but he 's writing them to the coxswain of the crew of —— University; and — can't you think what I mean?"

There was a pause; then Wright jumped to his feet. "You mean that he 's giving our secrets away!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Why, we have our race with them in a little while. Do you mean that he 's telling them about our stroke, the time we 're making, and all that? I can't believe it!"

"All I know is that he 's writing constantly to the coxswain of their crew —"

"And that 's the only thing he 'd be likely to be writing about so frequently," finished Wright for him. "He 's a spy, that 's what he is! We don't know anything about him, except that he can pull a good oar, and he never has a word to say for himself. I 'll make him leave the crew to-day; and I 'll —"

"No, you won't, Tom!" broke in Brooks. "We have n't got any real proof against him, only the address on the letters which I have chanced to see at different times. Besides, if we put him out of the crew now, who 'll we get to row in his place? We have n't one fellow who could pull anything like as well as he does. All we can do is to wait, and keep an eye on him. And I have an idea, anyhow, that he 'll forget all about what he 's here for,— if he *is* a spy,— and 'll do his best for us. He is immensely fond of rowing — I can see that — and gets very earnest over his work in the boat. But don't let the rest of the fellows know anything about this! It would only make him an object of suspicion to them, and he 'd notice it, and probably would leave us just at the last minute. Then we *should* be in a fix indeed. No; the best we can do is to keep quiet and watch him carefully."

For a few minutes Wright did not reply. Then he looked up. "I guess you 're right," he said slowly; "there 's nothing else to be done."

"Well, good night, old fellow!" said Brooks, as cheerfully as he could. "All will come out right yet"; and the door slammed upon him.

In spite of Brooks's admonition, Wright's manner toward Fales was somewhat cooler when he met him next day, and there was just the least suspicion of formality also in the greeting of Brooks and of Foster, who had been let into the secret, and who would n't hear of the accusation at first. But the rest, if they

noticed it, gave it no further thought. Fales felt the change, however; but, though it hurt him keenly, he gave no sign of it. If anything, his manner became more reserved and silent than ever, and the three immediately saw in this a guilty conscience, and felt confirmed in their suspicions.

About two weeks before the race the crew, with the substitutes and the "coach," a man named Gray, went to New London. Quarters had been secured on the western bank of the Thames River, and only a few hundred yards above those occupied by the crew of the rival university on the opposite shore.

After supper on the evening of their arrival, Fales asked permission to spend two hours away from quarters. Gray considered for a moment and then consented. Active training had been begun; but he knew Fales to be a steady fellow who would n't get into mischief.

About an hour after Fales had left, Wright noticed his absence and asked where he was.

"He asked leave to be away for a couple of hours, and I let him go," explained Gray.

Wright started, and exchanged a meaning look with Brooks.

"Where did he say he was going?" he asked.

"He did n't tell me, and I did n't think it necessary to ask. He is n't the kind of fellow to do anything foolish or to get into trouble, you know. He 'll be back in good time."

"Oh, yes," Wright returned absently; "he 'll come back, I suppose"; and Gray thought he detected a suggestive tone in his voice; but the other's face told nothing, and in a few minutes the whole thing had passed from his mind.

An hour later, just as they were going indoors, Fales came around a corner of the porch with a quiet "Good evening." Wright glanced at him sharply; but the other was as grave and silent as usual, and Wright felt angry with himself for not speaking out and demanding an explanation of him. He turned aside to speak to Brooks, and was surprised not to see him. No one had seen him leave, either.

In a little while Wright got up. "Well," he said, yawning, "I 'm going to bed, and I advise



"A FEW LAST STROKES, AND THEY HAD PASSED THE BUOY AT THE FINISH." (SEE PAGE 731.)

you to do the same. We 've got to go over a good part of that course on time to-morrow."

Gray gave the same advice, but the crew went to bed reluctantly, for it was a magnificent night, clear and balmy.

Wright had been in his room only a few minutes when Brooks came in. "Tom," he said, "we were right about Fales. I 'm pretty certain now. When he left here he took the skiff and pulled over to the quarters on the other side. I had a suspicion of something when Gray told me he had got permission to go away, and I slipped out and took the single working-boat and paddled across the river. I came up to the slip over there without being noticed, and I saw Fales sitting in the shadow of a big pile, talking to their coxswain. I could n't hear what they said — they were too far off; but I saw them both plainly. Fales is a spy, that 's my opinion!"

"He 's a sneak — a low sneak! If we lose that race, it 'll be due to him. And if we 're beaten, I 'll make it so hot for him that he 'll —" and Wright tried to find a word expressive of his feelings, and, failing, shut his jaws with a savage snap suggestive of something fearful in store for the No. 7 man.

"There 's no use of borrowing trouble," remarked Brooks, after a pause. "We can't do anything now, and what we 'd better do is to get to bed and try to look on the bright side of things. Good night!" and he stalked out of the room.

Wright went to bed promptly; but he could not sleep for a while; for somehow he could not see any bright side to the affair.

It was half-past four o'clock when the two crews "lined up" on the afternoon of the race. It was a magnificent day. The river lay calm, except where a breath of air touched it into life and sent the ripples chasing down stream. The tide was nearly done running out, and the spar-buoys stood up almost straight in the water. On the western bank the old town shone out clear in the sunlight, a short distance below the starting-point. On the right the land rose close to the river, and a little further up the green of the trees was enlivened by the gay colors of the flags lazily drooping from the staffs on the house of one of the residents. Two great excursion steamers laboriously churned the water. Their throbbing engines told of the pressure in their boilers, as they awaited the start. A host of naphtha or steam launches swarmed about, puffing inordinately and getting in every one's way, while rival captains bellowed directions at each other over some awkward movement. The banks swarmed with black coats and white dresses, those of the town folk not on the steam craft, and everything seemed to breathe a suppressed excitement.

Fifty feet below the long shells the referee's launch lay; and, clinging to the rail as he leaned over the sharp cutwater, the referee himself was giving orders in quick, exact tones.

At last he had finished, and the eighteen men in the shells who had been straining their ears to catch every word, straightened themselves in their seats and nervously gripped their oars afresh. Then, with the blood tingling curiously in their finger-ends, they leaned their heads forward a trifle, and with eyes straight astern awaited the word.

"Ready!" and sixteen oars flashed back the sunlight as they moved and dipped into the water again, their holders poising themselves, ready for the stroke. The launches had darted aside, the steamers were in position, and from the bows of the two shells up stream there stretched a clear space of water, which was lost only where the river bent toward the west. Suddenly there rang out, loud and clear, "Go!"

Like a flash sixteen pairs of shoulders squared, sixteen seats shot back, and the water surged astern from the driven blades. A second later, and the river boiled under the wheels and propellers of the steam-craft, and a mighty shout went up, punctuated by a dozen shrill blasts from the pipes of the steamers.

The two shells had leaped forward almost together. Leaning easily in the seat, Brooks gave a look to his crew. With tense fingers grasping the tiller-ropes, he uttered a low "Steady!" which thrilled each man in the boat, and made them stretch out by common impulse and send the water flying in eddying circles from their blades. In twenty strokes

the crew had settled down, and Brooks, with another warning "Steady!" gave a glance to their opponents.

Not over fifty feet away the other crew, working together in perfect unison, were holding their own splendidly. He could not refrain from admiring the regular rise and fall of the shoulders of each oarsman, and the long, powerful "reach" and "catch" of the eight oars. He saw the struggle which was ahead before either crew would win, and turned to his own boat again.

Wright was pulling thirty-five strokes to the minute, and his boat was going fully as fast as the other, despite the fact that the quick sound of the oars in the locks on the rival shell told of the faster stroke the stroke-oarsman there was setting. Brooks saw with satisfaction the cool determination in the faces of those nearest to him.

At the half-mile post the two shells were nearly bow and bow, and Wright was still pulling but thirty-five strokes, while his rivals were rowing thirty-seven.

The steamers were strung out far in the rear, except the referee's launch, which cut the water only fifty yards astern. The shouts had died out, and only an occasional yell from the more enthusiastic admirers of one crew or the other, with a periodic whistle from some launch, showed the interest of the spectators.

At the mile buoy the faster stroke of the other boat, Brooks saw, had forced it fully five feet ahead of them. It was *only* five feet; but he did not like even that, and, leaning forward, he spoke a low word to Wright. Then followed the "Ready, there!" and the quick yell of the stroke-oar as he set a faster pace. Twenty times the oars flashed in and out and they were again even with the other boat, which had made no spurt. A half-mile further, and they were still on equal terms with their rivals, and half of the three miles of the race was covered.

As they rounded a slight bend a little further on, Brooks gave another searching glance to his crew. Not a face there but was set and resolved; not one that looked dispirited, though every man was pulling strongly, and the perspiration streamed from faces and shoulders. Pleased with what he saw, he whispered again to the stroke, and at the same instant heard the indistinct sound of a similar warning in the other boat.

Again came the "Steady there!" followed smartly by Wright's yell. Then there was a quick pull, another, a third, and on the third an ominous crack, a crunching sound, and the shell jarred sharply. Wright had shot back helpless in his seat, the handle of his oar clasped in his hands, while the blade drifted to the stern, broken off at the rowlock. For the moment the confusion among the crew was complete. Brooks shouted directions; but the disorganization was sufficient to make the shell lose headway and sheer off toward the starboard side. The other boat was fully half a length ahead almost immediately; but it looked like a collision, the two shells were so close to each other.

Then, just as the stroke-oar in the other boat came opposite to the bow of their boat, there came to each crew an order.

"Let her go — all together there!" sang out the coxswain of their rival, and his boat shot forward under the increased stroke. But to Brooks's ears a more grateful sound was the deep-toned voice of the No. 7 man in his own crew, "Steady there! Now, pick her up, all together!" and then his sharp "One — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight — nine — ten!"

And, as if by magic, order sprang from disorder, and at each count there was a strong united pull, and Brooks felt the boat lift and shoot as the seven men threw their weight on the oars. He saw that the crew recognized a leader in Fales, and that they were inspired with renewed energy by his encouraging words and example. Brooks, in the excitement of the moment, had not paid especial attention to the No. 7 man before. Now the latter suddenly had become the master of the situation. Upon him everything depended. Whether they were to win the race with only seven oars against the eight of their opponents was to be determined largely by his skill and strength. Wright had drawn his seat as close to the foot-stretcher as he could manage, and sat there, still and helpless, but with a strange look on his face as he realized

that Fales had so cleverly and determinedly assumed the duties of stroke-oar. Brooks grasped the tiller-lines more firmly, for by this time the shell was upon her course; but having only three men on one side of the boat to the four on the other made it difficult to keep her steady. Brooks saw, however, that they were now holding their own with their rivals, who were one boat's length ahead. They had yet a mile to go, and slowly but surely, under the faster stroke of Fales, they were diminishing the distance separating them from the leading boat. A half-mile further, and the stern of their rivals' shell was even with the middle of their own. But they could not gain another inch; for the others had begun rowing a faster stroke. Spurt for spurt the two crews made; but the advantage of the leaders was not once permanently increased or lessened.

Then, just as they came into the last quarter of a mile, the other crew began pulling quickly, and their boat crept slowly ahead. Brooks looked inquiringly at Fales; but Fales only shook his head slightly. A third of the last quarter was passed over, and their rivals were nearly clear of them, when Brooks, watching Fales's face anxiously, saw him give a sudden look of command. Instantly his voice rang out clear:

"Now, give it to her, all together! Pick her right up!" And he began to count sharply.

With the first word Fales uttered a short cry and went back on his seat like a flash. Almost as quickly he had drawn himself together again, and the crew responded nobly to his thirty-nine stroke. The boat jumped to the first stroke like a thing of life, and the water hissed and swirled madly from the oars. Brooks saw the great muscles on the shoulders and thighs of the No. 7 man stand out like cords, and he heard the labored breathing of the men as they bent to their work. But, best of all, he saw they were rapidly overtaking the other boat.

Now they had entered upon the last hundred yards of the race, and the stroke had been raised to forty to the minute, and the coxswain of the other boat was nearly on a level with Brooks. Wright's face was wreathed with smiles. Fifty yards, and they were even; twenty-five, and Brooks saw the swirl from the stroke-oar of their rivals opposite to him, and he knew his own boat was ahead. A few last strokes, and they had passed the buoy at the finish; and with a shout of "Way enough!" Brooks threw out his hand to Wright.

But the latter had turned in his seat and had grasped the hand of the No. 7 man in his own, and was gripping it hard.

"You 've won the race for us," he was saying. And Fales could only return the handshake and look happy.

And then there were yells and cheers from the friends of the winning crew; for the big steamers and the launches had come up. The two shells had drifted close together, and as the crews rested in their seats, the oars lying flat on the water, Fales suddenly looked across at the coxswain of the other boat, who sat dejectedly, holding the loose tiller-lines in his hands.

"Wright," Fales said, turning his face toward the latter, "I want to introduce you to my cousin, Dean Bartow"; and he indicated the coxswain of the rival crew.

"I 'm glad to meet you," said Wright; "but I 'm sorry it 's under such circumstances — sorry for you, you understand," with a smile.

"Well," returned the other, frankly, "you are n't more sorry than I am. But I suppose I ought to have expected it. You don't get an oar like Bert Fales every day, if I say it myself. But to be beaten by seven men!" and he looked so disgusted that the others laughed; they could n't help it. "And the worst of it all is," continued Bartow, "that Bert 's been writing to me every week — we 're great chums, you know — and telling me that he expected you would be beaten, now that he was in the crew. Never mind; he won't be with you next year, and then — well, we 'll get even with you, or at least we 'll try. Good-by!" and his crew, taking up their oars, slowly pulled up the river to their quarters.

For a minute Wright and Brooks looked after the other boat; then the former gave the latter a shamefaced glance. Foster came to Wright's room that night, when no one else was there but Brooks, and the three took a solemn vow never to hint at what they had suspected. "And to think," said Brooks, just before he left, "that we thought Fales a spy."

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

By Howard Pyle.

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Chapter XLV.

THE FIGHT.

Early in the morning, perhaps by eight o'clock, a boat came over to the settlement from the lieutenant's schooner, which, with the sloop, lay some four or five miles away. A number of men were lounging on the landing, watching its approach. The men in the boat rowed close up to the landing, and there lay upon their oars. A man stood up in the stern. It was the master's mate of the schooner. "Is there any man here," said he, "what can pilot over the shoals?"

Nobody answered him; they stood staring stupidly at him. One of the men at last took his pipe out of his mouth. "There be n't any pilot here, master," said he. "We be n't none of us pilots."

"Why, what a story you do tell!" said the mate. "D' ye suppose I 've never been down here before, not to know that every man about here knows the passes of the shoals?"

The man still held his pipe in his hand. He looked at another one of the men. "Do you know the passes in over the shoals, Jem?" said he.

The man to whom he spoke was a young fellow with long, shaggy, sunburned hair hanging over his eyes in an unkempt mass. He shook his head, grunting. "Na; I don't know naught about t' shoals," said he.

"'T is Lieutenant Maynard of his Majesty's navy, in command of them vessels out there," said the mate. "He 'll give any man five pounds to pilot him in." The men on the wharf looked at one another, but no one spoke. The mate sat looking at them; he saw that they did not choose to answer him. "Why," said he, "I believe you 've not got right wits; that 's what I believe is the matter with you. Pull me up to the landing, men, and I 'll go ashore and see if I can find anybody that 's willing to make five pounds for such a little bit of piloting as that."

After the mate had gone the loungers still stood on the wharf looking down into the boat. They began talking to one another for the men in the boat to hear them.

"They 're coming in," said one, "to blow poor Blackbeard out of the water." "Ay," said another man; "he 's meek, too, he is. He 'll just lie still and let 'em blow and blow, he will." "There 's a young fellow there," said another of the men; "he don't look fit to die yet, he don't. Why, I would n't be in his place for a thousand pound." "I do suppose Blackbeard 's so afraid he don't know how to see," said the first speaker.

The men in the boat had sat listening. At last one of them spoke up. "Maybe he don't know how to see," said he; "but maybe we 'll blow some daylight into him afore we get through with him."

Some more men had come out from the shore to the end of the wharf. There was now quite a crowd standing looking at the men in the boat. "What do them Virginny 'baccy-eaters do down here in Caroliny, anyway?" said one of the new-comers. "They 've got no call to be down here in North Carolina waters."

"Maybe you can keep us away from coming, and maybe you can't," said a man from the boat.

"Why," answered a man on the wharf, "we could keep you away easy enough; but you be n't worth the trouble, and that 's the truth."

There was a heavy iron bolt lying near the edge of the landing. One of the men upon the wharf slyly pushed it out with the end of his foot. It hung for a moment, and then fell into

the boat below with a crash. "What d' ye mean by that?" roared the man in charge of the boat. "What d' ye mean, ye villains? D' ye mean to stave us in?"

"Why," said the man who had pushed it, "you saw 't was n't done a-purpose, did n't you?"

"Well, you try it again and somebody 'll get hurt," said the man in the boat, showing the butt-end of a pistol.

The men on the wharf began laughing. Just then the mate came down from the settlement again, and out along the landing. The threatened turbulence quieted as he approached, and the crowd moved stolidly aside to let him pass. He did not bring any pilot with him. He jumped down into the stern of the boat. "Push off," said he, briefly. The crowd of loungers stood looking after them as they rowed away. When the boat was some distance away from the landing they burst out into a volley of derisive yells. "The villains!" said the mate. "They are all in league together. They would not even let me go up into the settlement for a pilot."

The lieutenant and his sailing-master stood together watching the boat as it approached. "Could n't you, then, get a pilot, Baldwin?" said Mr. Maynard, as the mate scrambled aboard.

"Why, no, I could n't, sir," said the mate. "Either they 're all banded together, or else they 're all afraid of the villains. They would n't even let me go up into the settlement to find one."

"Well, then," said Mr. Maynard, "we 'll make shift to work in as best we may by ourselves. 'T will be high tide against one o'clock. We 'll run in then with sail as far as we can, and then we 'll send you ahead with the boat to sound for a pass, and we 'll follow with the sweeps. You know the waters pretty well, you say."

"They were saying ashore that the villain hath forty men aboard," said the mate.*

Lieutenant Maynard's force consisted of thirty-five men in the schooner and twenty-five men in the sloop. He carried neither cannons nor carronades, and neither of his vessels was very well fitted for the purpose for which they were sent out. The schooner, which he himself commanded, offered no protection to the crew. It was not more than a foot high in the waist, and the men on the deck were almost entirely exposed. The rail of the sloop was perhaps a little higher; but still it was hardly better adapted for fighting. Indeed, the lieutenant depended more upon the moral force of official authority to overawe the villains than upon his force of arms or men. He never believed until the very last moment that the pirates would show any real fight. It is very possible that they might not have resisted had they not thought that the lieutenant had really no legal right to attack them.

It was about noon when anchor was hoisted, and, with the schooner leading, both vessels ran slowly in before a light wind that had begun to blow toward midday. In each vessel a man stood in the bows, sounding continually with lead and line. As they slowly opened up the harbor within the inlet, they could see the pirate sloop. There was a boat just putting off from it to the shore.

The lieutenant and his sailing-master stood together on the roof of the cabin deck-house. The sailing-master held a glass to his eye. "She carries a long gun, sir," said he, "and four carronades. She 'll be hard to beat, sir, I do suppose, armed as we are with only small arms for close fighting."

The lieutenant laughed. "Why, Brookes," said he, "you seem to think forever of these men showing fight. You don't know them as I know them. They have a deal of bluster and make a deal of noise, but when you seize them and hold them with a strong hand there 's naught of fight left in them. 'T is like enough there 'll not be so much as a musket fired today. I 've had to do with 'em often enough before to know my gentlemen well by this time." Nor was it until the very last that the lieutenant could be brought to admit that the pirates had any stomach for a fight.

The two vessels had reached to perhaps within a mile of the pirate sloop, before they found the water too shoal to venture any further with sail. It was then that the boat was

* The pirate Captain had really only twenty-five men aboard of his sloop at the time of the fight.

lowered, as the lieutenant had planned, and the mate went ahead to sound, the two vessels, with their sails still hoisted, but empty of wind, pulling in after with sweeps.

The pirate had hoisted sail, and now lay as though waiting for the approach of the two vessels.

The boat in which the mate was sounding had run a considerable distance ahead of the larger and more cumbersome vessels. The sloop and the schooner had gradually crept up with the sweeps to within perhaps a little less than half a mile, and the boat with the mate was, maybe, a quarter of a mile closer. Suddenly there was a puff of smoke from the pirate sloop, and then another and another, and the next moment there came the three reports of muskets up the wind.

"Zounds!" said the lieutenant, "I do believe they 're firing on the boat." As he spoke the boat turned and began pulling toward them. "Yes; there they are, coming back again," said he.

The boat with the mate aboard was putting back, rowing rapidly. Again there were three or four puffs of smoke, and three or four reports from the muskets on the distant vessel. Then in a little while the boat was alongside, and the mate came scrambling aboard. "Never mind hoisting the boat," said the lieutenant; "we 'll just take her in tow. Come aboard as quick as you can." Then, turning to the sailing-master, "Well, Brookes, you 'll have to crack on all sail, and we 'll do the best we can to get in over the shoals."

"But, sir," said the master, "we 'll be sure to run aground."

"Very well, sir," said the lieutenant; "you heard my orders. If we run aground, we run aground, and that 's all there is of it."

"I sounded, as far as may be, a little over a fathom," said the mate; "but the villains would let me get no further. I think I was in the channel, though. 'T is more open inside, as I mind me of it. There 's a kind of a hole there, and if we get in over the shoals just beyond where I was, we 'll be all right."

"Well, then, you take the wheel, Baldwin," said the lieutenant, "and do the best you can for us."

Lieutenant Maynard stood looking out forward at the pirate vessel, which they were now steadily nearing under half sail. He could see that there were signs of bustle aboard, and of men running around upon the deck.

Then he walked aft and around the cabin. The sloop was some distance astern. It appeared to have run aground, and they were trying to push it off with the sweeps. The lieutenant looked over the stern. It seemed to him that the schooner was already raising the mud in her wake. He went forward across the deck. His men were crouching down along by the rail. There was a quietness of expectation about them. The lieutenant looked them over as he passed. "Johnson," said he, "do you take the lead and line and go forward and sound a bit." Then to the others: "Now, my men, the moment we run her aboard, you get aboard of her as quick as you can, do you understand? Don't wait for the sloop, or think about her; but just get aboard as quick as you can, and see that the grappling-irons are fast. If any man offers to resist you, shoot him down. Are you all ready, Mr. Cringle?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said the gunner.

"Very well, then. Be ready, men; we 'll board 'em in a minute or two."

"There 's less than a fathom of water here, sir," called out Johnson from the bows. As he spoke there was a sudden soft jar and jerk, then the schooner was still. They were aground.

"Push her off to the starboard there! Let go your sheets!" roared the mate from the wheel. "Push her off to the starboard!" He spun the wheel around as he spoke. Half a dozen men sprang up, seized the sweeps, and plunged them into the water. Others ran to help them, but the sweeps only sank into the mud without moving the schooner. The sails had fallen off, and they were flapping and thumping and clapping in the wind. Others of the crew had scrambled to their feet, and ran to help those at the sweeps. The lieutenant had walked quickly aft again. They were very close to the pirate sloop. Suddenly some one hailed the lieutenant from aboard of her. There was a man standing up on the rail of the pirate sloop, holding by the backstays.

"Who are you?" he called; "and whence

come you? What do you seek here? What d' ye mean, coming down on us this way?"

The lieutenant heard somebody say, "That 's Blackbeard himself"; and he looked curiously at the distant figure.

The pirate stood out boldly against the cloudy sky. Somebody seemed to speak to him from behind. He turned his head. Then he turned around again. "We 're only peaceful merchantmen!" he called. "What authority have you got to come down upon us this way? If you 'll come aboard I 'll show you my papers, and that we 're only peaceful merchantmen."

"The villains!" said the lieutenant to the master, who stood beside him. "They 're peaceful merchantmen, are they? They look like peaceful merchantmen, with four carronades and a long gun aboard!" Then he called out across the water, "I 'll come aboard with my schooner as soon as I can push her off here."

"If you undertake to come aboard of me," called the pirate, "I 'll shoot into you. You 've got no authority to board me, and I sha'n't have you do it. If you undertake to do it, 't will be your own fault, for I 'll neither ask quarter of you, nor give none."

"Very well," said the lieutenant; "if you choose to try that, you may do as you please; for I 'm coming aboard of you as sure as heaven."

"Push off the bow there!" called the mate at the wheel. "Look alive! Why don't you push off the bow?"

"She 's hard aground," answered the gunner; "we can't budge her an inch."

"If they was to fire into us now," said the mate, "they 'd smash us to pieces."

"They won't fire into us," said the lieutenant; "they won't dare to." He jumped down from the cabin deck-house as he spoke, and went forward to urge the men in pushing off the boat. It was already beginning to move.

"Mr. Maynard! Mr. Maynard!" cried out the sailing-master, suddenly, "they 're going to give us a broadside!"

Almost before the words were out of his mouth, or Lieutenant Maynard could turn, there came a loud and deafening crash, and then instantly another and a third, and at the same moment a crackling and rending of broken wood. There were clean yellow splinters flying. A man fell violently against the lieutenant, nearly overturning him; the officer caught at the stays, and so saved himself. He waited one tense moment, almost holding his breath. Was he hurt? No; he was safe and unharmed. Then all about him was the sound of cries and groans and shouts and oaths. The man who had fallen against him was lying face down upon the deck. There were men down all about him. Some were rising, some were trying to rise, some only moved as they lay.

There was a distant yelling and cheering and shouting. It was from the pirate sloop. The pirates were rushing about upon her decks. They had pulled the cannon back, and, through the nearer sound of the groans about him, the lieutenant could hear the thud and punch of the rammers. He knew they were going to shoot again. "They 're going to give us another broadside!" he called out. "Get down below, all hands, as quick as you can! What 's the matter, Cringle? Are you hurt?"

The gunner was holding his arm. "Why, no, sir," said he. "A bolt or summat struck me, and I thought 't was broke; but I believe 't is all right." While he was speaking, all the men who could do so ran scrambling down below.

"Well, get down below as quick as you can," said the lieutenant. "The villains are going to shoot again. There 's no shelter here with this low rail."

The lieutenant stood looking about him. The decks were clear, except for the three dead men, and some three or four wounded who could not get away. The mate was crouching down close to the wheel; the sailing-master was nowhere to be seen. "Where 's Brookes?" said the lieutenant.

"He 's hurt in the arm, sir, and he 's gone below," said the mate.

The lieutenant ran over to the forecastle hatch. "Below there, Cringle!" called he.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the gunner's voice from below.

"Set up another ladder, so as to get the

men up on deck lively when they 're wanted. They 'll likely be coming aboard of us presently."

"They 're going to shoot again, sir," called out the mate.

The lieutenant saw the gunner aboard the pirate sloop in the act of touching the match to the touch-hole. He stooped down. There was another loud and deafening crash of cannon; one, two, three, four — the last two almost together. But this time there was no sound of crashing and splintering wood.

"'T is the sloop, sir!" called out the mate. "Look at the sloop!"

The sloop had got afloat again, and was coming up when the pirates fired their second broadside, now at her. When the lieutenant looked at her she was still quivering with the impact of the shot. The next moment she began falling off to the wind. The lieutenant could see the wounded men rising and falling and struggling upon her decks. Again there was the sound of yells and cheering aboard the pirate vessel.

"They 're going to come aboard of us now, sir," said the mate.

"Zounds! I believe they are," said the lieutenant. As he spoke, the pirate sloop came drifting out from the cloud of smoke that enveloped her.

The lieutenant rushed forward to the hatchway. "Below there, Cringle!" cried he.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the gunner.

"They 're coming aboard of us now. Be ready when I give the order for all hands on deck with pistols and cutlases for short fighting."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The pirate sloop loomed up larger and larger as she bore down upon them. The lieutenant crouched down under the rail, looking out at her. Suddenly, a little distance away, she came about, broadside on, and then drifted. She was close aboard. Something came flying through the air — another and another. They were bottles. One of them broke with a crash upon the deck. The others rolled over to the further rail. In each of them a quick-match was smoking. Almost instantly there was a flash and a terrific report, and the air was full of the whiz and singing of broken particles of glass and iron. There was another report, and the whole air seemed full of gunpowder smoke.

There was a sudden jar.

"They 're aboard of us!" said the mate; and even as he spoke the lieutenant roared out, "All hands to repel boarders!"

As he called out the order, he himself ran forward through the smoke, snatching one of his pistols out of his pocket and the cutlas out of its sheath. The men were coming swarming up from below. There was a sudden stunning report of a pistol, and then another and another almost together. There was a groan, and the fall of a heavy body. A figure came jumping over the rail, and then two or three more directly following. The lieutenant was in the midst of the gunpowder smoke. Suddenly Blackbeard was there. He had stripped himself naked to the waist. There were two slings, each with a brace of pistols, hanging around his shoulders. Almost with the blindness of instinct, the lieutenant thrust out his pistol, firing as he did so. The pirate staggered back. He was down! No, he was up again! He had a pistol in each hand. Suddenly the mouth of a pistol was pointing straight at the lieutenant's head. He ducked instinctively, striking upward with his cutlas as he did so. There was a stunning, deafening report almost in his ear. He struck again blindly with his cutlas. He saw the flash of a sword, and flung up his guard almost instinctively, meeting the crash of the descending blade. Somebody shot from behind him; at the same moment he saw some one strike the pirate. One of Maynard's own men tumbled headlong against him, and he fell with the man; but almost instantly he had scrambled to his feet again. As he did so he saw that the pirate sloop had drifted a little way from them. His hand was smarting as though struck with the lash of a whip. He looked around him; the pirate Captain was nowhere to be seen — yes, there he was, lying by the rail! He raised himself upon his elbow, and the lieutenant saw that he was trying to point a pistol at him; but his arm wavered and swayed, and the pistol nearly fell from his fingers. His elbow gave way, and he fell down upon his face. He tried to raise him-

self; he fell down again, then rolled over, then lay still.

There was a loud splash of men jumping overboard, and then almost instantly the cry of "Quarter! Quarter!" The lieutenant ran to the edge of the vessel. The grappling-irons of the pirate ship had parted, and it had drifted away. The few pirates who had been left aboard of the schooner had jumped overboard or were holding up their hands. "Quarter!" they cried. "Don't shoot! Quarter!" And the fight was over.

The lieutenant looked down at his hand. There was a great cutlas gash across the back of it, and his arm and shirt-sleeve were wet with blood. He went aft, holding the wrist of his wounded hand. The mate was still at the wheel. "Zounds!" said the lieutenant, with a nervous, quavering laugh, "I did n't know there was such fight in the villains."

His wounded and shattered sloop was again coming up toward him, under sail; but the pirate sloop had surrendered, and the fight was over.

Chapter XLVI.

In a New Life.

Jack had now been living for more than a month as one of the household at Marlborough. He was almost like one of the family, and he and Nelly Parker were constantly together. It was now the beginning of December, and the Attorney Burton had just left for England with letters to Jack's uncle, Sir Roger Ballister, from Colonel Parker. Meantime Colonel Parker was rather Jack's host than patron.

It was a beautiful clear Sunday, with just a sweet freshness in the air. It had been raining the day before, and the roads here and there were very deep with sticky mud, through which the horses could hardly pull the coach; but overhead it was very beautiful.

Colonel Parker was always very strict in his family observance of Sundays. He almost never failed, excepting when he was sick, to attend the parish church, and his household was also expected to attend.

Colonel Parker and Madam Parker and the young lady and Jack had all gone together in the coach.

It was very chill and damp in the church. Mr. Jones was preaching a rather longer sermon than usual. Jack sat in the big, square, cushioned pew, curtained off from the rest of the congregation, looking up at the minister where he stood in the great high pulpit with the sounding-board above his head.

At times Jack would understand a portion of the sermon. Then his mind would drift into other channels and far away — generally to petty things concerning his every-day life. Colonel Parker sat in the corner of the pew, perfectly still and upright. Nelly Parker was playing with the ribbon of her prayer-book, and Madam Parker was frankly dozing in the opposite corner.

Mr. Jones preached on and on. Jack remembered that he had never seen Mr. Richard Parker, excepting that one time, since he had come back from North Carolina. What was Mr. Parker doing now? It was over a month since Jack had brought the young lady home, and his old master had never visited Marlborough in all that time. He wondered how it looked at the Roost; whether the same people were there that had been there when he ran away three or four months before.

As he sat thinking aimlessly, something aroused him and he was suddenly conscious that Mr. Jones was just closing his sermon.

Jack followed the family out of the church, carrying the prayer-books.

A little knot of people gathered around in front of the church. The sunlight felt very warm and sweet after the chill, damp interior. There was a great deal of talk going on all about him. Jack felt, as he always did in the midst of these people, that he was not really one of them. He felt uncomfortable and out of place.

Mr. Bamfield Oliver's family were all at church that morning — Mr. Oliver, the father, two daughters, and young Harry Oliver. Mr. Bamfield Oliver and Colonel Parker were talking together. Mr. Oliver had offered Colonel Parker a pinch of snuff from the fine, gold-enameled snuff-box he always carried on Sundays. Madam Parker and Nelly Parker and the two Misses Oliver were talking together animatedly. Harry Oliver stood by, smiling

now and then with a flash of his perfect teeth, and now and then speaking a word in the talk. "If you 'll be home this afternoon, Miss," said he to Nelly Parker, "I 'd like to ride over. 'T is a sweet day to treat one's self to a pleasure."

"Do, Mr. Oliver," said Madam Parker. "Nelly 'll be mightily glad to see you. And stay to sup with us. You 'll have a full moon for the ride back."

Jack knew one of Mr. Oliver's sisters; the other was a stranger to him. She was looking very intently at him. Presently she whispered to her brother. Jack knew that she was speaking of him; he tried to look unconscious. He had grown so accustomed to hearing people speak of his saving Eleanor Parker from the pirates, that he knew from their looks when they were thinking of it. It no longer afforded him any pleasure. Now he knew almost what the young lady was saying as she whispered to her brother. Harry Oliver burst out laughing. "Why, Master Jack," said he, "here 's another young lady hath lost her heart to you, and thinks you a hero. The fame of your adventures hath reached all the way to the Bermuda Hundred, 't would seem."

The young lady's velvety cheek, dark like her brother's, colored to a soft crimson, and she turned sharply away. Jack felt himself blushing in sympathy. Nelly Parker laughed.

Just then Mr. Jones came out of the church. He had removed his surplice, and with it the ministerial air that he wore in the pulpit.

"Will you not come over and take dinner with us?" said Colonel Parker.

Mr. Jones had hoped Colonel Parker would ask him. "Why, sir," said he, hesitatingly, "I would like mightily much to do so, sir."

"Why, then, do so," said Colonel Parker. "Did you ride over this morning?"

"Yes, sir, I did," said Mr. Jones; "I have my horse over yonder in the shed."

"Well, then," said Colonel Parker, "you shall go over with us in the coach. Jack, here, will ride your horse to Marlborough."

Jack heard with a sinking heart. All through the sermon he had been looking forward to the ride home with Nelly Parker.

Harry Oliver went with the family toward the coach, where one of the negro footmen stood, holding open the door. Jack followed, still carrying the books. Harry Oliver's mother called him, and he left Nelly Parker at the gate of the churchyard. Jack felt a keen pang of pleasure that he had gone, and that he himself had Nelly Parker even for a moment. It seemed to him that when Harry Oliver was with her she forgot all about him. "I 'm mightily sorry I 'm not going to ride home with you," he said as he helped her into the coach.

She looked at him straight in the eyes. He looked back at her. He felt a pang of happiness so keen that it was almost painful. She burst out laughing, and the next moment had stepped into the coach. Jack handed in the books, and stood aside. The negro footman closed the yellow, paneled door with a bang. The great coach moved lumberingly away, yawing and swaying from side to side, and the three negro footmen ran after it, and scrambled up behind to the rail.

Jack stood in the thin sunlight, looking after it. Then he turned and went slowly over to the shed where the minister's horse was hitched.

He caught up with the coach before it had reached Marlborough, and then followed it closely the rest of the way to the house.

After dinner Nelly Parker had gone to her room, and the house seemed very blank and empty. Jack stood at the window, watching Mr. Jones as he rode away back to his church.

Presently Jack left the window and went over to the fireplace. He stood there for a while, warming himself and wondering what he should do. There was a book upon the table near by, with a handkerchief in it to keep the place. He picked it up, and began reading. Now and then the words formed themselves into ideas; but at other times he read them without knowing what he was reading, thinking of other things. He sat there for a long while. Suddenly the door opened, and he heard the rustle of a dress. He knew instantly and vividly who had entered, but he would not look up. He heard her moving about the room.

"What are you reading?" said she at last.

Jack looked at the top of the page. "'T is the—er—'The Masque of Comus,'" said he.

"Why, to be sure," said she; "I was reading it to papa yesterday."

She came over and stood behind his chair as she spoke. She leaned over him, looking down at the book in his hand. He felt her nearness, —almost the touch of her dress,—and his heart thrilled poignantly.

Harry Oliver came into the room, laughing, and presently he and Nelly Parker were talking and laughing together. Jack was pretending to read the book again. He was listening to what they were saying. Everything was once more bitter and displeasing to him. After a while he got up and went out of the room, and they did not seem to notice his going.

Jack met Mr. Simms in the hallway without. "Ah, Master Jack," said he, "I 've been looking for you everywhere. His honor is in the office, and wants to see you."

Colonel Parker was standing by the fire in his office when Jack came in. "Why, Jack," said he, "I 've just had great news from Jamestown." As he spoke he reached over and picked up a letter from the table, and then laid it down again. "Lieutenant Maynard hath just got back from North Carolina. He hath been altogether successful with the pirates. Blackbeard hath been killed, and several others of the more notable among them."

"What!" exclaimed Jack; "Blackbeard killed!" Then again, after a moment, "Blackbeard killed!" He could not realize it.

"Yes; the villain hath but his deserts at last. He hath been killed, and there is an end to the villain and to his mischief," said Colonel Parker. "There were nine of them killed, and some seventeen of them have been captured and brought back prisoners. That is the lieutenant's letter I have just received. He hath got some one to write it for him, having been wounded in the hand. He saith in the letter that he cut off the pirate's head and brought it up with him to Jamestown. Well, the province is free of the greatest rogue that hath ever tormented it."

Jack sat trying to realize what he had heard. "Do you know who else were killed?" said he.

"Yes; he hath inclosed a list. He saith you may know them." Colonel Parker picked up the letter, and handed it to Jack.

Jack took it, and looked at the column of names. "Why," said he, "Morton 's dead, too; and Miller, the quartermaster; and Roberts and Gibbons. They are all of Blackbeard's officers."

"Maynard says there was a lame man they arrested down at Bath Town and brought up with them."

"Then that must be Hands," said Jack.

"Well," said Colonel Parker, "what I send for you more especially to say is this." He took the letter from Jack, and held it in his own hand, glancing at it as he continued. "Maynard saith here that Blackbeard was killed down at Ocracock Inlet, and that according to his belief no one knows where his treasure was hid but himself. Maynard saith 't is so currently reported in North Carolina. If that is so, 't is very possible that that chest of money the man Dred told you about hath not been touched. The chances, to be sure, are one hundred to one against it; but still there may be one chance in one hundred and one. Now, how would you like to go down to North Carolina and seek for that chest that he buried there?"

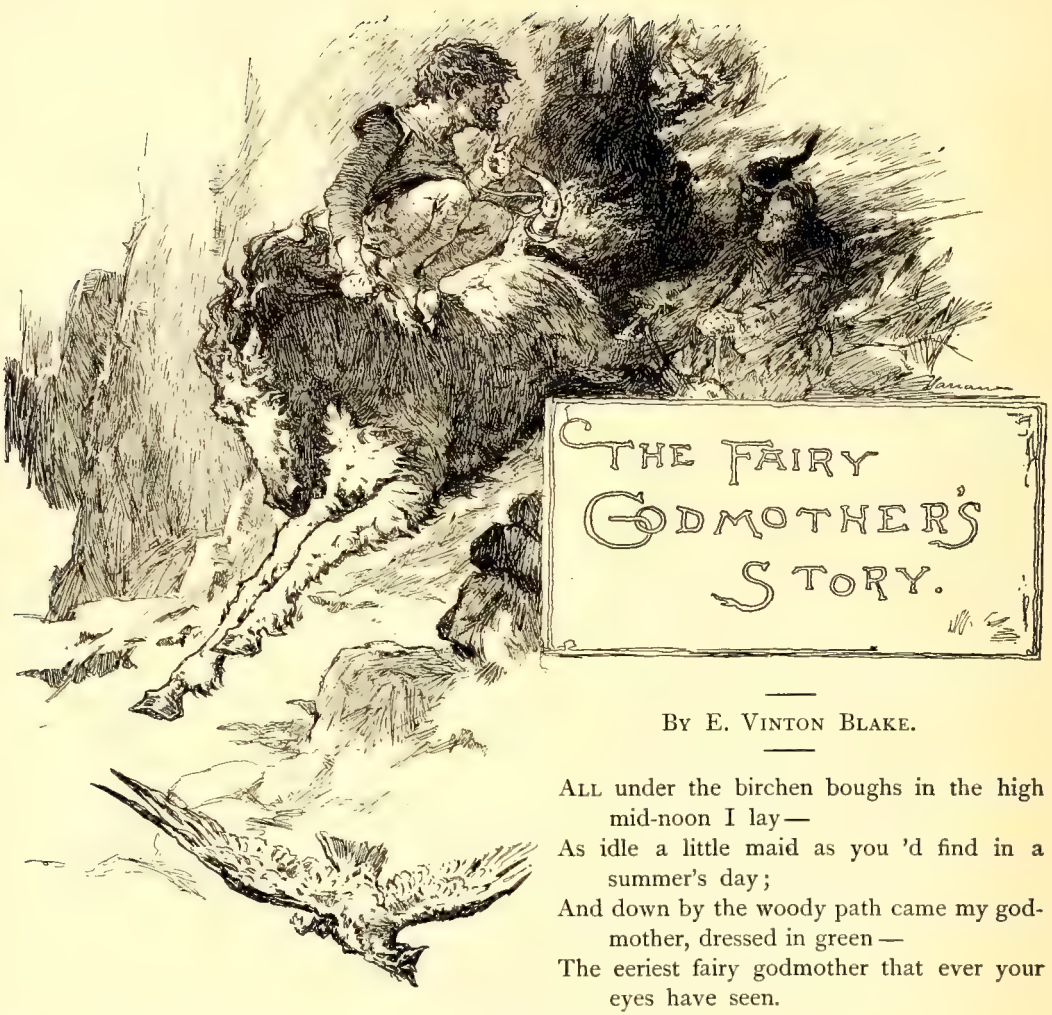
"Why," said Jack, "I 'd be very glad to do it." He thought of Nelly Parker; he felt a sudden rush of pleasure.

"I was thinking," said Colonel Parker, "of sending Simms down. He can, maybe, go down to Jamestown to-morrow or next day, and there take the schooner, which is already fitted and provisioned, and go down in it. Of course his Excellency will send down an agent along with Simms. A large part of the contents of the chest belongs to the Baltimore merchants, and it will have to be condemned and ownership proved."

"I 'd like mightily well to go down," said Jack. "'T will seem so strange to go down to Bath Town again."

"Well," said Colonel Parker, "I 'll talk the matter over with Simms, and let you know what he can do." He stood silent for a little while. Jack was thinking of how he would tell Nelly Parker of his going. "I don't choose to say anything to raise your expectations," said Colonel Parker, breaking the silence; "but I think it very likely that, if you can recover the chest, I can so manage with the owners that you shall receive some reward for doing so."

(To be continued.)



THE FAIRY GODMOTHER'S STORY.

By E. Vinton Blake.

All under the birchen boughs in the high mid-noon I lay—
As idle a little maid as you 'd find in a summer's day;
And down by the woody path came my godmother, dressed in green—
The eeriest fairy godmother that ever your eyes have seen.

Many a tale she tells of giants and dwarfs and elves,
Of fairies who sweep the kitchen and eat from the pantry shelves;
Of dwellers in earth and air, of toilers by land and sea—
Oh, wonderful fairy tales my godmother tells to me!

"What, idle again?" she said, and her queer black brows bent down,
And her queer sharp nose was wrinkled in just the tiniest frown!
But her black eyes laughed and twinkled, and I cried, "Oh, godmother dear!
A story, please, a story—just under the birches here!"

THE STORY.

Cragin the Dwarf is green and small;
He dwells far up on the mountain wall.
When stormy clouds flit over the rocks,
"Cragin," they say, "is feeding his flocks."

When on his elf-steed down he rides
All by the rivers and meadow-sides,
Goodman and goodwife shake with fear
To know that Cragin the Dwarf is near.

"Whither so fast?" cried the old witch-dame.
(Reddened she sat in the sunset flame.)
And quick he answered, with jeer and flout,
"I go to the Baron, to warn him out!"

Down on Cragin the Baron gazed —
Tall and weighty and much amazed,
Bluff and bearded and ruddy-haired —
Long on Cragin the Baron stared.



Fast he galloped by dale and down,
Waving woodland and heather brown,
Till, at last, he came where the castle black
Braved the sea foam and hurled it back.

"Thrice my messenger-owls I sent
Out to warn you, with kind intent;
But all my kindness seems out of place —
Baron, you come of a wilful race!"

"Owls?" quoth the Baron. "Oh — yes! hang 'em!
Into feather-bags small I 'll bang 'em
If ever they haunt me again. But you,—
What do you mean by this to-do?"

"Leave to the witches your castle hall —
To the crooked dwarfs and the elf-men small.
And ere three sunsets redden yon path,
Leave, Sir Baron, or dread our wrath!"

Booted and spurred was that Baron bold;
His boots were heavy, his spurs were gold;
Sudden, a swing of that doughty toe,
And Cragin the Dwarf through the air doth go!

Up he picks him, all blood and dust;
Hies to his steed,— perforce he must!
All in a rage, away he rides,
While the Baron shouts and shakes his sides.

Rode that night on the storm blast loud
Elves and witches — a motley crowd;
They shook the towers, besieged the wall,
But the stout old castle stood it all.

Roused at length by the direful rout,
The Baron armed him and sallied out;
And — elves or witches — well he wist
That his trusty sword had never missed.

What horrid phantoms in fearful flight
The Baron braved on that dreadful night!
What elfin missiles, what deadly charms,
The Baron dared, and escaped from harms!

Neither ghost nor goblin the Baron feared,
And wildly floated his ruddy beard,
Till all the witches fled dismayed
At the fearful thrusts of his trenchant blade!

And on the wings of the wind they hied,
Till storm and shriek in the distance died,
And only the low waves' phosphor spark
Glanced in the depth of the glimmering dark.

But never again on the mountain wall
Walked Cragin the Dwarf, so green and small;
And never goodman or goodwife shrank
At his horse's tread by the river bank.

And lonely ever the mountain stood,
With its hoary stones and its tufted wood—
All reddened stood in the evening dew,
Or burned in the midday, golden-blue.

"NOW" AND "WAITAWHILE."

By Nixon Waterman.

Little Jimmie Waitawhile and little Johnnie Now
Grew up in homes just side by side; and that, you see, is how
I came to know them both so well, for almost every day
I used to watch them at their work and also at their play.

Little Jimmie Waitawhile was bright, and sturdy, too,
But never ready to perform what he was asked to do;
"Wait just a minute," he would say, "I 'll do it pretty soon,"
And things he should have done at morn were never done till noon.

He put off studying until his boyhood days were gone;
He put off getting him a home till age came stealing on;

He put off everything, and so his life was not a joy,
And all because he waited "just a minute" while a boy.

But little Johnnie Now would say, when he had work to do:
"There 's no time like the present time," and gaily put it through.
And when his time for play arrived he so enjoyed the fun;
His mind was not distressed with thoughts of duties left undone.

In boyhood he was studious and laid him out a plan
Of action to be followed when he grew to be a man;
And life was as he willed it all because he 'd not allow
His tasks to be neglected, but would always do them "now."

And so in every neighborhood are scores of little boys,
Who by-and-by must work with tools when they have done with toys.
And you know one of them, I guess, because I see you smile;
And is he little Johnnie Now or Jimmie Waitawhile?

THE CATBIRD

By Z. D. Underhill.



Oh, the happy catbird!
How joyful, how gay,
His clear notes come warbling
Down the airy way:
Ringing, singing, singing, ringing,
All the livelong day,
Singing, ringing, ringing, singing,
From the topmost spray.

On the leafy summit
Where the June winds play,
Steeped in golden sunshine,
His coat of Quaker gray:
Swinging, clinging, clinging, swinging,
All the livelong day,
Clinging, swinging, swinging, clinging
To the topmost spray.

TEDDY AND CARROTS:

TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

By James Otis.



TEDDY AND CARROTS LEAVE THE "TOMBS." (SEE PAGE 752.)

[*Begun in the May number.*]

Chapter V.

A SUGGESTION.

It could be understood that Teenie was a frequent visitor by the familiar manner in which he threaded his way amid the obstacles before reaching Carrots's very retired residence.

"Old man," said Teenie, "this is ever so much nicer a place to live in than a reg'lar house."

"Yes," the host replied grimly; "specially

when the nights are cold, or it rains. I s'pose you 'd rather have the water comin' in on you than not, when you 're asleep, would n't you?"

"Well, I did n't mean it jest that way," Teenie replied; "but when you get in here an' have the candle lighted, it allers seems mighty fine. I got mother to let me come down an' stay all night with you."

"There! that 's jest what I thought you was up to," Carrots said in rather a cross tone.

"Why, what 's the matter? Don't you want me?" Teenie asked in surprise.

"Of course I 'm glad to have you come, Teenie; but I am busy to-night, an' talkin' with you is bound to upset things."

"What are you doin'?"

"You see, I took the job of gettin' that fellow from Saranac out er the station-house; an' it 's goin' to be a pretty hard one, I 'm 'fraid, as things are lookin' now. If I can get him clear of the scrape, you 'll see some fun one of these days, 'cause this thing ain't goin' to stop here, I 'll tell you that. I only wish I knew what ought ter be done."

"How have you been tryin' to fix it?"

"Well, I 've talked with some of the fellows that saw the row, to get 'em to go down to court an' tell how it happened; but they 're so terribly 'fraid of Skip they don't dare to say their souls are their own."

"Well, I do," Teenie replied bravely. "I saw the whole of the scrap, 'cause I was there before it began."

"Will you tell that when the chap 's brought inter court to-morrow mornin'?"

"Course I will, if you 'll stand by me in case Skip tries to come his funny business; 'cause that 's what he says he 's goin' to do to anybody who helps the fellow from the country."

"I 'll stand by you, Teenie, if that 's what you want; an' if we do get Teddy clear, there 'll be three of us. Skip won't dare to tackle as big a crowd as that."

"No; but you see the fellow ain't out, an' I can't figger how it 's goin' to be done."

"We 'll tell the judge jest what we saw."

"I don't b'lieve we 'll get the chance. They would n't let you go anywhere near him, 'less you had a lawyer."

"We 've *got* to fix it somehow."

"Why not get a lawyer?"

"Now you 're goin' crazy, Teenie Massey. It costs as much as a dollar to get one of them fellows to go to court. They come high!"

"Don't you s'pose you could hire one, an' let him take it out in trade?"

"By jiminy! I never thought of that. I wonder if I could n't?"

"It would n't do any harm to try. I sell papers to a man that would come an' 'tend to the whole business, I guess, if you 'd 'gree to black his boots so many times a week."

"I 'd 'gree to black him all over, if he 'd do what I want. Where does he hang out?"

"I 'll show you in the mornin'. Been to supper?"

"Yes; had a little spread up to Delmonico's. It was n't much, an' charlotte roosters an' sich things as that ain't fillin', you know."

"I kind er thought you might be hungry, so I got mother to do up a lunch." And Teenie drew from his pocket a small parcel of cold roast meat, adding to it from another pocket five boiled eggs.

"Say, we 'll have a reg'lar lay-out, won't we?" Carrots said, as he surveyed the food with the keenest pleasure.

"Now I reckon you can kind er ease up on your business long enough to 'tend to this stuff, can't you?" Teenie answered.

"Well, I should say so! You 're a brick, Teenie, an' I wish you 'd come every night."

"Business would have to be pretty good if I was goin' to have such a spread as this right along. I 've been to supper, so you pitch in."

"S'pose we put it away for a while? It has n't been so long since I ate that lot o' quails, you know; an' I can hold on a spell, an' we 'll be hungry before we 're ready to go to sleep."

Teenie was satisfied; and he reclined carelessly in one corner of the packing-case home, enjoying himself to the utmost.

Carrots followed his example, and soon the two were busily engaged discussing the probable outcome of Teddy's case, as well as the possibility of engaging a lawyer upon the condition of his being willing to accept the fee "in trade."

Not until a late hour was the lunch disposed

of; and then, nestling into the straw, the two were ready for slumber.

Owing to the peculiar location of his home, and the necessity of keeping his whereabouts a profound secret, Carrots was obliged to arise at a very early hour, in order to leave the residence before any of the clerks in the shop should arrive.

Therefore it was that the host and his guest were on the street shortly after sunrise.

Of course it would have been folly to look for the attorney in his office at such an hour, and the possibility of doing any business before seven or eight o'clock was so slight that Carrots, with the recklessness of a spendthrift, invited his friend to a breakfast at Mose Pearson's, even though it involved an expenditure of fully one fifth of his entire wealth.

"We 'll kind er need somethin' to brace us up," he said, in explanation of his generous invitation.

As a matter of course, Master Massey was not proof against the kind hospitality, and so he very willingly followed his friend to Mr. Pearson's establishment, which was located in the basement of a dwelling on Baxter street.

When the boys, leisurely, and with the air of capitalists, sauntered out on the street once more, they looked thoroughly contented with the world in general, and themselves in particular.

"We 'd better get up somewhere near the lawyer's office before that Skip Jellison comes 'round," Teenie said.

Carrots recognized the wisdom of this advice at once; and the two, keeping a sharp lookout lest Master Jellison should spring upon them unawares, made their way to Centre street, where for an hour and a half they waited in the hallway of the building in which the lawyer with whom Teenie was acquainted had an office.

On his arrival it was evident the gentleman did not recognize them as two possible clients, for he passed without even a nod to the boy who claimed to be his friend, entered the office, and closed the door behind him.

"Why, he does n't even know you!" Carrots exclaimed, in a tone of reproach.

"Oh, yes, he does; but you see it 's kind er dark in here, an' I s'pose he could n't see my face very well, or he did n't notice."

"What are you goin' to do 'bout it?"

"Wait till he gets settled, an' then we 'll go up an' call on him. You do the talkin', while I stand back an' 'gree to all you say."

Now that they were where the scheme could be carried into execution, Carrots was by no means confident it would be a success, and actually felt rather timid about making the attempt; but, urged on by Teenie, he finally mustered up courage to open the door of the office. He stood on the threshold, gazing first at the attorney and then back at his friend.

"Well, what do you want?" the gentleman asked, looking inquiringly at the boy.

This question appeared to restore to Carrots a certain portion of his self-possession, and he entered the room, standing in the middle of the floor as he beckoned to his friend to follow.

"What do you want?" the lawyer asked again, impatiently.

"Well, you see — I come — we want —"

"Out with it. What did you come for?"

Teenie nudged his friend from behind, as a sign that he should speak up promptly; and Carrots, catching his breath much as one does after a plunge in cold water, began:

"There 's a fellow what walked down from Saranac, that 's goin' to be took inter the Tombs court this mornin' for fightin' in City Hall Park, an' we 've come to see how much it would cost to hire you to git him out."

"I might defend him, but I could n't agree to get him out. That depends on the judge."

"Well, you could make the talk, an' I reckon when the thing 's put up right they 'll have to let him go, 'cause he did n't do anything."

"Suppose you tell me the whole story, and I shall be better able to judge what they may be obliged to do."

"It was jest like this: You see, Skip he come up an' hit Teddy in the jaw, and Teddy tried to hit back. Skip let out with a left-hander; Teddy warded it off. Then Skip jumped; down went the papers. Skip got frightened of a cop; he started to run, Teddy after him, an' Teddy was 'rested, and that 's all there is 'bout it."

"That may be the whole of the story; but I must confess I don't understand it yet."

"Why, it 's plain enough. You see, Skip he struck out, an' Teddy warded it off —"

"Now wait a moment. Tell me which boy is arrested."

"Why, Teddy, of course. You don't s'pose we 'd come here if it had been Skip? I wish it *was*. He 'd stay there a good while, for all *I 'd* care."

"Who is this Teddy?"

"He 's a fellow what walked down from Saranac, an' got here yesterday mornin'; but jest as he was goin' to sell papers up jumped Skip, 'cause he thinks he owns the whole town, an' 'lowed he was goin' to clean Teddy right out. Now, I never did think Skip could fight any great deal, 'cause how was it when he was over to Brooklyn, an' that fellow tackled him?"

"Try to tell me the story as I want to hear it. You say Teddy was arrested?"

"Why, it 's worse 'n that! He 's in the station-house!"

"Certainly; if he is arrested. On what charge was he taken?"

"Eh?"

"I mean why did the officer take him?"

"Why? 'Cause the park policeman said he was fightin'; but he was n't. He was only beginnin'. He might uv licked Skip, too, if they 'd let him alone. I know by the way he put up his hands."

"Then it seems, according to your story, that he really was fighting."

"How could he, when he had n't even commenced? Skip hit him, an' knocked the papers out er his hands, an' then he was goin' to lick Skip, but did n't have time."

The attorney was a patient man, and possibly the boy's manner of telling the story amused him; therefore he continued asking questions, preventing any detailed account of previous quarrels which Skip might have had, until he was in possession of all the important facts, when he asked:

"Do you know what a lawyer usually charges for such a case as this?"

"Now you 're comin' right down to dots!" Carrots said, beginning to feel more at ease since the attorney treated him in such a friendly fashion. "You see, this fellow has n't got any money, an' I don't claim to be a millionaire myself. I know lawyers charge a good deal for doin' a little o' nothing; but I thought if you 'd kind er take it out in trade, we might make a bargain."

"What business are you in?"

"I shine boots; an' if you 'll get this fellow out er the scrape, I 'll come in here an' black your boots every mornin' this year, for nothin'. You can't make a better trade 'n that if you should look 'round a good while."

"That is quite a contract you are proposing."

"I know it; but you see I want ter make it an object for you to get Teddy out."

"That can be done only in the proper manner. The question is whether you have any witnesses to prove that this boy was not really fighting, and that he had sufficient provocation to excuse his trying to thrash the other one."

"Sufficient what?"

"Provocation. That is, whether what had been done was enough to warrant an attempt to whip this other boy; for, as I understand it, that is really what he did try to do."

"Why, of course; he had to. How 'd you like it if a fellow sneaked up an' whacked you in the face when you was n't doin' anything, an' knocked your papers in the mud?"

"It would n't be very pleasant, I 'll admit; but how can you prove that such was the case? Who saw the beginning of the trouble?"

"I did, an' Teenie, an' lots of other fellows; but they would n't dare to tell it for fear Skip might thump 'em. He calls hisself a fighter."

"Then you two are willing to run the risk, and tell your story in court, are you?"

"Of course we are; but will you go an' get him out?"

"Suppose I should take this case, and spend an hour or two on it, how do I know you would come here each morning to black my boots, as you propose?"

"How do you know? Why, ain't Teenie here, an' don't he hear what I say? That 's enough to make a trade if you 've got a witness, ain't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is," the lawyer replied, laughingly. "I don't see any other way for me but to take the case. Go to the Tombs, and wait there until I come."

"You 'll be sure to be on hand before they bring him down, eh?"

"I won't neglect it."

With this assurance the boys left the office, and, once on the outside, Carrots said to his friend in a tone of relief:

"Well, now that 's fixed, an' I guess we need n't bother any more 'bout Teddy's gettin' out; but there 'll be an awful row when Skip hears what we 've done, an' you an' I 've got to stand right 'longside of each other if he tries any funny business. We must look out for him."

This suggestion that they would stand together against Teddy's enemy was far from displeasing to Master Massey.

In the seclusion of the packing-case home he could talk boldly about what Skip might yet be able to do; but once on the street, where it was possible to meet the bully at any moment, the matter assumed a different aspect, and he began to realize the danger in which he had thus voluntarily placed himself.

"It won't do for us to hang 'round here, 'cause he 's likely to come any minute," Teenie said in a tremulous tone. "I think we 'd better go down to the Tombs, an' then we 'll be on hand when the lawyer wants us."

This was a very good idea, and Carrots led the way at a rapid pace, both taking heed lest they should accidentally meet Skip.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRIAL.

CARROTS and Teenie succeeded in reaching the Tombs without being intercepted by Skip; and once there, they were unable to determine whether the court was in session.

In the vicinity of the judge's desk a number of men were standing, apparently talking on different subjects, and in the seats reserved for the spectators a few unfortunate-looking persons lounged.

"Well, the fellow ain't been brought in yet, that 's certain," Carrots said, gazing around the room in a vain search for his new acquaintance.

"Do you s'pose they will put handcuffs on him?" Teenie asked in a tone of awe. "I reckon he 'd be jest about crazy if they 'd send him up to the Island."

"It would start 'most anybody up to take a dose like that; but of course it won't happen now we 've got the lawyer. I tell you he 'll be s'prised to see how we 've fixed things, won't he?"

"Indeed he will; an' Skip 'll be hoppin' mad when *he* knows. We want ter keep pretty close together while we 're workin' this."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the sergeant who had been seen at the station-house, and Carrots went swiftly toward him, asking, as he halted in front of the officer:

"Did you bring that fellow down yet?"

"He will come in the van with the rest of the prisoners."

"You won't forget that you promised to try an' fix it?"

"I said I would see that the officer was n't hard on him. I can't *fix* anything. Have you got your witnesses here?"

"Yes; Teenie 's one, an' I 'm another, an' we 've hired a reg'lar lawyer."

"You have? Who?"

"A man by the name of Varney."

"Well, if he is coming I reckon you will be all right, unless you have a bad case; and from what the roundsman told me the fighting did n't amount to much."

"There was n't *any* of it! You see, Skip he give Teddy one in the face, an' then sent in a left-hander, an' Teddy he—"

"Never mind the story. I don't want to hear it, for I have n't the time," the officer said as he started toward the judge's bench.

Half an hour elapsed, and then the boys suddenly saw their new friend within a sort of iron cage at one end of the room.

"There he is!" Teenie whispered excitedly. "How do you s'pose he got in without our seein' him?"

Carrots stood erect and gazed at the prisoner a moment, as if debating whether to approach him or not.

Teddy presented a most forlorn appearance, standing aloof from the other prisoners as far as possible, and clinging to the iron bars, his usually clean face begrimed with dirt, through which the flowing tears had plowed tiny canals until he looked not unlike a small-sized Indian in war-paint.

This picture of sorrow made a deep impression on Carrots's tender heart, and, regardless

of whether he might be able to regain his seat, he marched toward the prisoners' cage.

Teddy had seen him coming, and stepped forward in the hope of speaking with this boy who had proved himself to be a real friend; but before a single word could be uttered, the officer interrupted the visitor by saying roughly:

"Get back there!"

"But I 've got to talk with that fellow."

"Get back there! Do you hear what I tell you?" and he made a threatening gesture which was not at all terrifying to the self-possessed Carrots.

"I 've got to talk with this fellow; he 's a friend of mine, an' I ain't seen him since last night. He 's goin' to get right out, too, 'cause he did n't do anything, an' would n't have been brought here if he 'd had sense enough to run when they hollered 'Cops!' It was jest this way: Skip he struck out an' hit him in the face, an' then come in with a left-hander—"

Carrots had been advancing while speaking, and at this point the officer seized him by one shoulder, spinning him around until he was heading in the direction from which he had come.

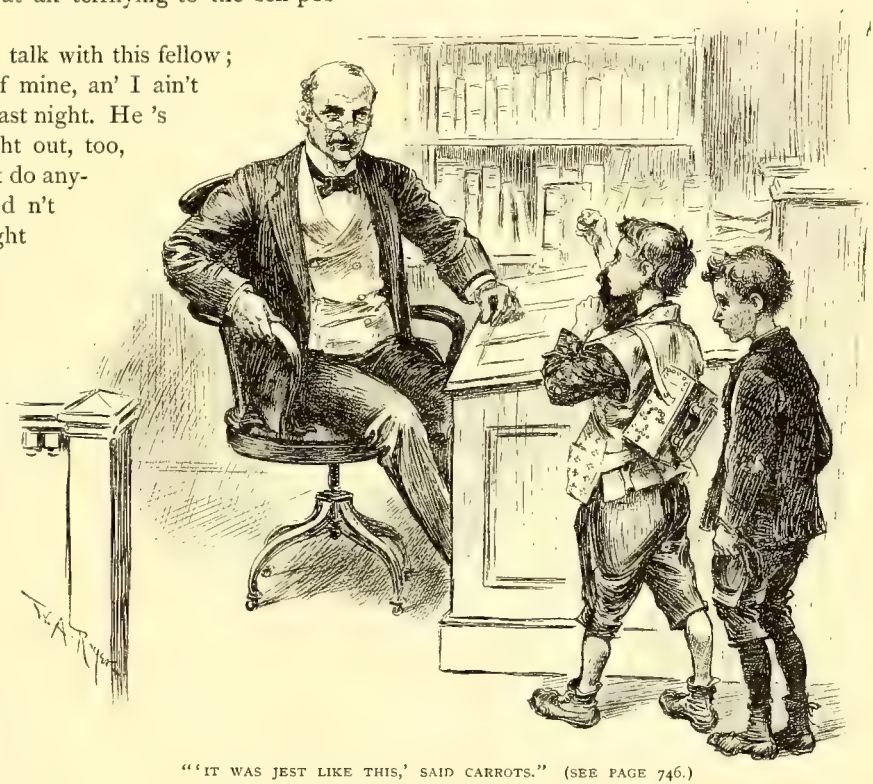
"If you make any attempt to speak to that boy, I 'll put you in with him! What are you doing here, anyhow? Are you a witness?"

"Course I am. What else do you s'pose? Why, I 've got to tell the judge all 'bout how this thing happened. You see, I was right there, an' when Skip come in with a left-hander, an' Teddy he warded it off—"

Carrots did not finish the sentence, for the officer gave him a push which might have thrown him headlong but for the fact that Teenie chanced to be in the way, and thus prevented the fall.

"I guess we 'd better get back to the settee," Carrots said, looking at the officer an instant, as if to make out whether the latter was really in earnest in this last movement.

Carrots was whispering to Teenie his opinion of the officer in charge of the prisoners when the lawyer arrived; and then for the first time



"'IT WAS JEST LIKE THIS,' SAID CARROTS." (SEE PAGE 746.)

did Teddy's friends learn that court had been in session all the while since they entered.

It was a positive relief to see the attorney; and, lest the latter should think those who employed him had not followed the directions given, Carrots made his presence known by going up to the gentleman in the most confidential manner, and announcing cheerfully: "We 're here."

"Yes, I see you are. Sit down. I 'll call you when you 're wanted."

"But are you sure you remember what I told

you 'bout how it happened? You don't want to forget that Skip jumped in an' hit Teddy in the face, and then come in with a left—"

"You shall be asked to tell that story, my boy, presently; but just now I don't care to hear it, and have n't the time. Sit down until your name is called."

"I 'm 'fraid that lawyer don't 'mount to much," Carrots whispered to Teenie as he obeyed the gentleman's command. "It seems like he 's puttin' on a good many airs, an' don't want ter listen to how the thing happened. Now I don't b'lieve any man can fix it with the judge, 'less he 's got the whole thing down fine."

"The sergeant said he was all right, an' he ought ter know; so I reckon we can 'ford to wait," Teenie replied contentedly.

It seemed to the impatient Carrots as if it must have been nearly noon when he heard the clerk call the name "Theodore Thurston"; and an instant later the young prisoner from Saranac was conducted to the dock.

Almost at the same moment Skip Jellison, accompanied by several of his most intimate friends, entered the room, and immediately became aware that Carrots and Teenie were in attendance.

Without hesitation, and as if such scenes were perfectly familiar to him, Master Skip approached Teddy's friends in an easy, careless fashion, as he asked:

"What are you two doin' here?"

"Came down to see how the new fellow gets along. Don't s'pose you 've got any 'bjections, have you?" Carrots replied.

"I don't know whether I have or not."

"Well, after you find out jest give me the word, 'cause we 're bound to dust whenever you give us the tip."

It was evident to Master Jellison that Carrots was speaking sarcastically, and he took no further notice of this insolence, save to say warningly:

"You want to mind your eye, that 's all! The fellow what tries to help that chump along is goin' to get inter trouble."

"Same 's you did over to Brooklyn the other day, eh?" Carrots asked coolly.

"Wait till I catch you outside, an' we 'll see if you 've got anything more to say 'bout Brooklyn!" And with this threat Master Jellison and his friends advanced to a settee nearer the judge, where they seated themselves with a great show of what was probably intended to be dignity.

"He 's come to see if we 're goin' to tell anything 'bout the row," Teenie whispered; and it could plainly be seen that Master Massey was very much frightened regarding the probable outcome of thus attempting to aid the stranger.

At that moment Carrots was startled out of his self-possession — although he had come especially as a witness — by hearing his name called in a loud tone.

Three times the clerk shouted "Joseph Williams," and then Carrots exclaimed:

"By jiminy! he means me, does n't he?"

"Of course he does. Go 'long quick, or else that feller 'll be up on the Island before they know you 're here," said Teenie.

It was necessary the witness should pass Skip Jellison on his way to the stand; and in so doing he saw Teddy's enemy scowl and shake his fist in the most threatening manner.

"Don't get excited," Carrots stopped long enough to say. "You 're comin' out of it all right, even if you don't feel very good now."

Then he continued on until some one directed him which way to go; and for the first time in his life he laid his hand on a Bible, and swore to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

If, as is extremely probable, Skip had come for the purpose of hearing what was said, he was disappointed, as are nearly all the visitors to the Tombs court, where it is an impossibility for one on the spectators' benches to distinguish any remark made either by the judge or the witness, unless the latter chances to have a particularly clear voice.

Those inside the railing, however, could understand quite distinctly all that was said; and, judging from their mirth, Carrots's examination must have been to them an amusing one.

On being asked his name, the witness replied, "Carrots"; and then the judge glowered down upon him until he realized that he had previously answered to that of "Joseph Williams."

After having made the proper correction,

and before it was possible for any one to ask him a question, Carrots leaned toward the magistrate in a confidential and friendly manner, as he began:

"You see, Judge, it was jest like this: Skip he jumped in an' hit Teddy one in the face, an' then come back with a left-hander; but Teddy warded it off, an' then —"

"Stop!" the judge cried severely. "When I want you to tell the story I will ask for it. Did you see this boy fighting in the park?"

"He was n't fightin' at all. He did n't have time, for the park policeman caught him. You see, it was jest this way: Skip he jumped in an' smashed Teddy in the face, an' then come with a left-hander —"

Again was the witness interrupted; and this time Mr. Varney stepped forward to where he could say in a low tone to Carrots:

"You must simply answer the judge's questions — not attempt to tell the story yourself."

"Yes, sir; but how 'll he know what 's what if I don't give him the whole right through?" Carrots asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Attend to what he says, and don't try to tell anything else."

"What was this boy doing when the policeman arrested him?" the judge asked, as he looked sternly at the witness.

"He was n't doin' nothin', 'cause he did n't have time. You see, Skip run as soon as he hit him, an' knocked his papers down, an' then —"

"Did the prisoner go in pursuit of the boy whom you call Skip?"

"Course he did; 'cause, you see, Skip knocked his papers in the mud, an' hit him once in the face; an' he would have come in with a left-hander, if Teddy had n't warded it off."

"What was the prisoner doing when this boy struck him?"

"He was sellin' a paper to a man in a horse-car. You see, Skip he 'lowed that Teddy could n't run the business in New York; but Teddy he walked 'way down from Saranac jest to get a livin', an' Skip don't have any right to tell fellows whether they 're to work or not."

"Had the prisoner said anything to this boy who struck him?"

"No; you see, he did n't have time. Skip jumped right in an' hit him once in the face, an'—"

"Now, don't tell that story again. Had there been any quarrel between these two?"

"No, sir; you see, Teddy did n't come in town till this mornin', an' he never knew Skip from a side of sole-leather."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Well, I s'pose he is," Carrots replied hesitatingly. "You see, when he got inter the trouble, somebody had to help him out, an' there did n't seem to be anybody willin' but me. He ought ter be my friend if I 'm goin' to black the lawyer's boots a whole year jest to pay for this racket."

"If your honor will allow me, I will tell the story as I have managed to extract it — I use the word 'extract' advisedly — from this witness and his friend," the lawyer said, as he advanced a few paces amid the smiles of all those near the bench.

"Do you wish to explain about your fee?" the judge asked laughingly.

"Perhaps that is hardly necessary, since lawyers are seldom known to refuse anything offered in the way of payment. That was the proposition made by the witness and witnessed by his friend."

Then the attorney related what had occurred in his office, to the no slight amusement of those who could hear him; and when he concluded, the judge turned to Carrots again, looking very much more friendly than before.

"Then you assure me on your oath that the prisoner did not fight with the other boy in City Hall Park?"

"Why, no; how could he? He did n't get the chance. You see, Skip hit him in the face, an' then come in with a left-hander; but Teddy warded it off, and then Skip run. The policeman grabbed Teddy too quick, you see. I reckon he 'd have paid Skip off in great shape, 'cause I b'lieve he can do it."

"Then you admit that he would have fought if he had had the opportunity?"

"Of course he would! S'posin' a fellow smashed you in the neck, an' knocked your papers in the mud, would n't you fight? I guess you would!"

"I will do the questioning, and you can confine yourself to answering," said the judge.

"That 's all I was doin', sir," Carrots replied, a trifle abashed by the change which came over the judge's face at his free manner of speaking.

Then it seemed as if the witness was entirely forgotten. Nobody paid the slightest attention to him until fully five minutes later, when the lawyer beckoned for him to come down from the stand to where he was speaking in a low tone with Teddy.

"You can go now," the gentleman said; "and I shall be curious to learn how long you will keep the promise made in regard to blacking my boots."

"Well, what are you goin' to do with Teddy?" Carrots asked, a look of disappointment coming over his face as he fancied that the prisoner was not to be set free.

"He has been discharged. It is all right now. Go out with him, and be careful not to get into any more trouble on the street, for it might go hard with you if either came here the second time."

"He 's discharged—did you say?" Carrots repeated. "Does that mean he can go anywhere he wants to?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you 're a dandy! I 'll live right up to the 'greement I made, an' don't you forget it!" Carrots replied enthusiastically, and then, as the lawyer turned away, presumably to attend to his own business, the amateur Good Samaritan led Teddy from the room, closely followed by Teenie, who said, when they were once more on the outside of the building:

"It won't do to loaf 'round here. Skip Jellison an' his gang were jest gettin' up when I come out. They 'll be after us if we don't dust 'mighty lively."

"Let 's go down by the ferry, where we can kind er straighten things, an' see what we 're goin' to do," Carrots suggested.

Teddy was not disposed to run from the enemy; but his companions insisted it would be more than foolish to risk an encounter, and he allowed himself to be led away at a rapid pace.

"Why not go over to your house, Carrots?" Teenie asked. "They 'll never find us there."

"I could n't get in without somebody's seein' me, an' I don't want to give the snap away, else the whole thing will be broke up. We can do all the chinnin' we want ter 'round the ferry."

"Seems to me I ought ter go to work. I can't 'ford to fool so much time away now, after I 've been kept still so long," Teddy said gravely. "I came here countin' on makin' money enough every day to live on, an' began by losin' my stock the first thing."

"You ain't lost it yet. I sold every one of your papers, an' have got the money in my pocket to give you."

"You 're a mighty good fellow, Carrots; an' if ever I can do anything to help you, I 'll be glad of the chance."

"All I ask is that you stand 'longside of me when Skip an' his crowd come 'round, 'cause I 'll need a friend pretty bad then."

"He sha'n't touch you when I 'm near; but I don't see how it 's goin' to be stopped, if they 'rest fellows for fightin' in the city," Teddy replied in a tone of perplexity; and straightway the three were plunged into a maze of bewilderment that the law should interfere by arresting a fellow when he attempted to defend himself, and allow the beginner of the trouble to go free.

It seemed to be one of those tangles in the web woven by Justice which older heads than theirs have failed to unravel.

(To be continued.)



By Tudor Jenks.

There was once a prosperous little town that grew up in a valley shut in by high mountains. A road entered the valley by a narrow rocky pass at one end, ran through the town, making the chief street, and then climbed the mountains and led out of the valley again. There was no way through the valley except by this road.

As the road was a highway between two large cities, the valley town became a convenient resting-place for traders and travelers, and profited by their custom.

Far up on one of the mountains overhanging the valley lived a colony of dragons. They were very timid creatures, and, remaining amid the rocky heights of their home, were never seen by men. Indeed, the inhabitants of the valley would have said there were no such creatures in existence. But as the dragons were not disturbed they increased in numbers, and soon found it a difficult matter to secure food. Then the stronger dragons drove their weaker fellows away from their native places, compelling them to seek a living elsewhere.

One young dragon happened at last to station himself in one of the passes that led into the valley where the town was situated; and, being tired by his long crawl, the dragon lay down in the highway to rest.

Soon there came a party of traders, on foot and horseback, making their way toward the town, where they expected to rest that night. While jogging along quietly, talking about the equator, suddenly they found themselves face to face with the young dragon.

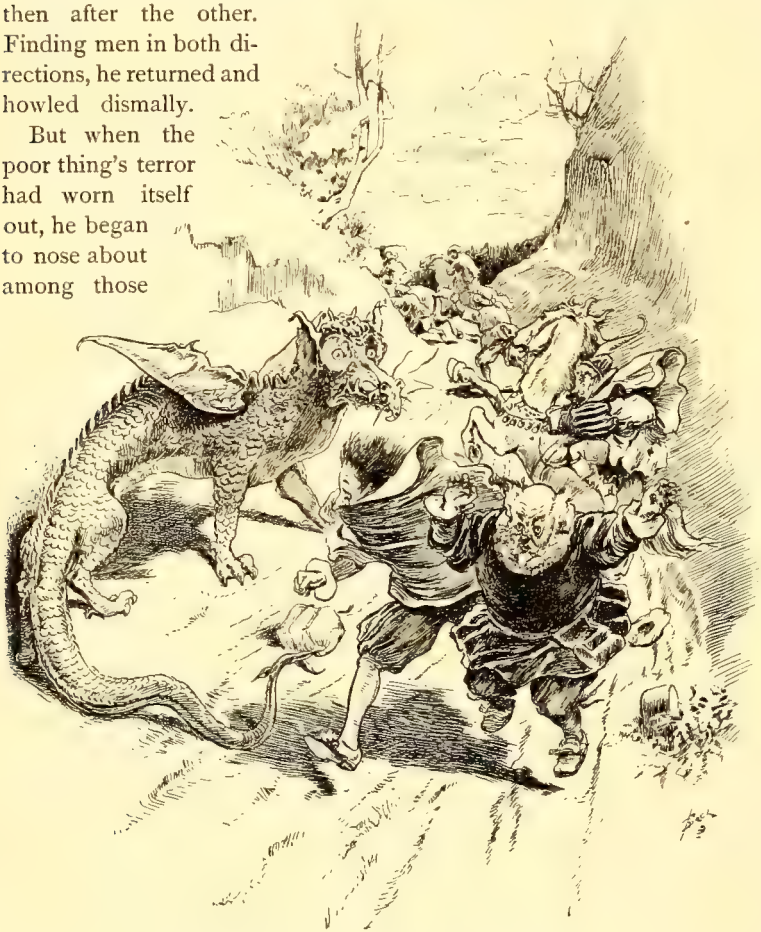
There were seven travelers, and they gave

seven different sorts of yell, threw down their bundles, and took to their own or their horses' heels, without arranging where to meet again.

Now it happened, the dragon being greenish in hue, that he had not been seen until the party of traders was just opposite; and consequently the fleeing traders separated into two parties. Four of them ran back toward the city they had left that morning, and three went helter-skelter down into the valley town.

As for the dragon, he was more scared than anybody; and he tried to run away too. But, being in too much of a hurry to climb either side of the pass, he ran first after one party, and then after the other. Finding men in both directions, he returned and howled dismally.

But when the poor thing's terror had worn itself out, he began to nose about among those packages the travelers had thrown away. He found several packages of raisins, three or four hams, some salted fish, and a small keg of ginger. He was very hungry, and devoured all this food without thinking of his digestion, and soon after sank into an unquiet slumber.



"THEY TOOK TO THEIR OWN OR THEIR HORSES' HEELS."

Meanwhile the seven travelers were relating to the citizens and villagers the awful adventure that had befallen them in the pass. The seven travelers told seven different stories, and their listeners, in carrying the report to their neighbors, freely invented whatever small details each found necessary. So by nightfall nearly every household had scared itself out of its seven senses with a mixture of a little fact and a great deal of guessing. By midnight both town and city were either dozing uneasily or were staring wide awake with ears pricked up.

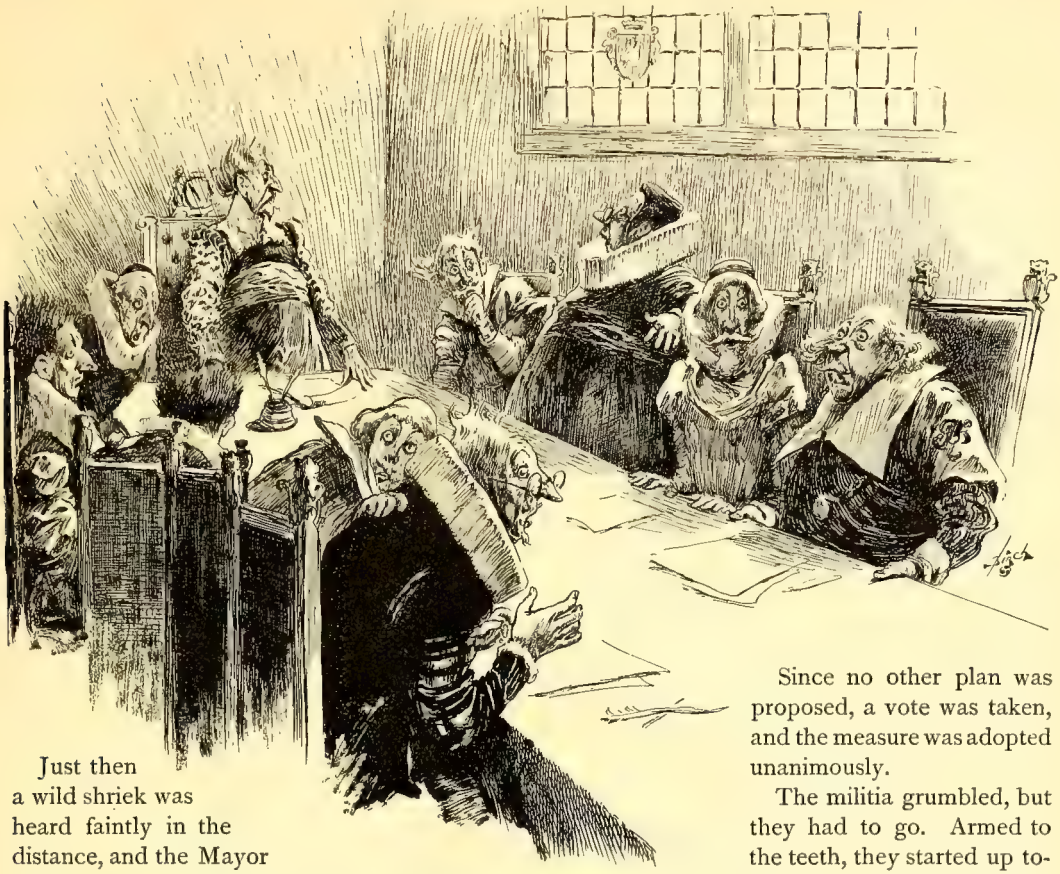
And by midnight that unhappy dragon was wide awake, too, and struggling with a severe internal pain. As his diet until then had been mainly mountain herbs and spring water, it is not surprising that the miscellaneous bill of fare he had just eaten should disagree with him.

The dragon did not understand what was the trouble, but he soon began to yell and roar and whine and grumble.

Down in the valley below these noises rose upon the night air with a soul-freezing effect, and those citizens who had first said "Pooh!" or "Pshaw — nonsense!" were scared out of their seven wits.

The next day the Mayor summoned the town-council, and held a meeting behind locked doors. The councilmen were staid, respectable merchants, but they came into the Town Hall shaking in their shoes.

"Gentlemen," said the Mayor, "an unfounded rumor has come to our ears—"



"A WILD SHRIEK WAS HEARD FAINTLY IN THE DISTANCE, AND THE MAYOR STOPPED SHORT."

Just then a wild shriek was heard faintly in the distance, and the Mayor stopped short, turned pale, and remained silent until the echoes died away. Then he began again:

"Gentlemen — this most extraordinary occurrence, of which no doubt —" here a second wail of distress made him catch his breath; and the Mayor abruptly concluded, "How are we to get rid of this frightful creature?"

After a few moments one of the council rose and remarked as follows:

"There is no danger, I have understood, so long as the dragon is well fed. If the beast is made desperate by hunger, he may be tempted to descend into the town, and who can tell —" a third yell rose, swelled to a shriek, and died away —"who can tell, I say, what awful things he may do?"

"What can be done?" asked the Mayor.

"I advise that we send the militia with a store of provisions, and let them deposit these in the road, so the monster may not approach."

Since no other plan was proposed, a vote was taken, and the measure was adopted unanimously.

The militia grumbled, but they had to go. Armed to the teeth, they started up toward the pass, accompanied by two very heavily loaded wagons containing a choice selection of provisions. As the dragon was now feeling less disturbed, his complaints had ceased; and the militia gained in courage as they advanced. They saw no signs of the dragon, and began to believe he had fled. But when they had come near enough to see the traders' baggage torn to bits, they lost courage at once, and, wheeling to the right-about, began a return march that soon became a retreat, then turned into a rout, and ended in a panic. They arrived in town in single file: the best runner first, the second next, and so on down to the drummer-boy, a little fellow who could n't get up much speed, and who ran only because the rest did.

As the wagons had been cut loose and left in the road, it was not long before the dragon discovered them. When his appetite returned, he examined the contents of the two wagons,

helped himself freely, and, before many hours had passed, was again in trouble with himself, and again confiding his troubles to the mountain echoes.

When the dragon's roaring was heard for the second time, the Mayor, without waiting to convene his advisers, sent a second supply of food.

This time the soldiers did n't go further than was necessary to see the other wagons. Consequently the dragon, gaining in courage and confidence, came nearer to the town, and made a third meal.

This time, the drummer-boy, who was a brave little fellow after all, became rather curious about the dragon. Instead of running away, therefore, he waited until the rest of the troop were out of sight, and then climbed a tree.

For a while nothing happened; and the drummer-boy began even to get sleepy; but just about twilight the boy heard the rattling and crackling of the dragon's scales. He peered out through the leaves and soon saw the dragon cautiously crawling down the road toward the wagons. The boy was so startled by the sight that he gave a violent jump, and thereby knocked his drum out of its resting-place in the tree.

Whack-bang — rattlety — *bang!* the drum fell through the branches to the ground. And at the noise the timid dragon went scuttling away up the road like a frightened mouse.

"Oho!" cried the boy. "So *that's* the sort of a creature you are, Mr. Dragon!"

Climbing leisurely down, the drummer-boy picked up his drum, slung it over his shoulder, and returned to the town, laughing quietly to himself.

But when, the next day, the dragon made a new disturbance, he was so much nearer the town that there was consternation among the citizens. They ran to the Town Hall in throngs, and insisted that measures be taken either to destroy the monster or to protect the town from his nearer approach.

After a stormy meeting at the Town Hall, the town-crier appeared and read a proclamation from the Mayor offering a rich reward to whoever could "devise, invent, or contrive" some effective "means, plan, or contrivance" that would now, "henceforth and forevermore" and "without fail put an end to and abate" the "said public menace, enemy, and threat to the prosperity and welfare of the municipality."



"THE TOWN-CRIER APPEARED AND READ A PROCLAMATION FROM THE MAYOR."

The proclamation, in fact, wound up by promising to grant any request that might be made by the lucky man who should succeed in overcoming or getting rid of the dragon.

No sooner was the proclamation read, than the drummer-boy darted out from the crier's audience and sped away home as fast as he

could go. For the drummer-boy had a big brother, and the Mayor had a daughter, and the big brother was in love with the Mayor's daughter, who was a lovely and accomplished young lady. But the Mayor had "frowned upon" the big brother's "suit," because the young man was only a lieutenant of dragoons, instead of a brigadier-general glittering with gold lace, with epaulets, and other trimmings.

The drummer-boy hastened home and ran up to his brother's room. The big brother was trying to write verses, and making himself sadder because the verses were not proving all that he tried to make them. And the drummer-boy rushed in, and forgot to knock at the door, and began to tell his big brother all about the Mayor and the proclamation, and the dragon, and the drum falling out of the tree, and the dragon's running away, until the big brother was entirely bewildered.

But after a while the drummer-boy succeeded in telling his story, and the big brother succeeded in understanding it. And then both put on their best hats, and ran off to the Mayor's house. They rang the bell hard, were admitted, and the lieutenant offered to rid the town of the dragon upon condition that the Mayor would promise him his chosen bride. The Mayor was not at all impressed; but he made up his mind that either the young lieutenant of dragoons would succeed in driving off the dragon, or else that the dragon would take care that he was no more bothered by the lieutenant. So he agreed to the plan, put his promise in writing, sealed it with his signet-ring, and dismissed the two brothers with a feeling of relief.

Next day the lieutenant and the drummer-boy set forth for the pass. They were armed only with a few giant fire-crackers and a supply of matches.

When they reached the pass, the dragon, who had learned to expect food when he saw uniforms approaching, came smilingly forward to meet them. The big brother was a little nervous, perhaps; and so, when the dragon came within about a hundred yards, he lighted one of the cannon-crackers, and flung it toward the dragon.

Now, the dragon expected food; and when he saw the attractive red-paper covering of the cracker, he rushed forward, and caught it eagerly in his mouth. The dragon tried to bite the cracker in two; but there was no need of that — the giant cracker came to pieces without any assistance, and the dragon was frightened almost to death by the noise of the explosion and the terrific concussion. He started to run away up the pass. But the drummer-boy had meanwhile lighted another fire-cracker; and



"THE LIEUTENANT OFFERED TO RID THE TOWN OF THE DRAGON."

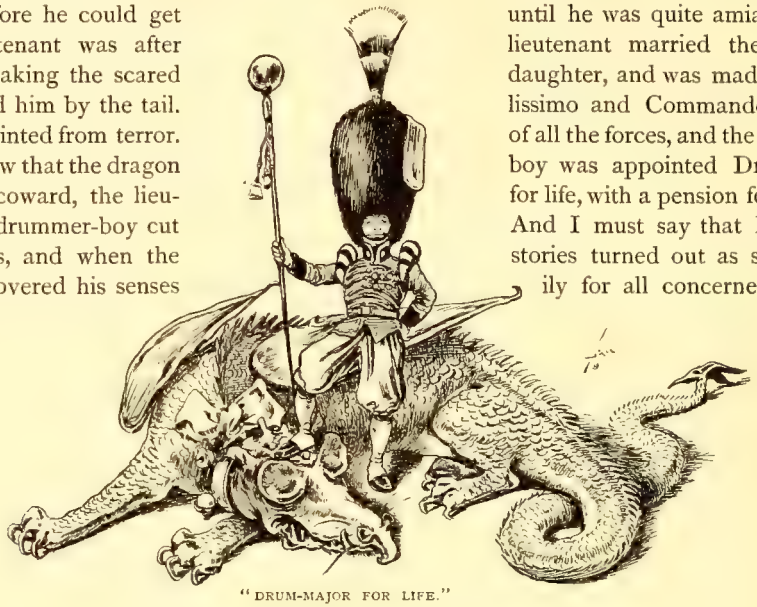
this was thrown so cleverly that it exploded just in front of the fleeing dragon.

Then, with an awful shriek, the dragon turned and went climbing up over the rocks. But before he could get away, the lieutenant was after him; and, overtaking the scared reptile, he seized him by the tail.

The dragon fainted from terror.

Convinced now that the dragon was an arrant coward, the lieutenant and the drummer-boy cut two stout sticks, and when the dragon had recovered his senses they drove him through the town and into their back yard.

So it all ended happily. The dragon was fed upon oatmeal and rice-pudding until he was quite amiable. The lieutenant married the Mayor's daughter, and was made Generalissimo and Commander-in-chief of all the forces, and the drummer-boy was appointed Drum-major for life, with a pension for old age. And I must say that I wish all stories turned out as satisfactorily for all concerned.



"DRUM-MAJOR FOR LIFE."

A LETTER TO JOHN.

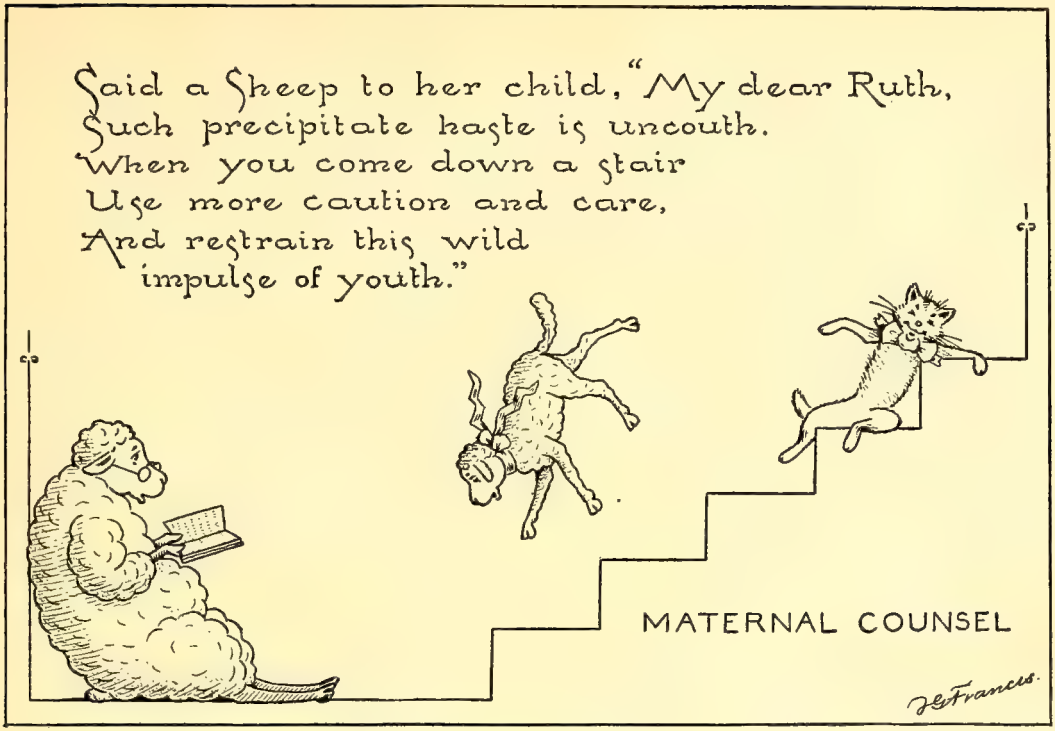
By W. C. McClelland.

This is the letter that goes to John,
Who lives in the street where the roar roars on,
And never stops when the day grows dim,—
This is the letter that goes to him.

It comes from Acheson Avenue,
Where the trees are many and houses few;
Where the bird's food hangs on the old quince-tree,
And tickles the tongue of the chickadee;
Where the little, chirruping, saucy wren
Bustles about like a clucking hen;
Where kinglets caper and jump like clowns,
With gleaming ruby and golden crowns!

"When the wind that blows from the cold North Pole
Has crept away into some deep hole,
Do you come out to the avenue,
Where the trees are many and houses few;
And we'll watch the sailor birds, brave and slim,
From the tops of the pear-trees dive and swim!
And we 'll feed the squirrel, as you shall see,
Whose home is a hole by the willow-tree;
And I 'll tell you a tale of a big black bear,—
It 's a finer tale than the rabbits wear!
Then there 'll be a pie for you and me,
That will make us hop like a chickadee.
But to tell all the things that we may try
Would fill an envelop three feet high!

"Now, if you don't think that this is true,
Just ask Miss Mary and Margaret, too,
And your father and mother, and—then take breath,
And then you may question Elizabeth.
So this is your letter, fresh from the mill,
And it comes direct from
your Uncle Will."



A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XVII.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

To the brother and sister, thus theatrically made known to one another, the revelation was overwhelming. Philip turned white with surprise. Mademoiselle flushed deeply, then paled as swiftly, and looked with an almost piteous expression upon the man she had always regarded as her father.

Then came the reaction from bewilderment to joy.

"Is it so?" cried Philip.

"What?—it is Philip?" exclaimed Mademoiselle.

And then brother and sister fell into each other's arms. Citizen Daunou's eyes were filled with tears. Uncle Fauriel tossed his chapeau in air. Corporal Peyrolles danced on his one good leg, for joy. Pierre looked on with the air of one who had been in the secret all along, and actually contemplated one of the old-time hand-springs of his street-boy days. The Emperor walked swiftly to Citizen Daunou and clapped that staid old republican on the back.

"Daunou, is this your work?" he cried. "It is great. You have exceeded my expectations." But Citizen Daunou was just, even in his excitement: he simply shook his head, and waved his hand toward Pierre.

Philip and Mademoiselle, still hand in hand, looked into each other's eyes, laughing and crying in the same moment. For them the

fate of nations, the importance of that historic day, the clouds of war, the peace of Europe, were all forgotten. In all the world there was no one just then but Philip and Lucie. They had found what neither knew, what neither dreamed of.

"I cannot believe it, Philip; can you—can you?" cooed the happy girl.

"My sister, my sister, my sister!" the boy repeated, lingering lovingly over each word. "Tell us, tell us, my friend," he said, turning to Citizen Daunou; "what does all this mean? I know it is the truth, but — how did you find it out?"

Then the Emperor broke in: "You shall have time for explanations — you two — you three," he said. "Look you, *Lieutenant* Desnouettes," he said, emphasizing, to Philip's delight, the rank thus conferred upon him, "I grant you an unlimited leave of absence. Go home with your sister. When I need you I will summon you to my side. No; no words. I know your willingness to serve me. This is my will. Be happy, my children, for a brief season. I am no monster to separate a new-found family — though some do deem me so," he added, with a slap this time on the fat shoulders of Uncle Fauriel. "Take them home with you, Citizen Daunou. When Philip sees me again, he can tell me all that he has learned. My friend the Inspector,"—this to the delighted Pierre,—"I am proud of you. Some day you will be a minister of police. Adieu, my children!" he said, placing a hand affectionately on the heads of Philip and Mademoiselle. "My horse, Constant!" he cried to his valet. Then, vaulting to his saddle, he commanded: "Forward, gentlemen; to Prussia and victory!"

"Long live the Emperor!" rose the shout. The trumpets sounded; the drums rolled; the escort wheeled into line; the green coat and the little chapeau disappeared in the distance, as out of the court of the Tuileries and off toward the barriers the Emperor and his glittering escort galloped through the applauding streets of Paris, off for the war.

Still wondering, still hand in hand, the brother and sister walked back to the Street of the Fight. And there, while all the air was electric with excitement and the presage of battle, they passed the days in close companionship, careless of the future, happy in the knowledge and enjoyment of their new relationship, and making Citizen Daunou tell them, again and again, the story of how he had unraveled the mystery and given them thus to each other.

He told them of their father the *émigré*— the man who had died for principle, almost the last victim of the tyrants of the Terror. He told them how Nurse Marcel, the widow of the sansculotte, had, through fear of the consequences, represented Mademoiselle as her daughter when Citizen Daunou had adopted the baby girl into his home; and how she had lived with her as nurse and companion. He told how he had found the document that had established Philip's identity and given him a clue to the discovered relationship. He told of the missing part of the record, and the Emperor's knowledge of the affair; and he gave to Pierre the Inspector all the credit and glory for the discovery that completed the reading of the riddle.

Babette, too, Philip's young foster-sister, came in for her share of the enjoyment; and even Mother Thérèse, sly and gruff though she was, had to hear the recital and tell her part of the story,—how the Directory gave her this boy to bring up, what a good boy he always was (though Philip wondered when she found *that* out!), and how she had always said he would be a great man before he died.

So the days passed — happily, quietly, joyfully. Then came news from the front to increase the general joy. The Emperor had marched to new and glorious victories. At Lutzen and at Bautzen he had met and conquered his foes. Triumph was in the air. Peace was surely at hand. All Europe would soon be at the feet of the conqueror. In spite of the Russian campaign the Emperor was again supreme.

Paris went wild with delight. The Empress Regent rode in state to the great church of Notre Dame to hear the Te Deum in praise of the victories; and, when the war was over, the Empress and the King of Rome, it was said, were to be crowned by the Emperor in token of the supremacy and triumph of France.

The battles of Lutzen and Bautzen had been

stubborn and bloody. Many thousands of brave men had fallen on each side. But what of that? They were victories for France, won by the boys of France; for the fighting battalions of that bloody campaign of 1813 was in large part drawn from the youth of France and Germany. Philip had heard with pride how a Marshal—Ney, "the bravest of the brave"—had stated that these boys were better than veterans, and that he could lead them anywhere; and how, at Lutzen, the Emperor in the supreme moment dashed into the thick of the fight, and shouted to the young conscripts who held the center: "My children, I rely upon you to save the Empire. Forward! France is watching you. Learn how to die for her!" And they did; for, with ringing shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" the boys then charged the Prussians, and with the bayonet's point turned the tide of battle and won the day for France.

This was most inspiriting. Already, notwithstanding the happy days with his new-found sister, Philip found himself becoming uneasy in idleness and wishing for the call to action.



"THE EYE OF THE EMPEROR, HE FELT, WAS UPON HIM." (SEE PAGE 763.)

It came at last. One day the following order, bearing the imperial seal, was delivered to him:

Lieutenant Philip Desnouettes, of the Officers of Ordonnance, is directed to accompany the Empress to Mayence, and to report for duty to the Emperor in person.

An armistice had been declared. Lutzen and Bautzen had called for a truce in the war; overtures for peace were made by Austria, a neutral power, and agreed to by France on the one side, and by the allied powers of Russia, Prussia, and Sweden on the other. And, in July, Napoleon, resting from battle, requested his Empress to join him for a few days at Mayence; for the armistice declared a suspension of hostilities until the tenth of August following.

"I go to join the Emperor," Philip announced joyfully to his sister and his good friends in the Street of the Fight. "But, alas! I am destined never to see service in the field. We shall have peace, and the Emperor will be the master of Europe."

"I hope so, my son," Citizen Daunou said; "but I do not believe it. The enemies of France are too many and too determined. They will fight to the death, and crush us by numbers. This conflict is not like those that have gone before. Our foemen have learned the art of war from the Emperor. They will turn the knowledge to fatal account. This armistice is but the prelude to yet more bloody fighting, and a defeat will be our death-blow. Oh, that the Emperor would see his opportunity! France asks for peace; the world asks for it. By it the Emperor might confound his enemies, and bring about results more glorious than the most victorious war. But he will not. To-day the Emperor is great; he is victorious. How much greater, how much more the victor, would he be if he would sign a treaty of peace giving up the needless provinces he has conquered, and inscribe upon that treaty the words: 'These are the sacrifices to peace made by Napoleon for the welfare of the people of France.' But he will not do it, my son; he will not do it."

Philip could not agree with his old friend. What young fellow living in an atmosphere of conquest would believe that there was such a thing as a giving that was a gaining?

He bade his dear ones adieu, took his place in the cortége of the Empress, and in high spirits set out to join the Emperor, then resting at Mayence.

They rode from St. Cloud on the twenty-third of July, stopping on the way at Châlons and at Metz, and on the twenty-sixth reached Mayence. And there Philip again saw the Emperor.

"So, my noble young lieutenant of ordonnance," cried Napoleon, pulling Philip's ear by way of friendly greeting, "you are ready for duty, eh? And how is the pretty sister at Paris? Now see what you can do to make her proud of her relationship. You will. Be but less heedless than of old, and more the man you are now big enough to be."

Festivities made brilliant the brief visit of the Empress to Mayence. Princes and potentates thronged the audience-chamber. Fêtes and illuminations, reviews and receptions, balls and banquets, crowded each other for ten days, and the old Rhenish city was full of stir and splendor.

But beneath was keen anxiety. The world wished for peace; yet the world would know, all too well, the unbending will of the Emperor.

The Emperor did have his way. He refused to listen to the appeals of Austria and the demands of Russia. Not an inch of France's conquests would he resign. The enemies of France should sue from him as from a victor. He would never be a suppliant.

The tenth of August came. Hostilities were resumed. Austria broke her pledges and joined the enemies of France; and, under the walls of Dresden, Napoleon with a hundred thousand men hurled himself against the allied powers of Europe, nearly two hundred thousand strong.

There Philip first "smelled gunpowder." There he received his "baptism of fire." There for the first time he heard the thunder of hostile cannon, the clash of opposing steel, the shrill neigh of the war-horse. With shouts of command were mingled the cries of combatants, the swelling cheer of the victor, the sullen growl of the vanquished, the backward note of retreat, and the forward yell of pursuit. There, too, Philip heard the sharp scream of the wounded, the muffled groan of the dying, and saw all the pomp and pain, all the glory and misery, of the legalized murder that men call war.

He heard all, he saw all, he was a part of all. At first kept busy in writing and despatching orders rapidly dictated by the Emperor,—that master of the art of war, whose eye seemed

everywhere, whose ear caught everything,—Philip paid but little attention to the details of the conflict. Then, despatched on some imperative mission, he came face to face with death; looked at it, paled before it, trembled before it, braced himself before it, and then, all on fire with excitement, desire, and duty, hardened himself in the presence of it, and became as reckless, as daring, as heedless, and as unconcerned as any of the thousands of young conscripts who made up the victorious army of Napoleon on that brilliant day of struggle and achievement before the walls of Dresden.

Three times his duty carried him into the thick of the fight, amid flying bullets, falling fighters, the rush of battalions, and the clash of steel. The eye of the Emperor, he felt, was upon him; that Emperor who, braving death a hundred times, saw this weak spot, reckoned on that movement, hurled his squadrons against this wall of men, massed his infantry for a charge upon that yielding break, and, fighting sword in hand like any sub-lieutenant in the ranks, unmindful of the torrents of driving rain, heedless of the masses of clogging mud, cried: "Forward, my children! again and yet again! I cannot be beaten!" and added to his laurels as a conqueror the masterly victory of Dresden.

Philip was roused; he was electrified; he grew full of the fury of battle. He galloped this way and that, commanding, crying, cheering, carried away by excitement. And, when he rode with the hussars, pursuing the routed Prussians, he saw the only enemy that remained to face the victorious Frenchmen—a great, alert, watchful-eyed Danish hound, searching for his master.

Philip whistled cheerily, and the dog came at the call. Then it bristled with growl and bark, as the boy it did not know leaned from his saddle to pet and capture it. The chase slackened; the bugles sounded the recall; and when, the battle over, the enemy flying, the victory won, Philip rode back to the French lines, he brought with him the only trophy of his valor, a single prisoner—this dog.

He glanced at the hound's collar. Upon it he read: "*I am General Moreau's dog.*"

"Moreau? Moreau?" he queried. "It is a French name. Can it be that renegade?"

"Ha! Moreau the deserter! Moreau the renegade! Moreau the traitor! Kill the dog!" cried the soldiers; for the presence of Moreau, once the greatest of French fighters,—Moreau the victor of Hohenlinden,—as a leader in the ranks of the enemy, had infuriated and enraged the army.

"Hands off! The dog is my prisoner!" Philip cried.

With a laugh, the soldiers yielded to the young lieutenant. And when Philip rode through the gates of Dresden, he carried with him this captured pet of Napoleon's old-time comrade and rival.

Chapter XVIII.

"THE CLAWS OF THE CORSICAN."

Philip dismounted, and, still followed by his prisoner, entered the palace of the Saxon kings, in which the victorious Emperor had established his headquarters.

There he found Napoleon—wet, bedraggled, tired, but triumphant—with the point of his cocked hat hanging in ruin upon his shoulder, and the famous gray overcoat streaked with mud. The Emperor had been three days without rest, and twelve hours in the pouring rain. But he had won the fight; he had sent the enemy flying across the Saxon borders. Satisfaction and delight shone upon his face.

"Ah, ha! my ordonnance boy!" he cried. "You are there, eh? And how is it with you? You have worked hard; you have worked faithfully. He who writes and rides may be as brave as he who carries the eagle or waves the sword. I am proud of you, young Desnouettes!"

Praise is a wonderful medicine. It is rest for tired bones; it is balm for smarting wounds; it is even comfort in dying. To a boy who feels that he really has done his duty, it is especially sweet to hear the words "Well done!" And praise from Napoleon was both a reward and an inspiration.

Philip grasped the Emperor's extended hand, and kissed it in acknowledgment. "Sire," he said, "you can never be beaten! I would not have missed this day for all the palaces in Paris!"

Napoleon smiled again. Then he spied the

hound, and asked, "Ah, that dog? Is it Moreau's, as I have heard?"

"So his collar says, Sire," Philip replied. "I took him prisoner in a cottage at Räcknitz."

"Räcknitz!" exclaimed the Emperor. "But that was where I turned the guns upon the Prussian staff. Poor Moreau!" said Napoleon, passing his hand over his brow. "I honored him once, though he was ever jealous of me.—Well, all goes finely. Rest yourself, Lieutenant Desnouettes, and to-morrow prepare to ride with me—very early, remember—to our camp at Pirna. We must follow fast on the runaways, and smother them in the hills. And then—on to Berlin!"

To the great camp at Pirna—ten miles southeast of Dresden—Philip rode with the Emperor, and was at once busied in writing orders directing the pursuit of the demoralized Allies.

Suddenly, in the midst of an order to General Vandamme, who was to head off the retreat near Kulm, a hundred miles to the north, the Emperor gave a sharp cry, clapped a hand over his lower waistcoat buttons, and doubled up completely, unable to think or act.

Napoleon had the stomach-ache.

You laugh at this; but let me tell you there is nothing so demoralizing as pain. Headache and indigestion have wrecked more than one great cause. Men who can withstand armies have surrendered to the toothache. Napoleon was never victorious on the sea because he was always too seasick to command in person. Napoleon could not endure pain, and lost his crown through a stomach-ache. For the cramp that caught him that day at Pirna kept him from pursuing his routed foes, and with that failure to act began the conqueror's downfall.

At all events, he gave up his plan of conducting the pursuit in person. He returned to Dresden. Disaster fell upon his generals whenever they fought without him. Oudinot was beaten at Grossbeeren; Macdonald was overthrown at Katzbach; Vandamme was captured at Kulm; Ney was routed at Dennewitz. The Allies turned back. With fresh troops swelling their recovering ranks, they drew about the man they had sworn to destroy.

His vassals forsook him; his tributaries deserted him. France was left alone, and, yielding to the advice of his marshals rather than following his own wise judgment, Napoleon gave up his plan of marching upon Berlin. His enemies drew about him; they inclosed him in a ring of steel; and on the sixteenth of October, 1813, the Emperor and his men stood at bay under the walls of quaint old Leipsic—a handful against a host.

That bloodiest battle of modern times has been called the Battle of the Nations. It was France against all Europe. For three days it raged. Ninety-four thousand men were killed or wounded. Then the Saxons in the ranks of France went over in a body to the enemy. Retreat was a necessity. Napoleon was beaten.

But he would not admit it. Neither would Philip. The boy was worked nearly to death. He wrote, he rode, he ran; he scurried about amid flying bullets, looked almost down the throats of belching cannon, got himself entangled in moving masses of infantry, and dodged many a sweeping cavalry charge. He was growing heedless of danger; he was becoming used to war.

He was angry to see that instead of pursuing, the French were really in retreat. But Philip did not call it a retreat; he spoke of it as a "backward movement." He scowled with rage as he railed at the "treacherous Saxons"; and when the crowning disaster came,—the blowing up of the bridge over the Elster, which cut off the French rear-guard, the wagon-train, and the wounded,—Philip echoed the Emperor, and declared that it was disaster and not defeat that took away the glory of the great victory of Leipsic—the "victory" that all the world now knows to have been a most disastrous defeat.

Then came the fight at Hanau, the last gleam of sunshine through the gathering clouds—for Napoleon turned it into a success; and on the first day of November Philip was despatched to Paris as the herald of victory, carrying to the Empress Regent the twenty hostile standards captured at Leipsic and at Hanau.

His coming cheered people greatly, for it showed the Emperor was victorious; and Philip was praised and petted on every hand.

From the palace, as soon as his duties were over, Philip flew to the Street of the Fight, the great hound stalking at his heels.

"Mademoiselle my sister," he said, after the glad greeting was over, "I bring you the first captive of my bow and spear. I lay my trophy at your feet. Down, 'Marshal'! Crouch!" And the big Dane, trained by his captor for this very act of homage, first hung his head as if in acknowledgment of his defeat, and then crouched, a suppliant for mercy at the feet of the delighted girl.

"Oh, Philip!—for me? How lovely! What a beauty! See, Nurse. My new protector!" and she rested her little hand on the great dog's head. "But, Philip, did you really fight with bow and spear? They tell us the Cossacks do."

Philip laughed with the superior air of a veteran. "Well, *we* do not, Mademoiselle," he replied; "but the Tartars and Bashkirs do. Pestiferous little Russian wasps! I caught one of their arrows through my chapeau. See!" and, drawing his hat from beneath his arm, he showed her where a Tartar arrow had torn an ugly hole. "My best one, too," he added, gazing on it ruefully; while Mademoiselle regarded the rent with awe, and then cried: "Oh, but suppose it had not gone so high, my Philip. Oh, dear!" and, with a little shriek, she transferred her caressing hand to her brother's curly head.

Soon his dear friends gathered in welcome and admiration, and the boy's rattling chatter almost dispelled the gloom he noted on all their faces. For despite the brief elation over the pretended victories, Paris was downcast and anxious.

"A fine mess your Corsican is getting us into, young Desnouettes," blurted out Uncle Fauriel. "Why, before we know it, we shall have the Allies storming into Paris itself. And what then?"

"Never!" cried Philip, hotly. "Paris will never be occupied by the foes of France while the Emperor lives. I tell you he is master."

"How can he be, my Philip, with half a million men crowding him against a wall?" Citizen Daunou said sadly. "I acknowledge the Emperor's greatness. I know his mighty will. He will not give up without a blow. The hour for great souls is that when everything is lost. But even his valor cannot withstand a host.



"HE SHOWED HER WHERE A TARTAR ARROW HAD TORN AN UGLY HOLE."

We have no men left to fight for him. Let him make peace, or his empire is doomed."

"I know his valor, too," said Uncle Fauriel. "But your Emperor is no Frenchman. He is a Corsican. And the Corsican, like the cat, persists in squirming and scratching even when one holds him by the nape of the neck. Europe holds your Emperor thus. But let Europe beware. Your Emperor at bay is but a cat in a corner. You shall yet see the claws of the Corsican."

Within a few days after Philip's arrival the Emperor himself returned to Paris. He came unannounced. He came almost in disgrace. Again he had lost an army for France. But pride was in his heart and determination in his eye.

"Peace?" he cried. "Who talks of peace with the enemy at our gates? We must fight once more. We must fight desperately, and when we have conquered, then we will talk of peace. I desire peace, but it must be solid and honorable. France depends upon me. I am a man who may be killed, but never will be insulted. The French will be worthy of themselves and of me."

With that, he set about to raise a new army for the defense of France. "In three months we shall have peace," he said. "The enemy will be driven out, or I shall be dead. My soldiers and I have not forgotten our trade, and those who dared profane our frontier shall soon repent of having set foot on French soil."

Already the "Corsican," as Uncle Fauriel had declared, was sharpening his "claws."

The foot of the foeman was on French soil. The Allies had crossed the Rhine; they had invaded France. The nation, accustomed only to attack, was unprepared to defend. Paris was without fortifications; the fighting material the Emperor demanded was not easy to procure. Twenty years of war had well-nigh drained France of men.

But the Emperor was imperative. "Give me soldiers!" he said. "Men-soldiers! I cannot fight your battles with children. Our boys of the Young Guard fought nobly at Dresden and Leipsic; nothing can exceed their courage. But in the struggle before us, if I am to conquer, I must have men, men, men!"

The men came, and the boys as well. Though all France cried for peace; though Paris wailed, "This insatiate one wishes to sacrifice all our children to his wild ambition"; and though this wail was echoed in every town and village of the Empire, still the Senate, accustomed to obey the Emperor, voted both the men and the money he demanded, and in January, 1814, France had collected nearly three hundred thousand men with which to oppose an invading force of nearly a million.

It was a death-grapple, desperate, brilliant, effective. It was a struggle magnificent in its intensity, masterly in its conception, wonderful in its devices. It is too little known in history overshadowed by the glory of Austerlitz, the disaster of Moscow, the carnage of Leipsic, the tragedy of Waterloo. It was the conqueror at bay.

Ten times, in that short campaign, did Napoleon face and overthrow his hunters. All his strategy, all his daring, all his brilliant methods were brought into play; and, each time, the invaders reeled back, defeated, bleeding, and broken. The "claws of the Corsican" struck swiftly and sank deep.

Twice was Philip sent to Paris with flags as trophies and prisoners as signs of triumph. Then, one March afternoon, the Emperor summoned him in haste.

"Lieutenant Desnouettes," he said, "I intrust you with this letter to the Empress. Be wary and be vigilant. Guard it with your life. Deliver it only into the Empress's own hands. It is because I know your courage and your loyalty that I repose this trust in you. Ride, for life or death!"

Philip sprang to his saddle, and galloped toward Paris.

The sun was nearly set as he rode out of the little hamlet of St. Dizier (where Napoleon, next day, was to win his last victory), and headed for Paris. The night favored the rider; for, with the continual changing of positions, one was always in danger, and darkness was a convenient cloak. If he could but escape the enemy's outposts or their foraging parties, his way was clear.

So he rode on with speed. From St. Dizier to Perthes and Villotte and Vitry on the Marne he rode; and, crossing the river, spurred on to Cosle and Connantray and La Fère-Champenoise, where, one to ten, the French had fought the invaders, and Pacthod's guards had proved themselves heroes. Soon he galloped into Sézanne. Thus far all was well. But, as he rode from Sézanne, he hesitated. The road to Coulommiers was the most direct; but he knew the upper road better, where, from Montmirail, the road led westward to Meaux.

He decided for the upper road, and there

was his mistake. For, as he saw the lights of Montmirail shining across the narrow Little Morin, and looked for the white streak that meant the road to Meaux, he saw ahead a moving blur, magnified by the darkness into an uncertain but threatening mass. He tried to force his horse from the road into the bordering fields, although he knew that thus he would miss the bridge across the Little Morin and have to swim for it.

In the gloom of the night his horse, like a sensible beast, refused to leave the road or jump the low wall that flanked the roadway.

The moving mass came on with shout and swing. Philip had been seen. The challenge rang sharply out, but Philip held his peace, refusing a reply. Then bullets whistled by him, and the boy, thinking safety lay only in his own legs, dismounted and let his horse go free.

With the "Hurra!" that he now knew so well as the Cossack war-cry, his foemen swooped upon the riderless horse; but, seeing through the boy's plan, dashed across the bridge, and stretched themselves in a crescent from wall to wall.

Then Philip sought to climb the wall, and escape across the fields to the bank of the stream. But he was stiff with riding, and, in the darkness, his footing was insecure. He slipped and fell almost beneath the hoofs of an oncoming horse.

Again he heard the guttural call, the terrible Cossack "Hurra!" Then something pounced upon him in the dark, before he could free his pistol-hand or draw his sword. Eager hands felt for and grabbed him. He squirmed and dodged, and wriggled and kicked, but all to no purpose.

The next instant he was lifted to his feet; a light was flashed full upon him; fierce faces encircled him; words he did not understand shot from bearded and savage lips. He could neither defend nor assail. He could not even die, as he had sworn he would if cornered. Philip was a prisoner in the hands of Cossacks.

(To be continued.)



PHILIP TAKEN PRISONER BY THE COSSACKS.



IN THE WOODS: "I 'LL NOT ANSWER, AND THEY 'LL THINK I 'M LOST!"

THE TROUT BROOK.

HALF hidden by tall meadow-grass that sways with every breeze,
And running through deep, silent pools, and under spreading trees;
Now stealing through the quiet ways of solitary wood,
And now beneath a timbered arch where once an old mill stood;
Across the fields and to the brow where valleys fall away,
Then over beds of shelving rock its waters dance and play,
And now and then, as though in joy of such delightful fun,
It springs into a waterfall that glistens in the sun,
And eddies round and round about, in strange fantastic glee,
Then steadies down and flows away sedately to the sea.

Frank H. Sweet.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

By Brander Matthews.

In the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, near the Merrimac River, not far from Salisbury Beach, and in a house built by his great-great-grandfather more than two centuries ago, John Greenleaf Whittier was born on December 17, 1807. For three generations before him, the family had been connected with the Society of Friends; and all his life long Whittier retained the Quaker simplicity of manner and attire. He began early to do the chores of the household and also to aid his father in the work of the farm.

The house was surrounded by woods, and "a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls" by the garden-side, and then wound its way to a larger stream, that, "after doing its duty at two or three saw and grist mills" (the clash of which would be heard in still days across the intervening woodlands), ran into the great river and was borne along to the great sea. Thus, in early boyhood Whittier had a chance to get friendly and familiar with brooks and woods and rocky hills and all the other features of the New England landscape. He helped to care for the oxen and the horses, and he came to know the wilder animals which also lived on the farm.

His chief companion was his younger sister, who devoted herself to him for half a century.

In his boyhood Whittier had scant instruction, for the district school was open only a few weeks in winter. He had but few books; there were scarcely thirty in the house. The one book he read and read again until he had it by heart almost was the Bible; and the Bible was always the book which exerted the strongest literary influence upon him. But when he was fourteen a teacher came who lent him books of travel and opened a new world to him. It was this teacher who brought to the Whittiers one evening a volume of Burns and read aloud some of the poems, after explaining the Scottish dialect. Whittier begged to borrow the book, which was almost the first poetry he had ever read. It was this volume of Burns which set Whittier to making verses himself, serving both as the inspiration and the model of his earlier poetic efforts. The Scottish poet, with his homely pictures of a life as bare and as hardy as that of New England then, first revealed to the American poet what poetry really was, and how it might be made out of the actual facts of his own life.

That book of Burns's poems had an even stronger influence on Whittier than the odd volume of the *Spectator* which fell into the hands of Franklin had on the American author whose boyhood is most like Whittier's. Franklin also was born in a humble and hard-working family, doing early his share of the labor, and having but a meager education, although always longing for learning. It is true that Irving and Cooper and Bryant did not graduate from college, but they could have done so, had they persevered; and Emerson and Longfellow and Hawthorne did get as much of the higher education as was then possible in America. But neither Franklin nor Whittier ever had the chance; it was as much as they could do to pick up the merest elements of an education.

After he had made the acquaintance of Burns's poems, Whittier began to scribble rhymes of his own on his slate at school, and in the evening about the family hearth. One of his boyish stanzas lingered in the memory of an elder sister:

> And must I always swing the flail,
> And help to fill the milking-pail?
> I wish to go away to school;
> I do not wish to be a fool.

With practice he began to be bolder, and he wrote copies of verses on every-day events,

and also little ballads. One of these, written when he was seventeen, his eldest sister liked so well that she sent it to the weekly paper of Newburyport, the *Free Press*, then recently started by William Lloyd Garrison. She did this without telling her brother, and no one was more surprised than he when he opened the paper and found his own verses in "The Poet's Corner." He was aiding his father to mend a stone wall by the roadside as the postman passed on horseback and tossed the paper to the young man. "His heart stood still a moment when he saw his own verses," says a biographer. "Such delight as his comes only once in the lifetime of any aspirant to literary fame. His father at last called to him to put up the paper and keep at work."

The editor of the *Free Press* was only three years older than the poet, although far more mature. He did more for the young man than merely print these boyish verses, for he went to Whittier's father and urged the need of giving the youth a little better education. To do this was not possible then; but two years later, when Whittier was nineteen, an academy was started at Haverhill, and here he attended, even writing a few stanzas to be sung at the opening exercises. He studied at Haverhill for two terms, and by making slippers, by keeping books, and by teaching school, he earned the little money needed to pay his way. At Haverhill he was able to read the works of many authors hitherto unknown to him, and he also wrote for the local papers much prose and verse.

By the time he was twenty-one he had fitted himself to earn his living by his pen. He went to Boston in 1829 to edit a paper there; and he returned to Haverhill the next year to take charge of the local journal. Then he was at the head of an important weekly in Hartford. In these various positions he acquitted himself well, mastering the questions of the day carefully, and expressing his opinions forcibly and courteously. But his health failed, owing partly perhaps to the exposure and toil of his boyhood on the farm; and in 1832 he gave up journalism for a while and went back to his father's house. He had never been robust; and all his life long he was forced to take care of himself and to husband his strength.

But if the body was weak, the spirit was strong; Whittier had the stout heart which leads a forlorn hope unhesitatingly. Before he was thirty he had made up his mind that it was his duty to do what he could for the relief of the unfortunate negroes who were held in bondage in the South. In 1833 he wrote a pamphlet called "Justice and Expediency," in which he considered the whole question of slavery, and declared that it should cease forever. Three years later he became secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. In 1838 he went to Philadelphia to edit the *Pennsylvania Freeman;* and so boldly did he advocate the right of the negro to own himself that the printing-office was sacked by a mob and burned. Then, as more than once afterward for the same cause, Whittier was in danger for his life.

Whittier showed physical courage in facing the ruffians who wished to prevent free speech; but he had revealed the higher moral courage in casting in his lot with the little band of abolitionists. Up to this time he had looked forward to holding public office, as well he might, when many another journalist was stepping from the newspaper desk into public life. When he became one of the small band who denounced slavery, he gave up all chance of office. He also had literary ambition, but so strong was the power of the slave-owners then, and so intolerant were they, that most editors and publishers were sorely intimidated, and declined to print not only any attack on slavery, but even the other writings of an author who was known as an abolitionist. Thus Whittier, in identifying himself with the anti-slavery movement, thought that he was giving up his literary future also. He made his decision promptly, and he never regretted it. Indeed, in later life he said to a boy of fifteen to whom he was giving counsel, "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."

By constant practice he had acquired ease in composition; but as his writing gained in strength his taste also improved. A miscellany of prose and verse called "Legends of New England," published in 1831, was his first book. It contained a selection of the best of the poems and the essays he had printed here and there in periodicals. In later life he thought so little

of this volume that none of the essays, and only two of the poems, were republished in the revised edition of his works. Imperfect as was this youthful verse, scarcely any American had then written better. Bryant's first volume, and Poe's, had been published several years before; while Longfellow's earliest book of poems, "Voices of the Night," did not appear until 1839, to be followed in 1847 by the first collection of Emerson's poems.

of Freedom," appeared in 1849. When we compare either of these volumes with Longfellow's "Poems on Slavery" (printed in 1842, midway between them), we see how much sturdier Whittier's stanzas are, and how much more his heart is in the cause than Longfellow's. It is Longfellow who writes with Quaker-like gentleness; it is Whittier who fiercely rouses to the fight.

In other ways also is the contrast of Longfellow with Whittier interesting and instructive.



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, NEAR HAVERHILL, MASS.

Other poems, which Whittier discarded in later life, were published in the next few years. The most vigorous of the verses he wrote at this time were inspired by his hatred of slavery. From the day he threw himself into the abolition movement, his verse has a loftier note and a more ringing tone. With him poetry was then no longer a mere amusement or accomplishment; it had become a weapon for use in the good fight. In these anti-slavery poems there is a noble passion and a righteous anger. They were calls to a battle with evil; and the best of them rang out like blasts of a bugle. One collection of these anti-slavery verses was published in 1837, and a second, called "Voices

Both were New Englanders, and both hated slavery. Longfellow was the most literary of all our poets, while Whittier was perhaps the least so. Longfellow's chief service to our literature was in showing how it was possible to get the best that Europe and the storied past could give, and yet to remain an American of the present. Whittier dealt almost wholly with the facts of American life, with the legends and the thoughts, with the landscape and the people, of New England; indeed, he came at last to have a popularity second only to Longfellow's, and due largely to the fact that he, more than any other, was the representative poet of New England.

Whittier was the only one of the leading American authors who never crossed the Atlantic. Not only did he never go to Europe, he never went south of the Potomac or west of the Alleghanies. When the farm at Haverhill was sold in 1836, part of the price was used to buy a small place at Amesbury; and that house was Whittier's home for more than half a century. After his return from Philadelphia, in 1839, he was rarely absent from Amesbury for more than a month or two at a time, although he did once reside the better part of a year in Lowell. He made visits to Boston often, and sometimes even to New York; and frequently he spent his summers elsewhere; but until his death his home was the little house at Amesbury.

With the publication in 1843 of the book called "Lays of My Home," Whittier made sure his place among American poets. In this volume are some of the best of his ballads,—"Cassandra Southwick," for one,—and as a writer of ballads only Longfellow, among all the American poets, was Whittier's superior. He had the gift of story-telling in verse. He did not strain his invention to devise a strange plot; he took an old legend or a tale of real life, and he set it forth in rhyme simply and easily. He had the touch of genius which transfigures common things. He sang of what he knew—the fields where he played as a boy, the river and the hills he had gazed on in childhood, the men and women who had grown up about him, the thoughts and the sentiments he and they had inherited together. Even the unpromising proper names of New England become melodious in his hands.

As the years passed, Whittier's powers ripened, and the level of his work is better sustained; but the quality of the poems included in "Songs of Labor," published in 1850, and in "Home Ballads," published in 1860, is the quality of the collection published in 1843. Among the verse written during these seventeen years are the "Angels of Buena Vista," "Maud Muller" (perhaps the most popular of all his briefer poems), "Ichabod" (perhaps the loftiest of all laments over fallen greatness), the "Barefoot Boy," "Skipper Ireson's Ride" (one of his most characteristic New England ballads), and the tribute to Robert Burns. The poet of New England was always swift to declare his indebtedness to the poet of Scotland, and to proclaim his abiding regard for the poems which had first shown him what poetry was.

During these years of the anti-slavery struggle not only was Whittier's reputation as a poet growing steadily, but the people of the North and of the West were as steadily coming over to his side. Of course we cannot exactly measure the influence of a poem or song, but it may be almost irresistible. He was a wise man who was willing to let others make the laws of a people if only he could write their songs. Law is but the expression of public opinion; and when the ringing stanzas of the anti-slavery bards and the stirring speeches of the anti-slavery orators had awakened the conscience of the free States, the end of the evil was nigh. Slavery made a hard fight for its life; but it was slavery that Whittier hated, and not the Southern slaveowners; and there is no bitterness or rancor in the poems published in 1863 and called "In War Time." And of these ballads of the battle years the best and the best beloved is "Barbara Frietchie," which was rather a tribute to the old flag than an attack upon those who were then in arms against it.

After the final triumph of the cause for which he had battled long and bravely, Whittier turned again to peaceful themes. With the spread of his opinions among the people, his poetry also had become more popular; but no single book of his ever had a wide-spread and immediate success until "Snow-Bound" appeared in 1866. This poem of New England was received by the reading public as no other poem had been received since Longfellow's "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." It was so profitable that for the first time in his life—and he was then nearly sixty—Whittier was placed above want.

Only less successful was "The Tent on the Beach," printed the next year, and followed in twelve months by "Among the Hills." Thereafter his position was secure. He had taken his place as one of the poets of America, beside Emerson and Longfellow, beside Lowell and Holmes; and perhaps he was nearer than any of the others to the hearts of the New Eng-

landers and of the Westerners whose fathers had gone out from New England. He has been called a Quaker Burns; he might better be called the Burns of New England; and as Burns wrote for Scotland rather than for the whole of Great Britain, so Whittier wrote for New England rather than for the whole of the United States. It was the scenery of New England he best loved to paint in his ballads; it was the sentiment of New England he voiced in his lyrics; it was the steadfast faith in New England that gave strength to all he wrote.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAMSON, PORTLAND, MAINE.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

During the later years of his life Whittier wrote as the mood came, and he gathered his scattered verses into volumes from time to time,—"Ballads of New England," for example, in 1870; "Mabel Martin," in 1874; "The King's Missive," in 1881. They all served to strengthen his hold on the hearts of the people. No doubt his old age was made happier by the honor in which he was held. He outlived most of his fellow-poets of New England. He saw Longfellow go first, and then Emerson, and finally Lowell, his comrade in the anti-slavery struggle. Long past the allotted threescore years and ten he printed a final volume of his poems, in 1890, under the title, "At Sundown." At last, early in the fall of 1892, he had a slight paralytic shock, and he died at dawn on September 7, being then in his eighty-fifth year.

It is as a poet that Whittier is held most in honor, but he was also a writer of prose; and in the final collected edition of his works published four years before his death his prose writings fill three of the seven volumes.

Unlike as Whittier and Franklin were in many respects, they were alike in others. Both had the sympathy with the lowly which comes of early similar experience. Both learned a handicraft, for Franklin set type and worked a printing-press, and Whittier made slippers. To both of them literature was a means, rather than an end in itself. Verse to Whittier, and prose to Franklin, was a weapon to be used in the good fight. In Whittier's verse, as in Franklin's prose, there was the same pithy directness which made their words go home to the hearts of the plain people whom they both understood and represented. To Franklin was given the larger life and the greater range of usefulness; but Whittier always did with

all his might the duty that lay before him. While Franklin gained polish by travel and by association with citizens of the world, Whittier was the only one of the greater American authors who never went to Europe, and he kept to the end not a little of his rustic simplicity.

While Whittier was practical, as becomes a New Englander, he had not the excessive common sense which characterizes Franklin, and he lacked also Franklin's abundant humor. But the poet was not content, as Franklin was, with showing that honesty is the best policy, and that in the long run vice leads to ruin; he scourged evil with the wrath of a Hebrew prophet. Except one or another of his ballads, none of his poems was written for its own sake; they were nearly all intended to further a cause he held dear, or to teach a lesson he thought needful.

Whittier was a born poet. He was not an artist in verse as Longfellow was; and he was often as careless in rhyme and as rugged in rhythm as was Emerson. Yet to some of his stanzas there is a lyric lilt that sings itself into the memory; and the best of his ballads have an easy grace of movement. He knew his own shortcomings and lack of training, and he was quick to take advice from those whom he thought better equipped. In this as in all things else he was modest. How modest he really was is perhaps best shown in certain verses of the poem he called "My Triumph":

O living friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases:
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.
. . .
Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

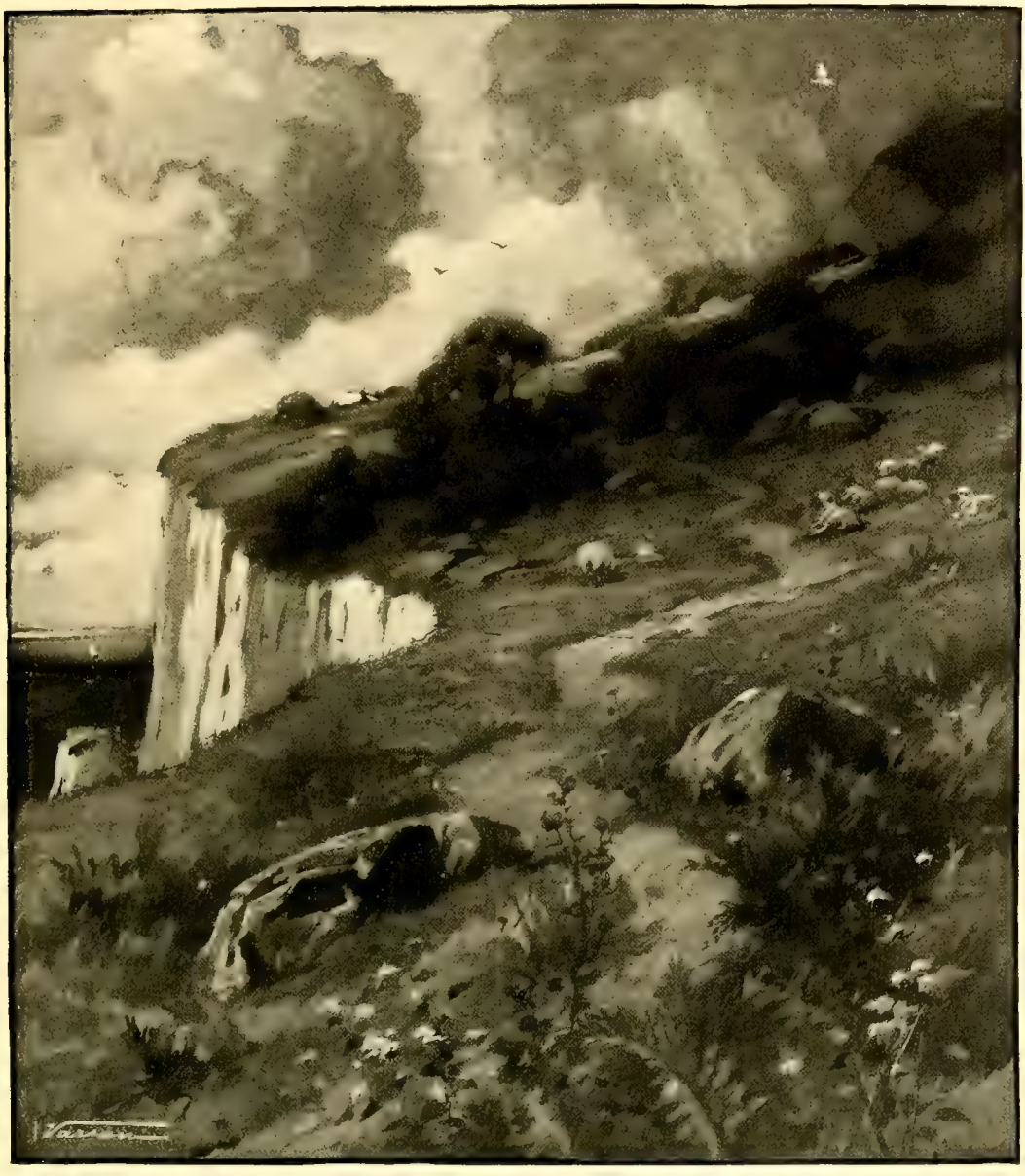
THE HILLS OF ROSS.

By John Bennett.

The bold old sandstone hills of Ross
  Swing up and down the land
Like burly giants roystering
  Together, hand-in-hand;
And over hill and over dale
  The clouds go rolling free
Like great gold-laden galleons
  Across a summer sea;
And high along the windy sky
  The sea-gulls wheel and wing;
About, about, now in, now out,
  They reel and sweep and swing,
Until one's head goes round and round
  With every dizzy ring.

Across the knurly hills of Ross
  Bold Summer blew his horn;
It stirred a thousand dreaming dales
  And waked the sleeping corn;
So high, so far, so clear it rang
  Through all the drowsy world,
The wild-flower host wide open sprang,
  The blind brown ferns uncurled.
It roused a myriad untaught notes
  In hedge and bush and tree;
It set the wild-wood echoing
  With bubble-throated glee,
And sent a sudden laughing thrill
  All through the heart of me.

Along the brawny hills of Ross
The west wind whirls the rain,
Across the murky chimney-pots,
Adown the dusty pane ;
And, oh, that wind is calling me
From out the dusty town,
Out to the misty meadow-land,
Out to the dewy down,
Out to the wind-blown hills of Ross,
Into the summer shower,
To be a fellow to the field,
A brother to the flower,
And part of the midsummer day
If only for an hour.



TOMMY'S CONFESSION.

By Frederick B. Opper.



I 'm fond of nice stories of giants and witches
Who live all alone by themselves;
Of gnomes, underground, who are guarding their riches;
And dragons, and goblins, and elves.

I love tales of wizards with stern, bearded faces,
And wands, and long robes of deep red;
But—I wish there were not quite so many dark places
To be passed when I 'm going to bed!



RUNNING: FOR BOYS.

By S. Scoville, Jr.

Every American boy should learn to run. In Greece, in the days when men and women took better care of their bodies than they ever have since, every boy, and girl too, was taught to run, just as the American child is taught to read. And as far as we can judge by the statues they have left behind them, there were very few hollow-chested, spindle-legged boys among the Greeks. The Persian boy was taught to speak the truth, run, ride, and shoot the bow. The English boy is encouraged to run. In fact, at some of the great English public schools, boys of thirteen and fourteen years of age, like Tom Brown and East at Rugby, can cover six and eight miles cross-country in the great hare-and-hound runs. Every boy is turned out twice a week, out of doors, and made to run, and fill himself full of pure fresh air and sunshine, and gain more strength and life than any amount of weight-pulling or dumb-bell work in stuffy gymnasiums would give him. See the result—the English boys, as a whole, are a stronger set than we American boys. *Every* English school-boy is to some extent an athlete. And that is what American boys should be. Not because foot-ball, base-ball, and tennis are valuable in themselves, but for the good they do in strengthening boys' bodies. By playing ball every day for hours in the open air; by exercising his arms, back, and leg muscles in throwing, batting, running, and sliding; by going to bed early and giving up all bad habits in preparation for the games, a boy stores up strength, which he can draw on all his life long—*that* is why every boy should be an athlete. But not every boy can play foot-ball or base-ball. He may not be heavy or strong enough; he may never be able to acquire the knack of catching or batting the ball. *Every* boy can become a runner.

As one of the best trainers in the world once said to me, "Any fellow who is willing to work can make a runner out of himself." If you can't get on the eleven or the nine, don't give up athletics in despair, as so many boys do. Try for a place on the athletic team. If there is no athletic team in the school, make one. Talk it over with the boys and teachers, and get up a spring or fall meeting, and have it include most of the track and field events. Take up a subscription for first, second, and third prizes; they need not be expensive; the cheapest medal, when won fairly, becomes valuable.

There is another boys' school somewhere near you. Get the boys interested, challenge them to dual games, on the plan of the Yale-Harvard games, with a challenge cup or a banner that goes to the school winning the greatest number of points; and see that every boy who is not playing base-ball or foot-ball is trying for a place on that team. There is room for all. In the schedule of the Yale-Harvard games there are fourteen events, and as first, second, and third places all count in the point-scoring, there is an opportunity for forty-two men to win a point for their college. Nor does a boy need to feel afraid to try because he has never done any running. Some of the best track athletes in the great colleges never saw a running-shoe until they came to college, and, beginning as perfectly untrained men, became champions.

Running is one of the best of exercises for the whole body. It rounds out a hollow chest, drives the oxygen into the farthest air-cells of the lungs, wonderfully increases their capacity, and develops the leg, thigh, stomach, and waist muscles. But it must be learned just as skating, swimming, and bicycling have to be learned, and there are two things that must be kept in mind by the learner. The first is—whether in sprinting, distance, or cross-country running—to run entirely on the ball of the foot, or, as they say on the track, "Get up on your toes!" By

striking on the ball of the foot, which is a sort of natural spring-board, the runner takes a longer stride, and the spring that he gets enables him to lift his foot more rapidly and repeat the stride more quickly than the runner who goes flat-footed. As length and rapidity of stride are what give speed in running, it follows that a flat-footed runner can never be a fast one. Another reason against pounding away flat-footed is that the delicate mechanism of the ankle, knee, and hip is jarred and may in time be injured.



A CLOSE FINISH ON THE TRACK.

The second point for a runner to observe is his method of breathing. Breathe through both the nose and mouth. Nearly every boy when he first begins to run has the insane idea that all the breathing must be done through the nose. There was never a greater mistake. When a boy runs his heart beats much faster than it does ordinarily, and pumps out just so much more blood. All this must be aërated or purified by air from the lungs. The oppression that one feels when beginning to run is due to the lungs demanding more air for the extra quantity of blood which the heart is sending out. Nature has looked out for this and provided a way by which air can be furnished to the lungs very rapidly. It is a very simple way, and consists of merely opening the mouth. Breathe, then, through the nose in ordinary life as much as possible, but when you are running or exercising violently open the mouth and take in air in deep, rapid breaths, not gulping it in through the mouth alone, but letting the mouth and nose have each their share.

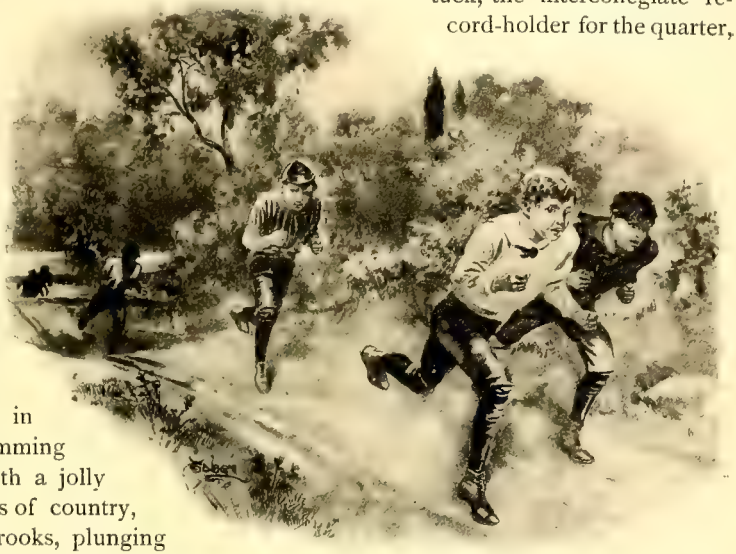
Take as long a stride as possible, but without overbalancing the body. Bend the body slightly from the hips; for if it be held too erect the stride will be shortened. Let the bent arms swing easily and naturally a little above the level of the hips, swinging out and back with every stride. This keeps the muscles loose, prevents them from becoming tired so easily as they would if held rigid, and balances the body better. Take especial pains to keep the body from being stiff; let it swing as easily and lithely as possible. In sprinting the stride is shorter and more rapid than in long-distance running, and

a sprinter usually runs with body thrown farther back, in quite different form from the long, easy lope of the distance runner.

There are four different kinds of running. Sprinting, which includes all distances up to the quarter mile; middle-distance running — from the quarter to the mile; and long-distance running, which includes the mile and all distances beyond. Besides these there is cross-country running. This last is the best of all for growing boys. The first three are track races, and it is monotonous work trotting round and round a cinder path. But, starting off on some brisk autumn day when there is just enough tingle in the air to send the blood humming through the veins, cover, with a jolly crowd, some five or ten miles of country, climbing fences, jumping brooks, plunging through thickets, while here and there some unlucky fellow goes up to his knees in a swamp or jumps too short over the brook and lands with a splash — all part of the fun. Then, as the sun is going down, reach home, and see how refreshing the cold splash and the rub-down are, what an appetite one has for supper and what a feeling of life and strength. Try it, boys. Start out in the fall with all the boys who are not playing foot-ball, and take a five-mile run twice a week right across the country, avoiding the roads as much as possible. Don't make a race of it. Let it be understood that there will be a run-home on the last half mile. This will be enough for all those who are bound to race.

Then occasionally have a paper-chase or a hare-and-hound run. The best costume for this kind of running is a sweater, jersey, knickerbockers, long stockings, and high tennis-shoes, or low ones, if the others are not handy. Always take some kind of a bath (a cool, not *cold*, shower is the best), and a rub-down with a coarse towel after the run; and always run bare-headed. If a boy intends to do track running he can have no better preparation than a year or so of cross-country work.

Conneff, the holder of the world's amateur record for the mile, started as a cross-country runner. Jarvis, who holds the intercollegiate record for the mile, and Shattuck, the intercollegiate record-holder for the quarter, also began their careers by doing cross-country work.



OUT FOR AN EARLY SPIN.

In an article of this length I can give but the most general directions.

Any trainer or runner will give suggestions in the details.

First, a word about the track itself. Many schools are not large enough to have a regular clay or cinder path, which is a rather expensive affair. In that case select some field with good, springy turf, and stake off a quarter-mile track, measuring the distance, of course, on the inside.

Or, if there is not space enough for that, make it an eighth of a mile (220 yards) track. I have seen many a good runner who never set foot on a cinder-path except in a race.

In sprinting, a great deal depends on the start. A sprinter should practise five or six starts daily, and do two or three short sprints, such as thirty and fifty yard dashes. Every other day try the whole distance at not quite full speed, and never do trials more than once a week. The day before a race no work at all

should be done. The illustration shows most of the different styles of starting. The race was a three-hundred-yard dash, and was won by Allen, who is at the right in the picture, the American champion for the quarter-mile in 1893. Allen's start is the one most easily learned. Crouch with both hands and the left foot on the starting-line. After "getting set," gradually swing the body out over the line, the left foot sustaining most of the weight, and as the pistol goes off spring from both feet, pushing hard with the rear foot, dive forward in a crouching position, and do not try to rise and run erect until after the first three or four strides.



THE DIFFERENT "SETS," OR POSITIONS FOR STARTING.

A boy training for the long distance runs must make up his mind to work. The interscholastic and intercollegiate schedules contain no distance over the mile. A miler should train over his distance.

Work out a mile and a quarter, or a mile and a half every day at a good steady clip, and once a week take a two-mile jog. Vary this with a little faster work occasionally, such as a fast half or three quarters.

The middle distances, the half and quarter, are the hardest of all to train correctly for. A runner, to succeed in these, must possess a sprinter's speed and the staying power of the distance runner. And the difficulty in training is to develop both. A quarter-mile runner should twice a week run six hundred yards fast, or jog a half, and spend the rest of his time in sprinting two hundred and twenty or three hundred yards. More attention should be paid in training for the quarter to the development of speed. In the half the case is reversed. The runner should run fast quarters or a three-eighths (660 yards) only twice a week, and spend the rest of his time in distance work, running three quarters or jogging a mile. In any kind of running never run a trial oftener than once a week, and never within five days of the race.

Below are given the world running records up to the mile, and the best records made by American boys, *i. e.*, the New England Interscholastic records.

WORLD RECORDS.

Distance.	*Time.*	*Holder.*	*Nationality.*
100 yds	9⅘ sec.	Owen	American
220 yds	21⅗ sec.	Jewett	American
440 yds (on circular track)	48½ sec.	Tindall	English
440 yds (straight away)	47¾ sec.	Baker	American
880 yds (straight away)	1m. 53½ sec.	Hewitt	Australian
880 yds (on circular track)	1m. 54⅖ sec.	Cross	English
1 mile	4m. 12¾ sec.	George	English

NEW ENGLAND INTERSCHOLASTIC RECORDS.

Distance.	*Time.*	*Holder.*	*School.*
100 yds.	10⅕ sec.	Bigelow	Worcester High
220 yds.	22⅖ sec.	Bigelow	Worcester High
440 yds.	50⅜ sec.	Burke	Boston English High
880 yds.	2m. 07⅘ sec.	Batchelder	Roxbury Latin
1 mile.	4m. 34⅖ sec.	Laing	Philips, Andover



When King Kijolly Goes to War.

When King Kijolly goes to war
He finds the fighting quite a bore,
But he makes the enemy fly before
Till they hide away from the battle's roar
In a little round fort with one front door.

And when that shelter they have sought
Where cake and candy can't be bought
They find that in a trap they 're caught.

But when above the fortress' brim
Kijolly sees their faces grim—
How hungry and how tired they look—
He gives to each a story-book,
And sugar-cakes, and pumpkin-pie,
He reaches up to them on high;
And Punch and Judy shows he gets;
And if they should look pale he frets—
In his own carriage takes them out,
To get the air and drive about.
At last he gives a farewell tea
Beneath a merry cherry-tree,
And bidding them go run and play,
Good King Kijolly rides away.

Rudolph F. Bunner.



RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By Garrett Newkirk.

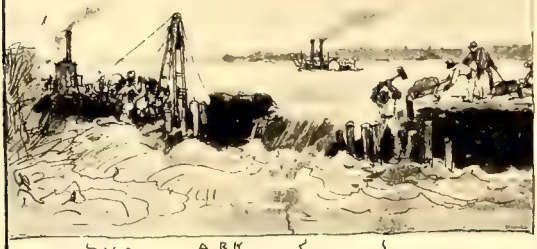


This State was settled by the French,
And for King Louis named:
But fifteen million dollars bought
For us the land they claimed.

She has a warm and sunny clime,
Unvexed by frosts or snows,
And through a delta, like the Nile,
The Mississippi flows.

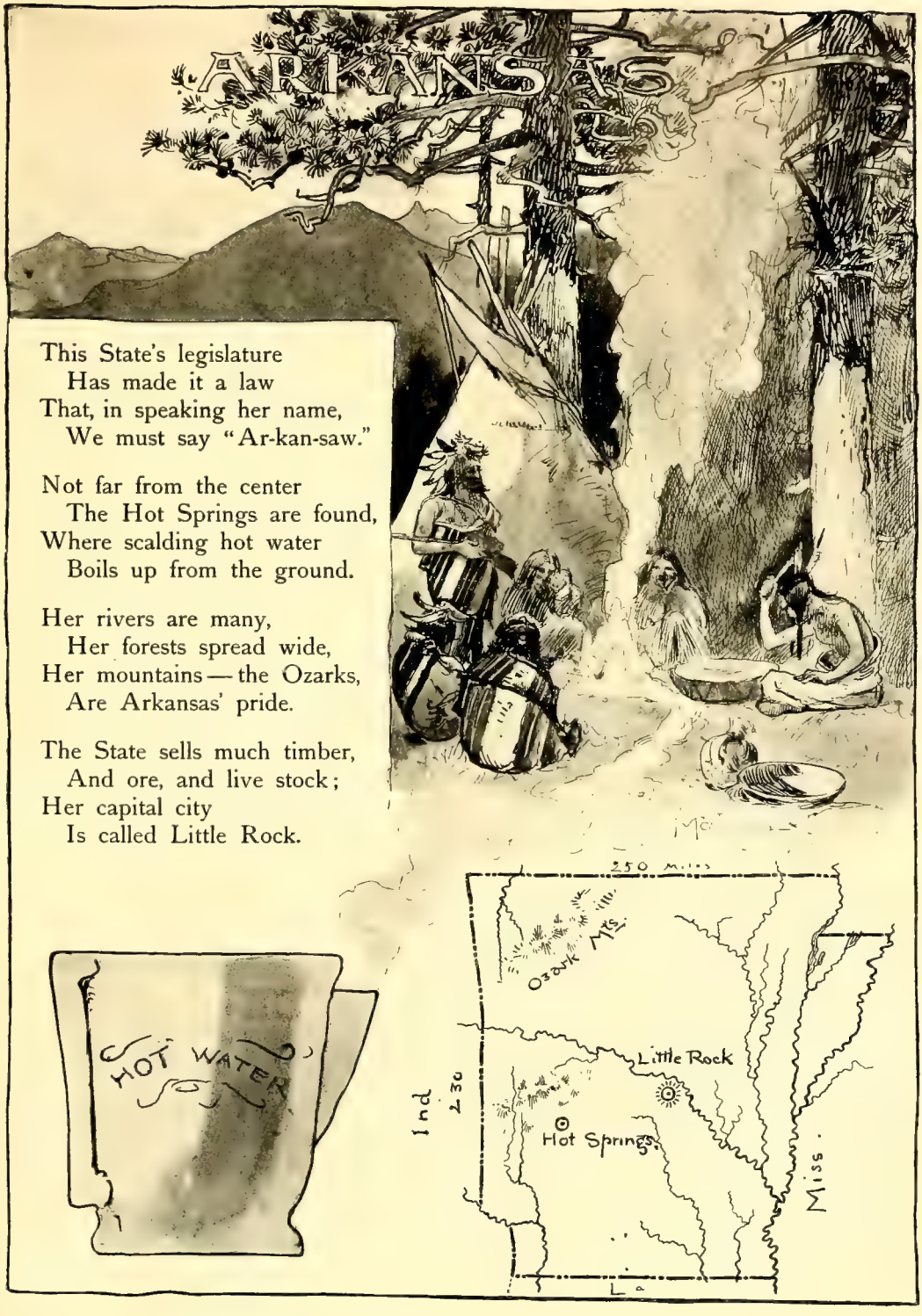
On this our greatest, central stream,
And very near its mouth,
The famous "Crescent City" stands,
Queen city of the South.

The greatest sugar-making State!—
New Orleans is its port;
And here, behind his cotton-bales,
"Old Hickory" held the fort!









This State's legislature
  Has made it a law
That, in speaking her name,
  We must say "Ar-kan-saw."

Not far from the center
  The Hot Springs are found,
Where scalding hot water
  Boils up from the ground.

Her rivers are many,
  Her forests spread wide,
Her mountains — the Ozarks,
  Are Arkansas' pride.

The State sells much timber,
  And ore, and live stock;
Her capital city
  Is called Little Rock.

AT THE CIRCUS.



"HE SAT RIGHT NEXT TO THE LION (WHO HAD TO HAVE TWO SEATS), AND SAW THE CLEVER ANIMALS PERFORM THEIR WONDERFUL FEATS."

(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

WHAT THE PET PUG SAW AT THE CIRCUS.

A Rhyme for Very Little Folks.

For a whole long week the little pet Pug was as good as he could be,
He did n't growl at the baby, nor spill his milk at tea;
And so, when the Circus came to town, they gave him a silver dime,
They put on his Sunday collar, and hoped he 'd have a good time.
He sat right next to the Lion (who had to have two seats),
And saw the clever animals perform their wonderful feats:
Two Poodles drew a Peacock in an elegant golden car,
While the Owl drove four sleek Rabbits—a livelier team by far;
Bruin balanced Reynard on a pole placed on his snout;
And the Hare danced a sailor's-hornpipe on a Pig that ran about;
Five Kittens rode in a basket on the back of a Dromedary;
While a Cat who walked on stilts was as graceful as a fairy;
A Rhinoceros played the organ—the tune was "Upidee."
But some of the jokes the Cat-clown made the pet Pug could n't see!

All this was in the nearest ring,—the other was lively, too:
To watch them both at once was all the little Pug could do,
While six performing Pussy cats were making a curious group,
At the very same time two Monkeys went diving through a hoop.
Two foreign birds were driven in harness by a Cat,
But a tiny Frog with a team of Chicks was a queerer sight than that!
Another Frog was a juggler and kept five balls in air,
Yet the Elephant balancing on a ball was the funniest creature there.
Above, near the top of the Circus tent, the Jocko Brothers bold
With their daring leaps from the high trapeze made the little Pug's blood run cold!
Near them hung a Cockatoo, who swung in a lofty ring,
And who did n't have a thing to do, but laugh at everything.
At last the band played "Home, Sweet Home," the animals all filed out,
And the little Pug went trotting away with plenty to talk about.

MORAL.

So, Pugs, don't growl at the baby, though the baby should pull your ears,
And maybe *you 'll* go to the Circus when it comes to your town, my dears!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH for July, my hearers, and for the one dear noisy day that it always brings to young and old of this great republic! Don't you feel sorry for those poor countries that never had any revolution to speak of, and so have no honored old oppressors to forgive, and no rattlety-bang way of expressing themselves on a national holiday?

But there were events, I am told, long before there was any Fourth of July, as we know it,— and events with youngsters and gunpowder in them. Did you ever hear of the narrow escape of the good ship "Mayflower" — the same that brought your Pilgrim forefathers over from England?

Well, in this explosion-loving part of the year it may interest all good little boys to know that even in the very first ship's company that ever landed in New England there was a youngster who *would* fool with gun and powder, and who actually came near blowing up the Mayflower!

My learned correspondent, Mr. Thomas L. Rogers, sends you this stirring and pious account of the boy's dangerous performance. It is copied from the chronicles of Governor Bradford himself.

Dec. 5, 1620.

Through God's mercy we escaped a great danger by the foolishness of a boy who had got gunpowder and made squibs; and there being a fowling-piece in his father's cabin, charged, he shot her off in the cabin; there being a little barrel of gunpowder half full: [and some] scattered in and about the cabin: the fire being within four foot of the bed between the decks, and many flints and iron things about the cabin, and many people about the fire: and yet, by God's mercy, no harm done.

And now for your edification Mr. Rogers has put this incident into clever verse, which he calls

A MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE PILGRIM.

JOHN BILLINGTON, one of the Pilgrim boys,
Was as full of mischief as an egg is of meat;
For causing of trouble, for making a noise,
And for scaring good people, he could n't be beat.
He was bad,
And very sad
Is the story told of this Pilgrim lad.

At anchor the staunch old Mayflower lay;
The men, led by Standish, were exploring the shore.
But John was exploring the vessel that day,
And finding of powder a generous store,
Just for fun,
This worthy son
In one of the cabins fired off a gun.

Of perils by land and dangers by sea
The Pilgrims had plenty,— that 's simply the truth,—
But foolish King James, who compelled them to flee,
Never shocked their poor nerves like this mischievous youth,
Who for fun
Made them all run
To put out the fire from his terrible gun.

A FINE SEA-BEACH FOR DOLLS.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: When I was a little girl I made for my dolls a sea-beach out of an old mirror. Over the worst part of the glass I pasted brown paper, and upon this I glued a lot of sand to form the beach. The part of looking-glass that was left bare represented the water. I formed the beach's edge into several little coves, in which I tied toy boats. Then I sprinkled a layer of loose sand over the beach, also many tiny shells, pebbles, and bits of sea moss. I placed my smallest dolls here and there on the beach, and I really think they enjoyed their summer by the sea. Some of them even had tiny pails and shovels for playing in the sand, and they looked very pretty as they sat there bending over their little heaps of sand. I hope some of your little folks will make their dolls happy in this way.

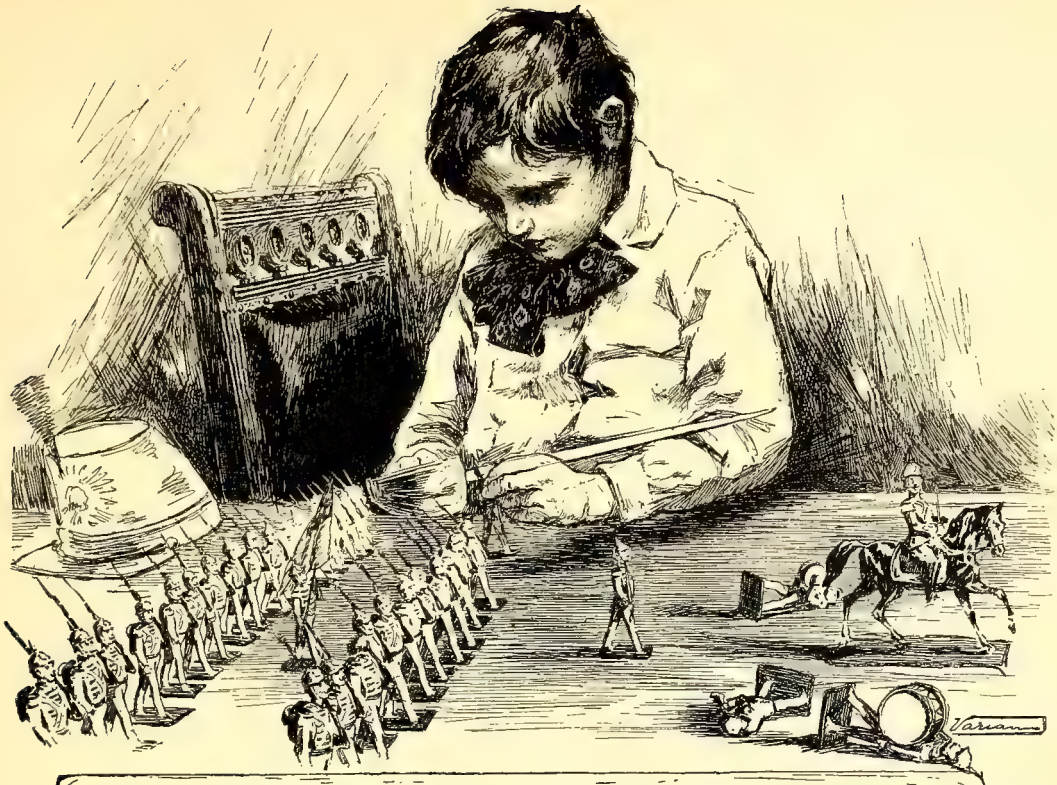
Yours truly, ALICE MAY DOUGLASS.

NATURAL FIREWORKS.

YES, natural fireworks; and you may be sure they really occurred, for the fact was related by the great Mr. Charles Darwin, an observer who never saw stars that were not there. In his famous book "The Voyage of the 'Beagle'" the dear Little Schoolma'am has found this passage:

As soon as we entered the estuary of the Plata [the Rio de la Plata] the weather was very unsettled. One dark night we were surrounded by numerous seals and penguins, which made such strange noises that the officer on watch reported he could hear the cattle bellowing on shore. On a second night we witnessed a splendid display of natural fireworks: the mast-head and yard-arm-ends shone with St. Elmo's light; and the form of the vane could almost be traced, as if it had been rubbed with phosphorus. The sea was so highly luminous that the tracks of the penguins were marked by fiery wakes, and the darkness of the sky was momentarily illuminated by the most vivid lightning.

And the Deacon kindly adds: "Every boy knows what St. Elmo's light is; and if he does n't, he can find out by inquiring of the nearest dictionary."



THE LEAD REGIMENT.

It was a valiant regiment, and numbered forty-four;
It marched upon the table and it marched upon the floor;
And every soldier's rank and name the gallant colonel knew
(Each soldier was an inch in height, the colonel three feet two).
First came a pink-faced officer who rode upon a horse,
And then the sturdy rank and file (at "shoulder arms," of course).
"They follow me where'er I lead," the gallant colonel said;
And any one at once perceived they one and all were lead!
In many a deadly ambush the regiment was caught,
And many a bloody battle with the Indians they fought;
But it could not help but make your pulses give a sudden thrill
To see the reckless charges that they made while standing still;
And when the colonel tired, which I must confess was soon,
He left them on the table the entire afternoon.
But they never winked an eyelid for anything I know,
For he found them just at bedtime standing stiffly in a row;
And it seemed too bad to move them, they were such a stirring sight,
So the colonel left them standing the remainder of the night.
O gallant leaden regiment, such faithful watch to keep,
Never moving, never speaking, while your colonel was asleep!
And the feeling never entered in a single loyal head,
That life 's not worth the living to a soldier made of lead!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE LETTER-BOX.

MR. J. EDMUND V. COOKE, known to ST. NICHOLAS readers by his contributions in verse, has published a number of his poems in book form under the title "A Patch of Pansies." We take pleasure in calling the attention of our older readers to this attractive volume.

A REMARKABLE LATIN SENTENCE.

LONDON, ONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While at a friend's house, I happened to take up a paper, and in it I found this sentence in Latin: *Sator arepo tenet opera rotas.*

It is not certain how it should be translated, and very likely the words do not make good sense. But if it is senseless, it has these peculiarities: 1, it spells backward and forward the same; 2, the first letter of each word spells the first word; the second letter the second word, and so on with the third and fourth; 3, the last letters, reading backward, spell the first word; and the next to the last in each word spells the second word, and so on throughout; 4, there are as many letters in each word as there are words.

I am glad school is nearly over, for I am tired of study, study, study, and nothing else. While the holidays are lasting I mean to enjoy myself as much as I can, and I am not going to open a single school-book all through the holidays.

One day a girl in another class brought a horned toad to school, and I had the pleasure of seeing it. She brought it because it was wanted for the zoölogy class.

Wishing you the best of success, I remain one of your readers, LUCY M——.

VERNON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Western boy. I live in the Texas Panhandle, just at the foot of the Staked Plains. I liked the story in the November number, called "Locoed," very much. I visited my uncle at Cañon City, twenty miles from Amarilla. We went down into the cañon; we saw a large black bear. One day some hunters found in the cañon the bones of a man who had lain there a long time. His gun was on the ground near by, and on the gun-stock was carved in rough letters, with a knife, the name John Nixon. My uncle gave the gun to me. On our way home we stopped two days in Amarilla.

Your little reader,
GILBERT T——.

CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a long time and we are very glad each month when you come. We want to tell you something we think very funny. One day our little brother was being punished. He asked mother what she looked so solemn for, and she said that she was thinking of the times he was naughty; and he said, "Why don't you think of the times I am good?"

Your readers, KATHARINE and NATHALIE M——.

BOSTON, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family have taken your delightful magazine for ten years, and we all think it is the best magazine for children that ever was. We are proud of the bound volumes which ornament our book-shelves. When we were in Switzerland last summer we spent one night at a little lonely inn, and almost the first thing we saw, when we entered the living-room, was a copy of the July number of the ST. NICHOLAS lying on the table; so the sight of it made us feel quite at home.

We have lived very little in America, as mama is obliged to travel for her health.

We are very fond of pets and we have a great many canary birds, but the nicest one of them all died last week. We were very "*triste*" to find he was dead, as we were so fond of our dear little "Croquette."

My sister and I lived for three years at a convent in Paris; while we were there we learned to play on the piano and organ. My sister has a lovely voice, and I am taking lessons on the mandolin, so I can accompany her when she sings. I find it very hard to make rapid progress, as it is such a difficult instrument to play on well. Truly yours,

SUSSETTE and AGGIE.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that some of your readers might like to hear about a little Italian newsboy, who seems to have adopted my father. Every night, about five o'clock, he goes into papa's office, and after selling him a paper amuses himself until it is time for papa to start home. Sometimes he plays marbles, and sometimes he spins a top; but when papa starts, no matter what he is doing, he gathers up his things and goes with him without a word. He always walks two or three blocks and then says good-by. I think this is such a funny thing for him to do, and I hope it will amuse some of your readers when it is printed in the Letter-box. Your loving reader, M. K——.

COLDWATER, O. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter from the Cherokee Strip. We live in Garfield County, twenty miles from Enid, on a nice creek. Our place is about one third bottom-land and the rest is rough. The country around is mostly high hills cut up with deep cañons. In one cañon is a big cottonwood tree sixty feet high and four feet and a half in diameter. When the strip was opened the cañons were most of them full of trees, but they are nearly all gone now. We moved to our place last April. I was down soon after the race and stayed three weeks, and camped out all the time. I am thirteen years old and have been through the Practical Arithmetic, but did not go to school last winter. I have a nice horse named Kate. She is very intelligent, and when I plow she crowds the other horses, so she makes the plow run lighter. Papa is a country doctor, and I do the farm work. I like Hornaday's "Animals of North America" and think the pictures are fine. Last fall my sister and I found a ferret in the dog town, and knew it at once by the picture in ST. NICHOLAS. We have taken ST. NICHOLAS two years and don't see how we could do without it. Your friend,

BOB K——.

HERE is a letter from Canada written by a loyal native of the United States, who has been proud to honor the memory of some brave soldiers. We are sure our readers will agree with us in heartily commending the patriotic tribute this American girl and her friends have rendered to the fallen heroes:

CAP ROUGE, QUEBEC, CANADA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am about to tell you of an event which I think will interest some of our patriotic young countrymen.

One evening last December papa saw in the Quebec papers that workmen in repairing the floor of an old military prison, now the military store-house, had unearthed the bones of thirteen soldiers who were killed in the attack on Quebec early in the morning of December 31, 1775, with their general, the brave Montgomery.

A few days afterward papa took my sister and me to visit these old buildings. An old soldier in charge, named Lewis, gladly showed us through the funny old stone structure which backs into the earth of the fortification walls with its dark narrow passages, the little half-underground cells, and the room in which the remains of the soldiers were reinterred.

He also showed us a rusty pair of scissors found at the side of one of the bodies, just about where the breast-pocket of his uniform would be.

The bodies of General Montgomery and his two *aides-de-camp* were buried just outside of the walls of this building, but the general's remains were removed in 1818 to New York city, and reburied under a monument in the rear of St. Paul's Church.

The body of one of his *aides* is now in the military museum in Quebec, but the other still remains where it was first laid.

We asked papa to let us raise a subscription among our young American friends, to place a tablet in the wall of the building to the memory of these poor soldiers.

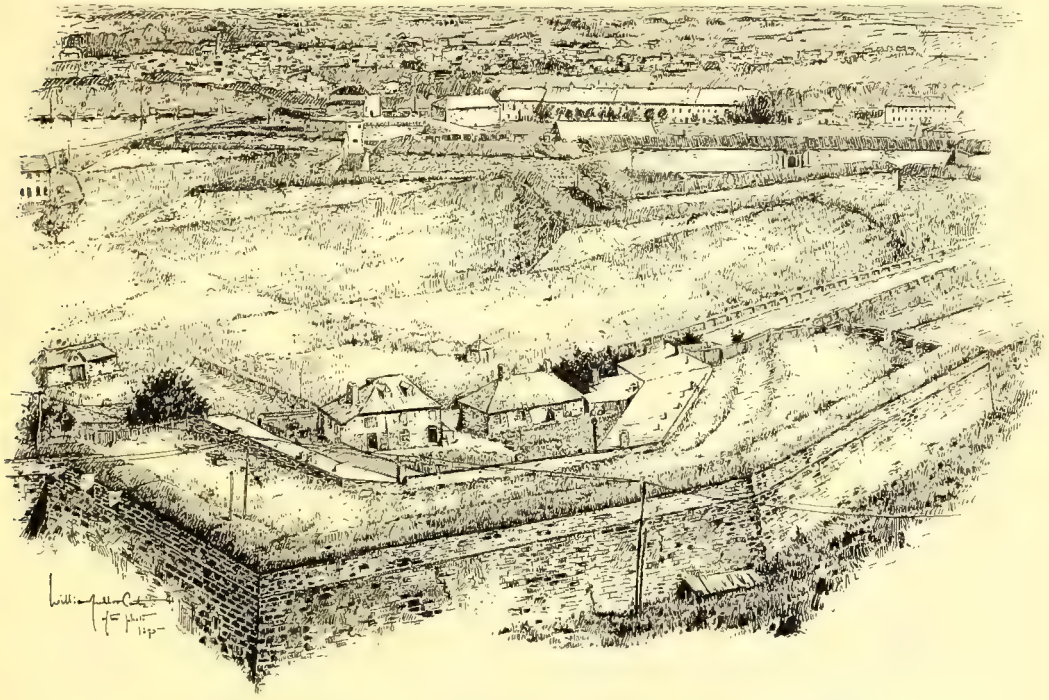
In a short time we received a large enough amount, and the tablet is now being made. It will bear this inscription:

"Beneath this tablet repose the remains of thirteen American soldiers of General Montgomery's army, who were killed in the assault on Quebec, December 31, 1775. Placed to their memory by several American children."

In the citadel is a little brass cannon which was captured from the Americans by the British at Bunker Hill. But, as was said by a young American lady, to whom it was shown by the young officer, "You have the cannon, but we have Bunker Hill."

Quebec is everywhere full of historical associations, and we are now living on the spot where the first European colony was attempted on this continent as early as 1542 by Jacques Cartier and Roberval. Later it was held as an outpost by the Americans in 1775.

Yours sincerely, FRANCES I. FAIRCHILD.



OLD MILITARY PRISON, QUEBEC. DRAWN, BY PERMISSION, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. LIVERNOIS, QUEBEC. GENERAL MONTGOMERY AND HIS AIDES WERE BURIED IN THE COURT-YARD. IN THE BUILDING HALF-INCLOSED IN THE EARTHWORKS WERE FOUND THE BODIES OF THE SOLDIERS WHO WERE KILLED WITH THE GENERAL.

ORPHAN HOUSE, COOPERSTOWN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have, through a kind friend, taken ST. NICHOLAS three years; but during that time I have never seen in it a letter from Cooperstown, and especially from an orphanage, and I hope this one will be published. This is an orphan house that was founded by Susan Fenimore Cooper. All of your readers must know who Miss Cooper was, for she wrote many stories for ST. NICHOLAS; indeed, one of her last stories, entitled, "The Cherry-Colored Purse," was written for the ST. NICHOLAS. One week from the time she gave

us such a happy Christmas she died. She loved us all very much. All of us who are old enough help do the work and go to school.

We have a donkey here, which we bought with money we earned by selling flowers, and now we sell more flowers with her help. She draws a cartful around; and one of us sells them. We have two carts for her — one that we call her work-cart, and one that we use when we ride out. Besides these we have a little deer-sleigh, that the same kind friend who presented you gave us.

We gave an entertainment here, consisting of drills, marches, and songs. We sold fancy and useful articles. "Miss Muggs'," the donkey's, pictures were also on sale.

Your stories are very interesting. I like "Toinette's Philip," "Lady Jane," and the short stories, especially "Owney of the Mail-car." Your stories of natural history are also very interesting.

We all remain your most faithful readers, LENA V. T——, for all of the children at the orphanage.

COOPERSTOWN, OTSEGO CO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we never have seen any letter from here, we thought you would like to know about some of your readers. We all like "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," and the "Boy of the First Empire."

We are two boys of the orphanage which Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper founded. Miss Cooper always liked children, and the children always called her their "Orphan Mother."

Miss Cooper used to write stories for your magazine, and before ST. NICHOLAS included "Wide Awake" she wrote for that.

The last story of hers in your magazine was "The Cherry-Colored Purse." We have a donkey we call "Muggs," and a nice cart for her.

We have two base-ball teams — one we named, after Miss Cooper, the S. F. C. We bought our suits by selling nuts. We now close. Your loving readers.

FRANCIS J. I——.
LESLIE E. O——.

BISHOP ROBERTSON HALL, ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In all the letters I have seen in the box there have been so few from army girls, that I thought I would write. My papa is a captain in the Eighth Regiment of cavalry, which has been stationed for some time at Fort Meade, South Dakota.

Papa is on detached service and has been at Jefferson Barracks, but expects to rejoin his regiment soon.

I go to Jefferson Barracks every week, although I am at boarding-school, leaving here Friday afternoon and returning Monday morning in time for school, boarding through the week. I am writing from school.

Last year Virginia W—— and I roomed together. Perhaps you may remember that you printed a letter from her some time ago. I do not remember just when. It seemed so funny, we were such friends, and both Virginias; one from the army and one from the navy.

We were called "Big V" and "Little V" to distinguish us — she being larger as well as older than I. She has gone away now, and I miss her more than you can think.

I remain a faithful reader, VIRGINIA J——.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I noticed, in the May number for 1895 in the "Rhymes of the States" on page 611, the foot-note giving the meaning of Minnesota. According to Neill's "History of Minnesota" it is not correct. The following extract is taken from Neill's history, on page 51 of the introduction:

"From the fact that the word signifies neither white nor blue, but the peculiar appearance of the sky on certain days, the Historical Society publications define Minnesota to mean the *sky-tinted* water, which is certainly poetic, and, according to Gideon H. Pond, one of the best Dakota scholars, correct."

I have never written to you before, although you have been in our family since 1873. I loved the stories of "Toinette's Philip" and "Lady Jane," and am enjoying "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" and "The Boy of the First Empire" very much.

Your devoted admirer, HELEN D——.

We thank our vigilant young correspondent, whose letter is certainly very convincing. But there are wide differences of opinion among authorities upon the meaning of Minnesota. Townsend in his book "U. S." gives (page 59) five meanings to "sota"—*muddy, clear, green, turbid, blear;* Rand and McNally's atlas gives *cloudy*.

In fact, authorities differ so that one may well doubt which is the true meaning, or whether the true meaning is known with certainty.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you what my little sisters said a good while ago. The elder is Katharine, and the other is Ellen. Katharine took something Ellen did not wish her to have, and she said, screwing her face up: "Katharine, papa read in the Bible this morning, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Yes," answered Katharine, "and he also read, 'Thou shalt not *wear false faces* against thy neighbor.'"

Hoping you will print this, I remain your loving little friend, FRANCES H. MCI——.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and tell you about my papa's Indian collection and other old things. He has one large room of which the walls are entirely covered with Indian relics. Over the walls there is a small shelf which extends all around the room, and upon that stands antique china. The room is furnished with old furniture, and he has some old chairs that were in Washington's study. I remain your loving reader,

E. ADÉLE R——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Horace H. F., Harry M., Helen E. M., S. Emerson K., Margaret D. C., Bettie and Pattie H., Nannie H., Elinor R. F., Margaret S., Winfield and Stanley S. A., Esther V., Sally H., Ollie M. P., Townsend K. W., Willetta B., Marion A. B., Arthur A., Lottie M. P., Jessie K., Edwin B. F., Anna M. McK., Erie K., Bessie, Harriet S., Julia C., Florence A. H., Annie H., C. A. S., Olive W. S., Douglas C. S., Bertha I., Nathalie H., Louise I.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

OCTAGON. 1. Ram. 2. Rabid. 3. Abide. 4. Middy. 5. Dey. 5. Mate. 6. Sea. 7. Eat. 8. Me. 9. Tea. 10. Meat. 11. Seat. 12. Team. 13. Tame.—CHARADE. Mend-i-cant.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. S. 2. Ate. 3. Story. 4. Error. 5. Yojan. 6. Raked. 7. Negus. 8. Duped. 9. Sepia. 10. Dirge. 11. Agist. 12. Essay. 13. Tan. 14. Y.

TREE PUZZLE. Beech, palm, spruce, fir, pine, pear, apple, plum, olive, hickory, rose-wood, as-pen, bay, sweet gum, fig, will-ow.

DIAMONDS. I. 1. S. 2. Lug. 3. Lamia. 4. Summary. 5. Giant. 6. Art. 7. Y. II. 1 F. 2. Rid. 3. Raced. 4. Fiction. 5. Deign. 6. Don. 7. N.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Benjamin Franklin. Cross-words: 1. Bluff. 2. Enter. 3. Noria. 4. Japan. 5. Alack. 6. Medal. 7. Iceni. 8. Nisan.

ZIGZAG. "Sick Man of the East." 1. Stop. 2. Sign. 3. Rice. 4. Peck. 5. Some. 6. Part. 7. Nine. 8. Foot. 9. Rift. 10. Grit. 11. Echo. 12. Rear. 13. Espy. 14. Nail. 15. Fuss. 16. Plot.

LABYRINTH OF PROVERBS. Begin at the middle letter, N, and follow an almost spiral path. None are so deaf as those who will not hear. Think twice before you speak once. New brooms sweep clean.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Steam. 1. Mast. 2. Am. 3. Mat. 4. At.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Mary Lester and Harry — Ella and Co.— Arthur Gride — Josephine Sherwood — Helen C. McCleary — L. O. E. — M. McG. — Alice Mildred Blanke and Co. — Paul Reese — J. T. S. and W. L. S. — George Bancroft Fernald — W. L. — Mary and Virgie — Mama and Jamie — G. B. D. and M. — No Name, "Back Bay"—"Jersey Quartette"—"Lord Clive"— Charles Remington Adams — Grace L. Van B. Gray — Mabel Snow and Dorothy Swinburne — "Delaware"— Emma S. Jervey — Addison Neil Clark — "Two Romans"— Charles Travis — Kenyon N. — Helen Rogers — "Hilltop Farm"— Maggie Hopkins — "A Family Affair"— Fay A. Merrick — Edith, Jo, and Betty — Effie K. Talboys — "A Proud Pair"— "Four Weeks of Kane"— Alice W. Gibson — Jo and I — Walter L. Haight — Blanche and Fred — The Spencers — Franklyn Farnsworth — Louise Ingham Adams — "Brownie Band"— "Alpha Tau Omicron"— Ruth — Sigourney Fay Nminger — Isabel H. Noble — Eddie N. Moore — Kate S. Doty and Hilda V. K. Swift — "Jacobii"—"Dad and Bill"— Sarah S. Field — "Duck"—Two little Brothers — Fred and Gordon Brown — Florence and Grandma — "Tod and Yam"— Jack and George A. — Harry and Roy Williams — Robert S. Clement — Harry and Helene — Harry Powell — Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Edna Juhring, 1 — S. J. S. and E. D. S., Jr., 2 — B. G. M., 1 — "Grasshopper," 1 — Frank Lyon, 1 — G. B. Dyer, 9 — Robert Smith, 1 — Elise R. F., 2 — M. R. Everett, 1 — Bernice Bell, 1 — M. A. Stinson, 1 — J. W. Stinson, 1 — Madeleine Johnson, 1 — Lillie Hay, 1 — Victor J. West, 5 — H. A. P., Newark, 1 — Mama and Sadie, 10 — Louisa Du Brul, 3 — Lucile Talbot, 2 — Mamie Hobson and Undine Kells, 2 — John R. Kuhlke, 2 — Mother and I, 3 — Willie, Ruth, Johnny, and Marian Cutter, 4 — Claude Rakestraw, 1 — "Patrick," 1 — Mary Stickney, 10 — Helen A. Choate, 7 — A. E. and H. G. E., 10 — Fritzie Comstock, 1 — Eugene T. Walter, 3 — Fred S. Ackley, 1 — Mary F. Stone, 7 — Wm. J. Howell, 1 — Harold A Fisher, 4 — "Trilby," 4 — Grace Smith and Anne Smart, 4 — Tommy, Eilly, and Charley, 6 — Eddie Moorell, 1 — Violet Smith Green, 8 — Everett W. Nourse, 4 — Jessie Buchanan, 4 — John W. Brotherton, 4 — H. A. Sparkman, 3 — Madge Tompson, 1 — Rella Miriam Low, 3 — F. F. de R., 1 — Jeanne, 8 — Mama, Edward, and Harriet, 10 — Agnes Jones, 1 — N. P. S., 7 — Marion C. Hubbard, 1 — G. S. Corlew, 1 — Rosebud E. Hecht, 6 — Lottie Sjöstedt, 5 — Grace Busenbark, 1 — Stuart Hay, 1 — Irma F. Rothschild, 1 — Carrie de F. P., 1 — E. de L. Q., 6 — M. Riney, 3 — Lucy, Marjorie, and Murray, 5 — Katharine D. Hull, 1 — M. S. Williams, 2 — Gladys Peck, 2 — Allan W. Pattee, 1 — Adelaide M. Gaither, 8 — Marguerite Sturdy, 10 — Paul Rowley, 10 — No Name, Newport, 2 — Rasty H., 9 — C. F. Barrows, 4 — "The Butterflies," 10 — Debe, 1 — A. K. P., 2 — W. S. and S. S. Aberrender, 5 — Dudley Willcox, 1 — Azro and Charles Lewis, 5 — Oskytel H. C., 3 — W. Putnam, 4 — M. and A. Bright, 2 — Mama and Margaret, 5 — W. W. Middleton and R. B. Creecy, 3 — Mary C. and Bessie W., 9 — Sybil Palgrave, 3 — Herr Tiemann, 2 — Elma T. Darby, 2 — "Lany and I," Scranton, 7 — Laura and Virginia, 5 — Burtie Benham, 3 — Sadie W. Hubbard, 9 — Albert Smith Faught, 7 — Anna and Jean Eisenhower, 11 — Lucy and Eddie H., 3 — Mary McKee, 4 — Dudley, Minnie, and George, 8 — "Two Solomons," 8 — "Merry and Co.," 10 — Clara A. Anthony, 8 — G. F. and E. F., 10 — Laura M. Zinser, 9 — M. R. Kennedy, 5 — Bob Bright, 8 — Paul Schmidt, 5 — Alice M. Kurtz, 4 — Marjory Gane, 9 — David S. Pratt, 9 — Lewis and Fanny Kollock, 8 — "We Girls," 1 — The J's, 2 — Karl G. Smith, 1 — Katie and Charlie, 5 — Harry Mather, 1 — Melville Dale, 3 — "Nemo," 6 — Jean D. Egleston, 8 — Emma L. Garrison, 2 — "Embla," 10.

ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the name of a famous American frigate, and the third row, the name given to her in a famous poem.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To murmur softly. 2. One who ogles. 3. The Arctic fulmar. 4. A very large nail. 5. Fatigued. 6. Graven images. 7. Stretched tightly. 8. To rip apart. 9. Hackneyed. 10. A country in Southern Asia. 11. Fleshy. 12. Pertaining to the nose.

L. W.

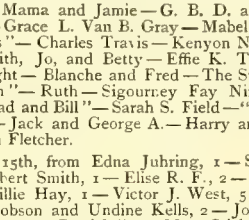
DIAGONAL.

ALL of the thirteen cross-words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter, and ending with the lower right-hand letter), will spell two familiar words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One of the Southern States (two words). 2. A famous orator, born in New Hampshire (two words). 3. A general name given to one of the early settlers of New York (one word). 4. An old name for New York (two words). 5. An invention for communicating with people at a distance, preceded by the name of its inventor (two words). 6. The body of water between South Carolina and Georgia (two words). 7. A famous cargo carried by the "Great Eastern" (two words). 8. An important water-way of Maine (two words). 9. The most famous residence in the city of Washington (three words). 10. A vessel and its name, always associated with the Pilgrim Fathers (two words). 11. The name of the twelfth president of the United States (two words). 12. An inlet of the Atlantic Ocean, in Virginia and Maryland (two words). 13. The "Old Bay State" (one word).

"BRONX."

NOVEL HOUR-GLASS.



THE diagonals, from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4, both spell the name of the same celebrated Frenchman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To take the dimensions of. 2. To command. 3. An untruth. 4. In fiddle. 5. A sheltered place. 6. Not the same. 7. An official command.

PERCY SPRATT.

DIAMOND.

1. IN buoy. 2. A woman devoted to a religious life. 3. Celebrated. 4. An apartment in a house where butter and milk are kept. 5. Very poor. 6. Free from moisture. 7. In buoy.

"UNCLE WILL."

HIDDEN PRESIDENTS.

SELECT one letter from every word, and spell out the name of a President of the United States from each of the following sentences.

Example: aCt weLl Every liVly comEdy tiLl All eNds splenDidly. Answer, Cleveland.

1. Rejoice over these friendly strangers and treat them honestly.

2. Well, this certainly looks beautiful; and my mother shall have for her birthday something more novel.

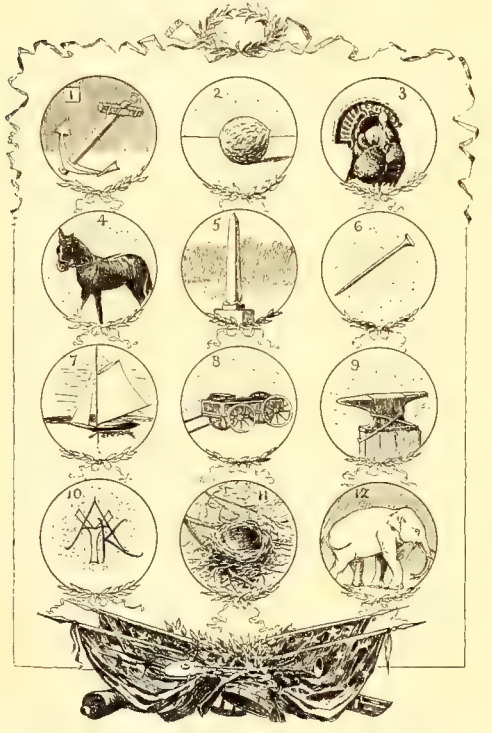
3. Major Carter remarked more especially about supplying all our footmen with some cold dinners.

4. Great men sometimes are discouraged, even with small things, which might only encourage others to action.

5. If your family never lacked shelter in any perilous time, they are lucky indeed.

6. Just ask my sister; she makes plenty of children's frocks. H. W. E.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



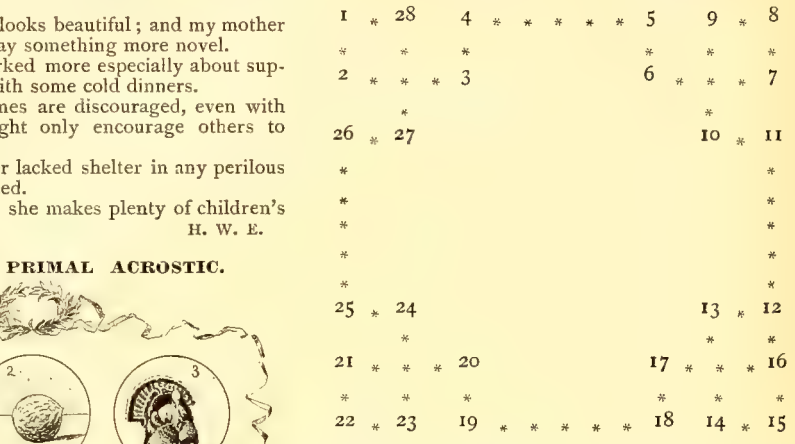
EACH of the twelve small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of an intrepid American general born in 1745.

MISSING LETTERS.

PLACE two letters before the following syllables, and they will form words, according to sound. When the figure 2 or 3 follows the syllable, it shows that there are 2 or 3 different combinations of letters that may be used. Example, gy (2). Answer, l-e-gy, or f-e-gy. Example, phant. Answer, l-e-phant.

1. Ment. 2. Vate. 3. Ary (2). 4. Teric (2). 5. Rior. 6. Late. 7. Cle (3). 8. Ate (3). 9. Nate. 10. Fy. 11. Dine. 12. Ry. 13. Cute. 14. Cent. 15. Lent. 16. Ent. 17. Ing. 18. Tial. 19. Gant. 20. Dite. 21. Rate. 22. Anic. 23. Thing. 24. Did. 25. Metric. 26. Dide. 27. Ficial. 28. Quent. 29. Inate. 30. Grant. 31. Plify. 32. Rience. J. E. SHARWOOD

ORNAMENTAL SQUARE.



FROM 1 to 2, a brief sleep; from 2 to 3, to ward off; from 3 to 4, a vegetable; from 4 to 5, a very large number; from 5 to 6, a feminine nickname; from 6 to 7, a country in South Africa; from 7 to 8, a sheltered place; from 8 to 9, a long space of time; from 9 to 10, an indentation; 10 to 11, a covering for the head; from 11 to 12, a straight line touching a curved one; from 12 to 13, a metal; from 13 to 14, a point of the compass; from 14 to 15, a coal-scuttle; from 15 to 16, suitable; from 16 to 17, a fault; from 17 to 18, a bone; from 18 to 19, gold or silver in the mass; from 19 to 20, a conjunction; from 20 to 21, ceremonies; from 21 to 22, the juice of plants; from 22 to 23, full value; from 23 to 24, fixed allowances; from 24 to 25, a drunkard; from 25 to 26, extreme pain; from 26 to 27, a masculine nickname; from 27 to 28, to wed; from 28 to 1, at a distance, but within view. L. H. HAZELTINE.

MIXED SYLLABLES.

BUL — bon — let — pup — out — rot — car — net — son — dam — cut — pet — par.

Out of these thirteen syllables form thirteen two-syllabled words meaning: 1. The Persian nightingale. 2. A tropical bird. 3. A vegetable. 4. A clergyman. 5. A covering for the floor. 6. A small ball. 7. A covering for the head. 8. A small piece of meat. 9. A variety of plum. 10. An exit. 11. A short poem. 12. A doll. 13. A sugarplum. PLEASANT E. TODD.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To wind or fold together. 2. A stout cord. 3. Mimics. 4. That which is troublesome or destructive.

WORD-BUILDING.

BEGIN with a single letter, and add one letter at a time, rearranging them to form the required words.

1. A letter. 2. A preposition. 3. A heavy weight. 4. A brief communication. 5. Softens. 6. A short poem. 7. Intense effort. 8. Certain annuities. 9. Balms. "SAMUEL SYDNEY."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



"SOME DAY, PUSSY, WE 'LL GO TO AMERICA."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXII. AUGUST, 1895. NO. 10.

THE BRONCO'S BEST RACE.

BY CROMWELL GALPIN.

IN the wide door of the barn which was almost in the center of what had been the great Ybarros ranch, the foreman of the Foster stock-farm stood talking to Harry Shallten, who had come down from San Francisco for a visit to his uncle, and a week's hunting in the Cahuenga Mountains.

"Ah tell 'e, Maaster 'Arry," said the man, "as 'ow we 've 'orses 'ere as 'u'd make 'em stare at 'ome."

He crooked a big forefinger at a groom, and pointed to a horse in a loose box at the farther end of the barn.

"Put 'is togs on 'Don Sancho'," he said; and a minute later the man led out a big bay thoroughbred dancing and pawing and tugging at the heavy hand that grasped the bit.

"That there 's an 'orse," said the proud stable-manager, "as there is n't nothink finer. Sixteen 'ands an' a hinch 'e is — a son of Imported 'Australian.' We 're trainin' of 'im for the spring meetin'. I don't suppose, now, Maaster 'Arry, as 'ow you would n't 'ave no objections to a-exercisin' of 'im yourself' this mornin'?"

Harry had not the least objection. He sprang into the saddle as the groom led the animal up, and wheeled him around once or twice while he listened to the foreman's directions.

"W'en 'e gets the kinks out of 'is legs," said that autocrat, "give 'im five mile not very 'ard, an' one mile 'ard enow to bring 'im in b'ilin' 'ot." And as the horse saw the straight road before him, and felt the reins slacken a little, he dashed off with the burst of speed the young thoroughbred horse uses to "get the kinks out of his legs" after standing for twenty-four hours in a twelve-foot stall.

A few minutes later Harry pulled his horse down to a jumpy walk, and reached out his hand to take a letter from a man who had been to town for the mail. Opening the envelope with one hand and his teeth, he saw that the letter was from his father, and read, among other things, this paragraph:

> The redemption of the Heindel mortgage expires at noon on February 17. See that the sheriff's deed is filed for record *at once*. Don't let them get ahead of you.

The words at once were doubly underscored.

The letter had been delayed, and it was then ten o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth. As it was a long fifteen miles to Los Angeles,

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Harry decided to start immediately, and to take the old trail across the hills of the Ybarros ranch, which was a little shorter than the main road.

He soon found his saddle too loose for hill riding, and dismounted to tighten the girth, only to learn that some careless groom had changed surcingles, and that the one he was using was too long. He dared not try to remount, for fear the saddle would turn with him. He saw some buildings ahead, and walked toward them, leading the horse. He came to a rather tumble-down barn, of adobe, near which stood a young man of sturdy figure, and a girl somewhat younger.

"Good morning, sir," said young Shallten. "Have you a harness-punch? My girth 's loose, and it 's buckled in the farthest hole now."

"Maybe I can fix it with my knife," said the young man, proceeding to do so.

"Please hurry up," said Shallten. "I 've got to get to the court-house by noon to record a deed, and I don't want to crowd my horse too hard."

"All right," said the other, pulling up the girth and buckling it; "you 'll have to move along pretty lively."

The impatient horse had touched his foamy mouth against the young man's shoulder. Harry drew from his pocket an old newspaper, wiped off the bit of foam, threw down the paper, and, with a hurried "Much obliged," mounted and rode down the hill.

After a time Heinrich Heindel picked up the newspaper, and as he smoothed it out his eye caught the word "Heindel."

"Why," he said, "here 's our name!"

He looked at the paper for a moment, and then turned very pale.

"Our land 's sold," he said.

His whole body grew rigid, and when he tried to speak he made only a clicking noise in his throat. It was an unspeakable disappointment to lose their farm just when, by the hardest of work and the sternest self-denial, they had obtained the money necessary to pay the mortgage.

His sister Manuela grasped the paper, and, looking over her brother's shoulder, read the formal notice of sale, under foreclosure, of that part of the Ybarros ranch known as "the Heindel place." After the description of the land came the date of sale.

"The 17th of August," she read; "that 's six months ago — six months to-day! Heinrich!" she said, and her voice rose almost to a scream. "Don't you see? It 's six months from the *sale* we had to redeem in; not six months from the time you saw the lawyer. It 's *our* land that young man is going after; he said he 'd got to be there by noon. Get the saddle on 'Two-eyes'!" And she ran to the house for the hoarded money.

Heinrich's power of movement came back to him, and with it more than his usual quickness of thought. His brother Félipe was forty pounds lighter than he, and in a fifteen-mile run forty pounds means everything, almost, to the horse that carries it.

He put his fingers in his mouth, and whistled shrilly. Félipe, working among the pea-vines high up on the hill, looked down to see Manuela running to the house, and Heinrich running out to where the pinto* horse they called Two-eyes was picketed. Then he caught the flash of a knife as Heinrich cut the stake-rope, and hastened down to meet Manuela bringing back the money-belt — the family savings-bank — and to see Heinrich throw the saddle upon Two-eyes.

Manuela buckled the old-fashioned money-belt about Félipe's waist, as Heinrich tied the cinch and talked.

"We 've figured wrong, and our time 's up at noon. A fellow with the deed to our land is going to the court-house to record it. He 's riding one of the Foster race-horses. Maybe you can beat him. Keep cool — ride hard — *don't quit till you 're dead.*" And before Heinrich had ceased to speak, Félipe had mounted, and Two-eyes was galloping away.

Instead of keeping cool, Félipe began the long race by running his horse down a steep hill. At the foot of it old "Apache Tomas" stepped out from the tall weeds and brush by the roadside, and Félipe avoided running over him only by a jerk on the Spanish bit which brought Two-eyes back upon his haunches.

* Pinto, "painted," in Spanish, is applied to black or bay horses splotched with white; they are considered more intelligent and more enduring than other broncos.

"How!" said Tomas. He reached out a great bony hand, and grasped the bridle.

"*El caballo grande—tengo que ganai lo!*" (The great horse—I must catch him!) said Félipe, breathlessly.

"Ugh!" said Tomas; "*caballo chiquito—sillo grande—abaja se*" (Little horse—great saddle—get down).

As he spoke, the Indian put his hand under the saddle-flap and untied the cinch-strap, and Félipe slid to the ground as the saddle came off.

Apache Tomas's usually wooden head had come to life. His eyes glowed like coals which the sea-breeze has waked to sudden brightness, and his nostrils quivered like those of a mustang which smells smoke when the valley grass is dry. The Heindels were his good friends.

As the saddle fell to the ground, Tomas snatched the reata coiled about the pommel, pulled off the bridle, and put the middle of the hair-rope into the horse's mouth, tying it under his jaw. Four feet from the horse's nose he tied another knot in the doubled reata, and passed the free ends twice around the horse's body, tying a solid knot at the withers, and leaving the ends hanging.

The bewildered boy, suddenly lifted to the horse's back, half instinctively, half in response to the Indian's unspoken direction, thrust his legs under the rope encircling the horse's body, and gathered up the improvised reins.



"BEFORE HEINRICH HAD CEASED TO SPEAK, FÉLIPE HAD MOUNTED, AND TWO-EYES WAS GALLOPING AWAY."

To his surprise, the Indian wheeled the horse back toward home, but, before Félipe could offer resistance or objection, turned sharply to the left and began to climb the steep hill. He followed the well-known trail to a point within a few yards of the top, then abandoned it for what seemed to Félipe an unmarked route through the thick mountain brush. There were marks enough, however, for the Indian's guidance, and fifteen minutes' traveling brought them to the road on the opposite side of the hill.

Apache Tomas was puffing and his face was scratched, but he had saved his friend four long

miles around the projecting spur of the mountain, and he seemed well satisfied.

He looked back, and saw the big bay horse a quarter of a mile in the rear. He swung his arm over his head.

"*Mucho caballo!*" (Good horse!) he said. "Hi—i—i!"

The last noise was such as only an Apache makes or can make—a note high, quavering, unmusical, and penetrating. As he uttered it the Indian struck the horse with his open palm.

Does a horse remember?

There had been times when the doubled reata around Two-eyes's body had been drawn tight by the naked legs of the young savage who bestrode him; when every warrior of an Apache tribe had uttered that same penetrating cry, and all the boys and the squaws, and the usually solemn papooses rolling neglected in the dirt had shrieked and howled in half-delirious excitement as the Indians raced their ponies.

Wild years had Two-eyes spent in the mountains which border the Mojave desert, before an enterprising prospector had caught the whole band and brought a lot of broncos down to the Los Angeles market; earlier than that there had been yet wilder years in the camps of the Arizona Apaches. "The-horse-that-looks-two-ways" had raced with everything in the southern country, and had not been beaten. A carelessly tied knot had slipped one day, letting the horse go free. His Indian owners chased him a day and a night, and stole fresh horses more than once or twice during the pursuit. But they failed to catch him, and he joined a band of free horses which afterward crossed over into California and found good pasture along the edges of the desert. There he lived till the prospector had caught him and sold him to the Heindel boys, who named him Two-eyes, just as the Apaches had called him by a name of similar import, because two spots of color on his head gave him an absurd air of looking upward with one eye and downward with the other.

A horse does remember. Hearing the cry of Apache Tomas, Two-eyes sprang out from under the Indian's descending hand. The old light came back to his eyes, and the old fire to his heart. The long neck was stretched out, and the breath came hot through reddening nostrils, as the horse squared himself for running, and settled into the swinging stride the bronco horse yet holds as an inheritance from ancient Arabian sires.

Félipe's self-possession came back to him in some degree, and he rode with care and such skill as his little experience had given him. After the first few rods of running, he found that the rope gave him a more secure, though less comfortable, seat than a saddle. While wildly excited by the rapid motion, yet he resisted the temptation to push the horse to his utmost, and made some little choice of road.

The horse ran on past the mountain-spur which juts out between the river and the sea; and the sea-breeze fanned the horse and his rider, bringing to both renewed strength and greater courage.

Félipe had ridden the farm horses since he was a child; and had run races with other boys, sometimes giving the horses more exercise in an hour than they would or should get in a week's plowing. But he had never ridden at such a pace as this, and, notwithstanding the strong excitement and the thought of how much was at stake, he was a little frightened. He half shut his eyes to the wind that seemed to sting, crouched closer to his horse as he bent his knees to hold himself more firmly, and steadied himself and the bronco with a strong pull on the rope bridle.

There was still wanting the one thing that stirs a racer to his utmost endeavor. Félipe had almost forgotten the horse behind him. Two-eyes had not. He had been on the alert, horse-fashion, with one ear now and again turned back, and increased his speed as the thoroughbred drew near.

Félipe turned his head with a sick feeling that in a minute more he would not be obliged to turn his head to see. One sidelong glance showed him a bay horse with his head in the air, his dainty ears upright, and his frothing mouth wide open. The rider stood in his stirrups, leaning over his horse's neck with the reins wound around his hands. White foam had gathered at the saddle-girth, and sweat dropped from the horse's body as he ran.

Félipe shut his teeth, and turned his face toward Los Angeles. He did not need to look

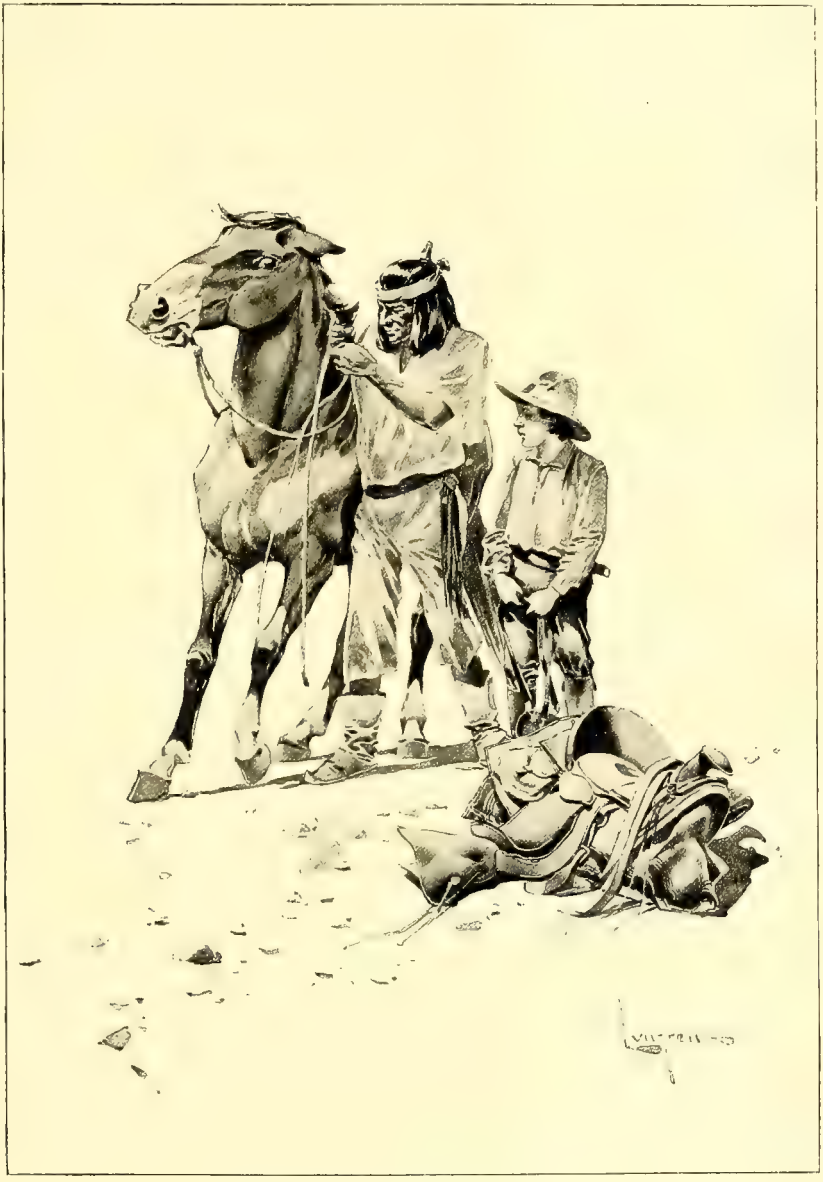
long nor to know very much about horses to see that this one was a true racehorse, and the man a steady and a skilful rider.

And Two-eyes? Two-eyes heard the quick hoof-beats and the "huh-*huh*, huh-*huh*" of a horse at speed, and felt hot breath on his flanks as the thoroughbred drew alongside.

Not the unmusical cry of Tomas, not the fierce shriek of the savage who in the old days rode him, —neither beating with knotted rope, nor cruel stroke of sharpest spur,— could have gained from the bronco horse the response he gave to the challenge of the thoroughbred. The big head came down closer to the ground, the hairy ears were laid back till the mane concealed them, and the deep lungs labored as, through blazing nostrils, the horse sucked in the strong salt breeze.

The excitement of the horse took hold of his rider. The boy settled himself firmly in his seat, and bent his knees till the hair-rope cut into his flesh. He wound the bridle-rein around his hands, and lifted his horse's head with what strength was in him. He forgot the pain of the stinging air, and with wide-open and unwinking eyes steadily watched the road before him.

A misstep might mean death to the horse or his rider—it surely meant homelessness for the little mother and the rest. As the thought came to him, Félipe crouched a little lower over the bronco's neck, and watched the road



APACHE TOMAS PREPARES TWO-EYES FOR THE RACE.



"THE BRONCO JUMPED FROM HILLOCK TO HOLLOW AND ACROSS THE LITTLE GULCHES."

a little more intently, urging his willing horse with low but eager cries.

Two-eyes settled to his stride, and ran over the level road steadily, and at even a faster pace than he had made under the first mad excitement of emulation. He was wet, but not foaming; his breath came fast, but strong and regularly. He was not distressed nor tired; and though the thoroughbred again drew up almost alongside, the bronco horse still held his lead.

So far the race had been run over level ground; but as the riders approached the city, the country became hilly and the road rougher.

Félipe glanced sidewise at the horse which followed so closely. His shapely head was still high in the air. He was dripping with sweat, and the white foam had gathered wherever strap or saddle touched him. He was running so steadily and so easily, he looked so big and so strong, that the boy's heart sank as he thought how those long legs would carry the lithe body over the hills and hollows of the road ahead, leaving his poor bronco floundering in the rear.

This time, however, the boy's judgment was at fault.

It was not for nothing that Two-eyes had spent five wild years in the Sierra Madres, where the gray wolf and the mountain lion are always swift and always hungry; nor was it without advantage that Félipe's tomboy sister, Ignacia, had raced the pinto horse over this road till it was as familiar to him as the stable-yard at home. To the bronco horse, used to the mountains from colthood, the hilly road appeared to be rather a relief. He galloped laboriously up the little hills and rushed down the opposite sides with a speed that took away his rider's breath; he jumped from hillock to hollow, and across the little gulches; he dodged the spots where reedlike grass showed that the ground was wet and soft; and whether running or trotting, or progressing by irregular jumps, he went on his way with scarcely lessened speed.

The thoroughbred had never been allowed to run except on a smooth and level track. He refused to leap the first gully which crossed the road, though it was scarcely a foot wide. When Harry made him face it again, he jumped ten feet farther than was necessary, and stopped stock-still upon the opposite side. Then he bolted sidewise, and ran in the wrong direction; and Harry felt as if his arms were being pulled off as he forced his horse to return to the road.

Things were getting interesting to the young man who rode the race-horse. He had not really pressed his mount, partly because he did not wish to incur any risk of injuring a valuable animal, but more for the reason that he had felt entirely confident of his ability to pass the pinto horse at any time he wished. And here the bronco was actually increasing the distance between them! His horse, worried by the rough and hilly road, and still more by Harry's attempts to hold him down to steady work, was rapidly becoming less manageable; and the rider also was losing his temper.

Soon the hilly road gave place to the graded streets on the outskirts of the city, and the end of the next half-mile found the horses almost abreast. Félipe urged the bronco, and again he drew to the front.

Harry was astonished, but he was a good deal more angry. The horse he rode was valued at the price of two or three good farms.

"Don Sancho," he said to his horse, "if you think you 're going to be beaten by a wretched little cow-pony — one old enough to vote — and without getting a thrashing —"

He sat up straight in his saddle, and, shifting both reins to his left hand, twice slashed his horse across the flank so that the whip left two long welts to mark its landing-places.

Now the bay thoroughbred, Don Sancho, was an aristocrat among horses. For a hundred — possibly for a thousand — generations the sires of his line had been chosen for their speed and their endurance. Half-civilized Arabs who knew nothing much but horse, civilized Englishmen who knew more horse than anything else, and Yankees who claimed to know more about everything than anybody else, and were always fairly successful in attempts to make the claim good, had successively exhausted their skill in the rearing of a horse able to run fast and far. And Don Sancho, the bay thoroughbred, was supposed to be among the best of the results obtained. He had received some training, and had even run his full mile by the side of an old campaigner.

In all his life before he had never been struck; and as the first stinging blow fell across his flank, his start of surprise and indignation nearly threw Harry over the horse's head into the road. And then the splendid animal gathered himself together to run as no quadruped but a thoroughbred horse ever did run.

As for Two-eyes, he did what he could. He was old, as horses' years are counted. He had run many races for Apache masters who spared neither whip nor spur, and who jerked his head from side to side, and threw him out of his stride, in their ignorant and ferocious efforts to make him go faster. In all his life there had been but one year in which his feed was regular and good: of all the masters he had ever known this was the only one who had called upon him for speed, riding with steady hand and watchful eye and inspiring voice, sparing him needless pain.

It is bronco nature to respond heartily to these things, and Two-eyes tried desperately to keep away from the clattering hoofs behind him. His breath came in gasps; his mouth was dry, and his sight was dim; his trembling legs grew weak as side by side the horses raced down the street leading to the court-house, now hardly a mile away.

As in a nightmare, Félipe saw the thoroughbred forge ahead, the bony head outstretched and down to the level of the withers, the dainty ears laid flat, the crimson nostrils widely spread, and the eyes glaring with fierce eagerness.

The bronco ran on, but unsteadily. Félipe drew his legs out from under the rope, and as he did so the bronco's feet sank in the soft earth where a little stream crossed the street. The horse's courage was greater than his strength. He plunged forward half a dozen stumbling strides, and fell just at the edge of the little stream.

Félipe slid over his horse's head into a patch of tules, and lay, half stunned but not hurt, while the thoroughbred horse passed out of sight and hearing, and the dust his flying feet had raised settled down upon the quiet street.

A carpenter, at work shingling a cottage near by, ceased his melodious whistling, and, climbing rapidly down to the ground, ran out to assist a young man who seemed to him to have had a very bad fall.

Félipe had risen to his feet when the man reached him.

"You ain't hurt, be you?" asked the carpenter, in a tone of sympathy. "When I see you did n't git up, I thought you were dead."

Félipe was dizzy with strong emotion, and a little stupid from the effects of his fall. He stood staring vacantly until the words "I thought you were dead" roused him like a dash of cold water during sleep, for they brought back the words his brother had used. It flashed upon him that Heinrich had told him everything depended upon his getting to the court-house by *noon*. The carpenters were still at work, so it could not be noon yet.

Without even a word, he turned and ran.

The man looked in amazement for a moment, and then burst into a laugh.

"He does n't seem to need any o' my help," he said. "Looks 's if he 's goin' back t' the 'sylum to git a clean shirt."

Félipe sped off toward the court-house as fast as he could run, thrilling with renewed hope, and altogether forgetful that there were limits to either the strength of his legs or the capacity of his lungs. For two hundred yards he ran like a sprinter — standing on his toes, his shoulders back, and his chin drawn in. He was an active young fellow, and his muscles were hardened by steady work. But he was not a trained runner; and another two hundred yards found him running flat-footed, his chin pushed out, and very much distressed for breath. But he had only a few hundred yards more to go, and hope grew stronger with each rod that was passed.

He ran on. The sweat trickled down his forehead and into his eyes, half blinding him. His arms swung by his sides, and his jaw dropped down. He came near to the court-house almost too exhausted to lift his head to look at the tower clock. With knees trembling, breathing in gasps, dizzy with exertion, he trotted doggedly on to the door. He stumbled over the low step and into the room, and, unbuckling the money-belt, laid it on a desk at which sat a deputy-sheriff. Beside him stood the young man who had ridden the race-horse.

Had the lives of all the members of the

Heindel family depended upon a word, Félipe could not have spoken it. He pushed the money-belt toward the deputy-sheriff; and as he did so the clock in the tower above banged out upon a jangling bell the first stroke of the hour of twelve.

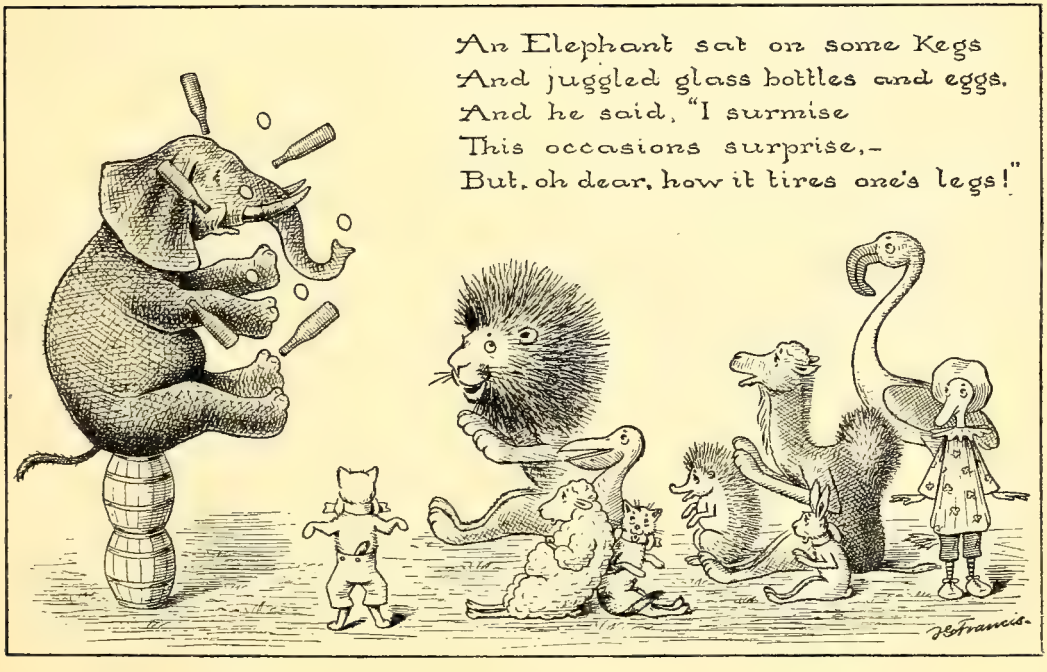
What with mud and dust and perspiration,—Félipe's face was most conspicuously dirty, and the deputy-sheriff looked curiously at him. Perhaps the paper in his hand assisted him to recognize the boy: it was a sheriff's deed of certain land, known as "the Heindel place," to one George Philip Shallten, and was to be delivered that day at twelve o'clock noon.

"You 're Heindel, ain't you?" he asked.

Félipe nodded. With official deliberation the man unfolded the deed, and looked at the consideration therein expressed.

"Well," he said, "if you 've got ten hundred and ninety-six dollars, and a short bit and a nickel,"—Félipe, still panting, nodded again,—"you can take a couple of days to get your breath, because you 're just as much in time as if you 'd 'a' come last summer. But I tell you, young man, next time you 'd better start earlier, or borrow a horse, for you did n't have *one single little second* to spare."

For a while after Félipe had run off, Two-eyes lay still. Then he struggled to his feet, and stood trembling, his nose almost touching the ground, his eyes dull, and his flanks palpitating with each spasmodic breath. After a time he walked to a pool formed by the little stream, and drank exactly as much as he could hold. If he had been a thoroughbred, it would have killed him; not being a thoroughbred, he was refreshed and encouraged; and evidently feeling that his stable was the best place for a tired bronco to rest, he slowly ambled off toward home; and there Félipe found him after a long walk in which he was sustained by the glad consciousness that the Heindel home was their own—bought and paid for, and "free from all liens and encumbrances of every kind and nature whatsoever."



Nottingham Fair



By Anna Robeson Brown.

NOW listen, maids and gentles all,
While I a tale will tell.
One spring, at stately Nottingham,
A merry fair befell.

The booths upon the village green
Were wreathed and dressed with may,
And there the country folk were seen
All in their best array.

The Pig-faced Lady here set forth
Gave timid folk a scare.
Here stood the Giant of the North—
Now, little boys, beware!

Here tumblers tumbled on the green;
Here wizards wise you see,
With charms to sell—"Eternal Youth"—
For only one penny!

The wrestling-place was thronged about,—
The archers matched so well
That all declared no braver bout
Was shot by Adam Bell.



Stout yeomen from the fair greenwood
Were there, and jolly boys;
While dames from peaceful Coventry
Stood shuddering at the noise.

A minstrel, on a hogshead perched,
Upon his gittern played
The song of brave King Richard—he
Who Saladin dismayed.



"DAUNTLESSLY THE FOREST-CHILD SENT SHAFT ON SHAFT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Foremost among the wondering folk
A little maid there stood,
Whose kirtle, all of Lincoln green,
Sweet savored of the wood.

And in her hand, yea, verily,
She bore a good yew bow,
With ten long arrows such as fly
To pierce the panting doe.

Or, as the silver tinkling fell,
And smiled each kindly face,
Sang to his lute, "The Heir of Lynne,"
Or, maybe, "Chevy Chase."

The sun swung high, the hour was noon,
On all sides smiles were seen;
The dancers to the gittern's tune
Went jigging down the green:

When in a wink there was a shout
Of fear that checked the laugh,
And in a trice the crowds about
Fled scattering like chaff.

Down the long green, with hideous roar,
Shambled a big brown bear
That, held but now by stake and chain,
Had danced for all the fair!

But here, between his foaming jaws
His teeth gleamed sharp and white;
His little eyes showed sulky-red;
And not a man, from fright,

Would stay to face that ravening brute;
All shrieked and wept and fled—
The giant, and the pig-faced dame
(Who left behind her head!)

The minstrel flung his gittern down;
The drinkers left their kegs;
And e'en the wizard tried no charm,
But only tried his legs!

One little figure stood unmoved;
She strung her bow of yew,
Notched a long arrow to the string—
The arrow twanged and flew

Straight for the gray throat of the beast!
The yell Sir Bruin made
Split earth and heaven, and all around
Hid eyes and were afraid.

But dauntlessly the forest-child
Sent shaft on shaft ahead
Until, all spent and struggling sore,
The smitten bear lay dead.

Up came the frighted archers then,
Their hearts and bows unstrung!
Up came the wrestlers, ashen-faced;
Dames old and maidens young.

The players, tumblers, wizard, all
Came, looked, nor spoke for shame.
Then spake the portly sheriff: "Maid,
Pray let us know thy name!

"Our lives were in thy hand to-day,
And thou art parlous young!"

"My father is that Robin Hood
Your ballads long have sung.

"You know him well: his master shaft
Full oft has won your prize.
It is to him I owe that skill
Which makes you ope your eyes!"

Then cried the sheriff: "None to-day,
Where'er the contest lie,
Has shown—and to my shame I say!—
Such skill in archery.

"This golden arrow, maid, is thine,
As it was his before;
To this I add my jeweled chain
As largess, furthermore.

"Take greeting to your father good;
For, sheriff though I am,
I send a buck, to heal our feud,
To Robin Hood of sweet Sherwood,
From men of Nottingham!"





Silently Stealing Away.

A street Arab stood
on the weighing machine
In the light of the
lingering day
Then a counterfeit penny
he dropped in the slot
And silently stole
a-weigh.



THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LITTLE WATCH.

THERE was a little boy, and he had a little watch;
And he said, "Little watch, let me see
What it is that makes you go — I 've long desired to know,
And the secret now shall be revealed to me!"
He took out the tiny screws, and the cunning little wheels,
And the pretty little spring called the "main."
He laid them on a chair and examined them with care,
. . . . . .
But he found he could n't put them back again.







OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

By Brander Matthews.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on August 29, 1809. During the revolution his grandfather had served as a surgeon with the Continental troops; and his father was the author of a history entitled "Annals of America." He grew to boyhood in Cambridge, often playing under the Washington elm. He was sent to Phillips Academy, Andover; and it was while he was a schoolboy there that he translated the first book of Virgil's "Æneid" into heroic couplets—the meter used by Pope in his version of Homer's "Iliad."

Then he went to Harvard College, where he was graduated in 1829, eight years after Emerson and nine years before Lowell. He wrote prose and verse while he was at Harvard, contributing freely to the college paper; and he delivered the poem at commencement. Settling down in his native town he began to study law, but his heart was not in his task, and he sought relief in writing verse, mostly comic. That he could be serious upon occasion was quickly shown the year after his graduation, when it was proposed to break up the frigate "Constitution,"—"Old Ironsides,"—the victor in the splendid fight with the British ship "Guerrière" in the war of 1812. With the hot indignation of youth against what seemed to him an insult and an outrage upon a national glory, Holmes wrote the fiery lines beginning:

> Ay, tear her tattered ensign down,
> Long has it waved on high,
> And many an eye has danced to see
> That banner in the sky;
> Beneath it rung the battle shout,
> And burst the cannon's roar;
> The meteor of the ocean air
> Shall sweep the clouds no more.

This lyric appeal to patriotic feeling was first published in the *Boston Advertiser;* it was copied all over the country; it was quoted in speeches; it was printed on hand-bills; and it saved the ship for half a century. Old Ironsides was taken to the new Charleston navy-yard, and a few years later she was thoroughly repaired. Even when the day of wooden warships was past forever, the Constitution did not go out of commission for the last time until a little more than fifty years after Holmes had penned his stirring lines.

Apparently the law did not tempt Holmes to persevere in it; and before he had been two years out of college he abandoned it finally, to take up the study of medicine—his grandfather's profession. Although he had already written much, and was helping to edit a miscellany, he seems never to have thought of authorship as his calling; and indeed there was here in America in 1833 but little chance that an author might support himself comfortably by literature alone. American literature was hardly older than Holmes himself, if we trace it only to the publication of Franklin's "Autobiography," and of Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York," both of which first appeared about the time of Holmes's birth.

Having made his choice of a profession Holmes devoted himself to it—at first in Boston, and then in Europe; making the voyage chiefly that he might study it in Paris, where at that time the best instruction in medicine was to be obtained. "I was in Europe," he wrote half a century later, "about two years and a half, from April, 1833, to October, 1835. I sailed in the packet-ship 'Philadelphia' from New York for Portsmouth, where we arrived after a passage of twenty-four days. . . I then crossed the Channel to Havre, from which I went to Paris. In the spring and summer of 1834 I made my principal visit to England and Scotland. There were other excursions to the Rhine and to Holland, to Switzerland and

to Italy. . . . I returned in the packet-ship 'Utica' sailing from Havre, and reaching New York after a passage of forty-two days."

He received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1836, being then twenty-seven years old; and in that year he also published his first volume of poems. Nothing of Dr. Holmes's has been more popular than "The Last Leaf," contained in this early collection, and none has more richly deserved to please by its rhythmic beauty, and by its exquisite blending of humor and pathos, so sympathetically intertwined that we feel the lonely sadness of the old man even while we are smiling at the quaintness so feelingly portrayed. Dr. Holmes was like Bryant (who composed "Thanatopsis" and the "Lines to a Waterfowl" long before he was twenty) in that he early attained full development as a poet. Although each of them wrote many verses in later life, nothing of theirs excelled these poems of their youth. In their maturity they did not lose power, but neither did they deepen or broaden; and "Thanatopsis" on the one side, and "The Last Leaf" on the other, are as strong and characteristic as anything either poet was ever to write throughout a long life. What Bryant was, what Holmes was, in this, his first volume of poems, each was to the end of his career.



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

To neither of them was literature a livelihood. Bryant was first a lawyer and then a journalist. Holmes was first a practising physician, and then a teacher of medicine. He won three prizes for dissertations upon medical themes, and these essays were published together in 1838. In 1839 he was appointed professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth; and the next year he married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson. Shortly afterward he resigned the position at Dartmouth, and resumed practice in Boston. He worked hard in his profession, and contributed freely to its literature. And in 1847, he went back to Har-

vard, having been appointed professor of anatomy and physiology — a position which he was to hold with great distinction for thirty-five years.

The most of the prose which Dr. Holmes wrote at this period of his life was upon medical topics; and whenever he had anything to say upon other than professional subjects he generally said it in verse. Although he was for a while a frequent lecturer in the lyceums of New England, following in the footsteps of Emerson, his literary reputation until he was nearly fifty was due almost wholly to his poems. This reputation was highest in Massachusetts, and he was the bard of Boston especially, being called upon whenever the three-hilled city needed a copy of verses for an occasion of public interest, a banquet, or a funeral, or the visit of a distinguished foreigner. He always acquitted himself acceptably and often brilliantly; and he rarely refused to provide the few lines of rhyme appropriate to the event. As he himself humorously put it in one of his later occasional poems:

> I 'm a florist in verse, and what *would* people say
> If I came to a banquet without my bouquet?

Then, when Holmes was forty-eight years old, an age at which most men have stiffened themselves into habits, he showed the freshness of his talent by writing one of the wisest and wittiest prose books in the English language. The *Atlantic Monthly* was established in the fall of 1857, and Lowell made it a condition of his acting as editor that Dr. Holmes should be a contributor. Therefore it was that the first number of the new magazine contained the opening pages of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which every reader followed with delight month after month, until at last the book was completed and published by itself in the fall of 1858. Since then it is rather as a writer of prose than as a writer of verse that Dr. Holmes has been most highly esteemed.

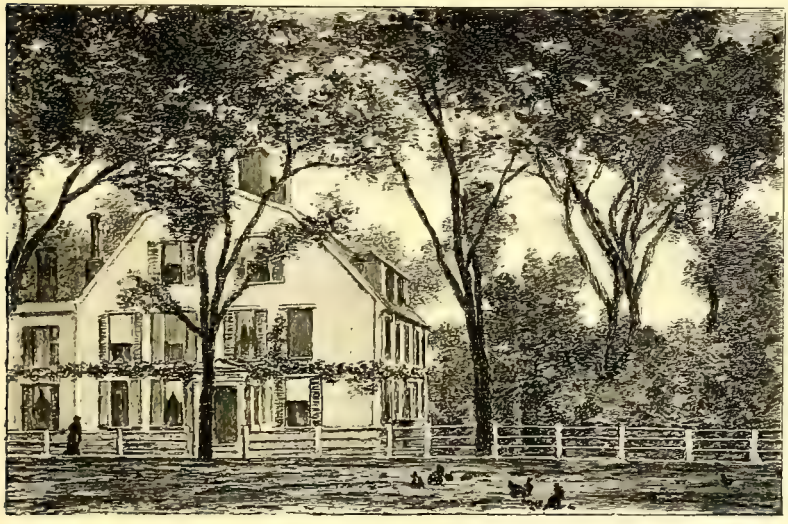
The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is a most original book; not that it is especially original in form, for it is not entirely unlike the *Spectator* of Addison and Steele, wherein we have a group of characters described, and wherein their sayings and doings are duly recorded. In the American book the group of characters meets at the early morning meal, and one of them — the Autocrat himself — does most of the talking. The other figures are lightly sketched — some of them are merely suggested; and even at the very end there is but the thinnest thread of a story. The real originality of Dr. Holmes's work is in the frank simplicity and sincerity of the Autocrat's talk. He seemed rather to be chatting with himself than conversing with others; and no such talk had yet fallen from any American lips — none so cheerful with humor, so laden with thought, so mellow with knowledge, so ripe with experience. The reader is borne along by the current of it, unresisting, smiling often, laughing sometimes, and absorbing always, even if unconsciously, high and broad thoughts about life.

So ample a store of humor — and of good humor — had Dr. Holmes, so well filled a reservoir of sense and of common-sense, that he had an abundance of material for other volumes like the "Autocrat." In 1860 he published the "Professor at the Breakfast Table," and in 1872 the "Poet at the Breakfast Table." Though these two volumes have not all the freshness of the first one, they are inferior only to it; they have the same wholesome spirit, the same sunny sagacity. And these are the qualities which characterize also his last volume of prose, "Over the Tea-Cups," issued in 1890, when he was eighty-one years old. In all these books there is the precious flavor of actual conversation, the table-talk of a broad, liberal, thoughtful man, full of fancy and abounding in humor.

Various essays and lighter prose pieces, contributed from time to time to the magazines, he gathered together in 1863 under the apt title of "Soundings from the Atlantic." In more than one of these he discussed subjects of every-day life from the point of view of a shrewd and thoughtful physician. In 1883, when he made a final revision of all his writings, the best of the papers in this book, with others written afterward, he brought out together as "Pages from an Old Volume of Life." At this time he selected and corrected also a vol-

ume of "Medical Essays." Clever as both these books are, with a cleverness of their own and of a kind no other author possessed, they added but little to Dr. Holmes's reputation. And perhaps it is not unfair to say that this reputation, raised to its highest by the Breakfast Table series, was but little bettered either by the three novels or by the two biographies he wrote after the success of the "Autocrat" tempted him to other ventures in prose.

The three novels were "Elsie Venner," which was published in 1861; "The Guardian Angel," which followed in 1867; and "A Mortal Antipathy," which came last in 1885. All three of these attempts at story-telling are interesting because they are the work of Dr. Holmes. No one of them is a masterpiece of fiction. He had not received the gift of story-telling in so full a proportion as many novelists without a tithe of his ability. The teller of the story is more important than the story itself, and his comments are more interesting than his characters. The strange subjects he chose were suggested to him by his study of his profession; and the themes of both "Elsie Venner" and "A Mortal Antipathy" are unusual. His stories have all the shrewdness and the insight that he showed in his other books.



BIRTHPLACE OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The earlier of the two biographies was the memoir of Motley, published in 1878, within two years after the historian's death. Dr. Holmes was one of Motley's oldest comrades, and he told the story of his friend's life and labors with his accustomed skill. The second biography, the memoir of Emerson, published in 1884, is even more satisfactory than the memoir of Motley. The book is delightful. The sage of Concord is drawn with the sharpest clearness; he is made real to us by abundant anecdote; his works are analyzed with the utmost keenness; and his career and his character are summed up with perfect sympathy.

In nothing was Dr. Holmes more skilled than in his descriptions of his contemporaries, as in these memoirs and in occasional poems.

Of Emerson he asked —

> Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song,
> Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong?
> He seems a winged Franklin, sweetly wise,
> Born to unlock the secrets of the skies.

It was the men of Massachusetts whom Holmes celebrated in song most freely and most frequently, and although he wrote stirring stanzas of appeal to the whole United States, west and east, when the life of the nation was in danger, it was in the city of Boston that his spirit dwelt at home. He it was who declared hat "Boston State-House is the hub of the solar system," and that "you could n't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar." He himself was a Bostonian of the strictest sect; he might make fun of his chosen city, but he loved it all the better for every joke he cracked upon it.

As we turn the pages of the three volumes into which he finally collected all his verse, it is impossible not to be struck by the very large proportion which is local in its themes, even if it is not local in its interest. He responded

loyally to every call Boston might make upon him, and Boston repaid him with homage and with high praise. It was in Boston that a great public breakfast was given to him in honor of his seventieth birthday.

That was in 1879, and three years later he resigned his professorship. In 1886 he went over to Europe for the second time, almost exactly fifty years after his first visit. He spent the summer in England and France; and he seems to have had a very good time indeed, for in age he kept the youthful faculty of enjoyment. From the members of his own profession in England, from the men of letters in London, from the fashionable society of Great Britain, Dr. Holmes received the heartiest welcome; and he was the lion of the London season.

He took notes of his travels, recording his observations both of men and of manners; and on his return home these jottings were written out, and published the next year as "Our Hundred Days in Europe."

After he had settled down again in Boston, Dr. Holmes continued to write both in prose and in verse. He kept his faculties fully until he had long passed the age of four-score. His final volume of poems, published in 1888, was appropriately called "Before the Curfew," just as Longfellow and Whittier (also looking to the end) had named their last volumes "In the Harbor," and "At Sundown." Yet after the poems in this collection Holmes wrote those scattered through the pages of "Over the Tea-cups" which was published in 1890. Four years later he died, on October 7, 1894—more than sixty years since he had first made himself widely known to his countrymen by the ringing appeal for Old Ironsides.

While Holmes has written poems of a wide popularity,—"Dorothy Q." and "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle," the "Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," and the "Broomstick Train,"—probably his prose will endure longer than his verse. He is seen at his best in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and that is why the book is better in kind and in degree than any of its fellows.

Among his varied gifts, Holmes had also a very abundant humor, and this helped to sweeten his life and to broaden his influence. To the whole United States he set an example of kindliness and of gentleness, associated with sagacity and with strength. He was the last to survive of the great New England group of authors—Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell, which followed, and in some ways surpassed, the earlier New York group, Irving, Cooper, and Bryant.

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

By Guy Wetmore Carryl.

I know of a dear, delightful land,
Which is not so far away,
That we may not sail to its sunlit strand
No matter how short the day:
Ah, there the skies are always blue,
And hearts forget to grieve,
For there 's never a dream but must come true
In the Land of Make-Believe.

There every laddie becomes a knight,
And a fairy queen each lass;
And lips learn laughter, and eyes grow bright
As the dewdrops in the grass;
For there 's nothing beautiful, brave, and bold
That one may not achieve,
If he once sets foot on the sands of gold
Of the Land of Make-Believe!

So spread the sails, and away we go
Light-winged through the fairy straits;
For the west winds steadily, swiftly blow,
And the wonderful harbor waits.
On our prow the foam-flecks glance and gleam,
While we sail from morn till eve,
All bound for the shores of the children's dream
Of the Land of Make-Believe!



AN AUGUST WOODROAD

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

When the partridge coveys fly
In the birch-tops cool and high;

When the dry cicadas twang
Where the purpling fir-cones hang;

When the bunch-berries emboss—
Scarlet beads—the roadside moss:

Brown with shadows, bright with sun,
All day long till day is done

Sleeps in murmuring solitude
The worn old road that threads the wood.

In its deep cup—grassy, cool—
Sleeps the little roadside pool;

Sleeps the butterfly on the weed,
Sleeps the drifted thistle-seed.

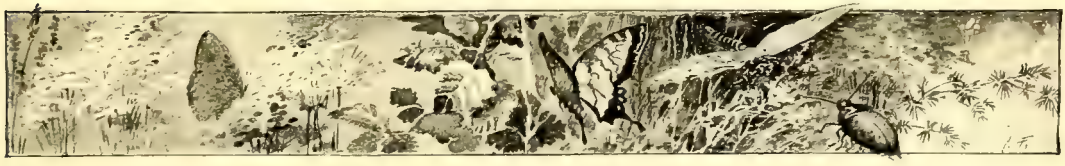
Like a great and blazing gem,
Basks the beetle on the stem.

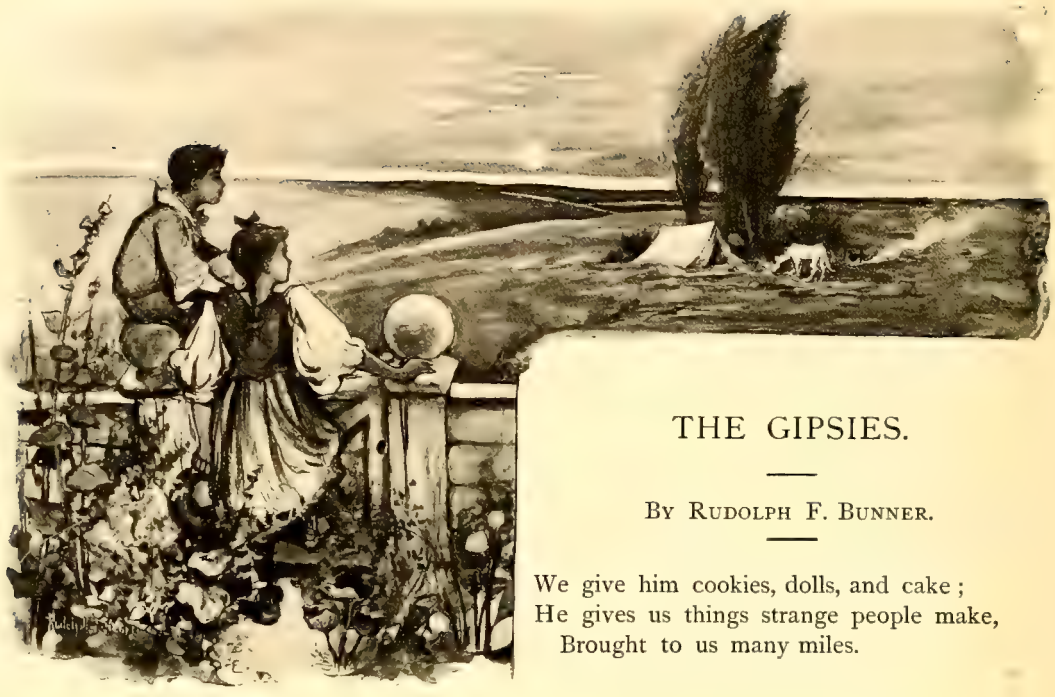
Up and down the shining rays
Dancing midges weave their maze.

High among the moveless boughs,
Drunk with day, the night-hawks drowse.

Far up, unfathomably blue,
August's heaven vibrates through.

The old road leads to all things good;
The year 's at full, and time 's at flood.





THE GIPSIES.

By Rudolph F. Bunner.

Where poplars run up in the air,
Where autumn fields lie wide and bare,
  Their tent the gipsies make;
And one white horse — 'most lean as those
On which you dry the new-washed clothes —
  Now browses by a stake.

We know they never stole from us;
But since the neighbors make a fuss,
  We 're told to stay away;
And flocks of geese no more can roam
O'er the wide fields afar from home,
  Where once we used to play.

But, standing by the mullen rocks,
Where little burs catch in our frocks,
  A flag of truce we wave
To Elta Geeze, the gipsy boy,
Who comes to trade, with toy for toy,
  And face so brown and grave.

He brings to trade the queerest toys
That ever were for girls or boys;
  And when we laugh he smiles.
We give him cookies, dolls, and cake;
He gives us things strange people make,
  Brought to us many miles.

And once he brought his violin,—
A queer green bag 't was carried in,—
  Then, like a magic spell,
He played us such a merry jig!
The village fiddler 's twice as big
  But can't play half so well.

We see, from the last garden gate,
Their white-brown tent at twilight late,
  Where the red wood-fire gleams;
And when the doors are closed all round,
We know the gipsy boy sleeps sound,
  To dream his gipsy dreams.

Until, some morning — strange and bare
The fields look; for the gipsies fare
  On roads far, far away.
So we play we are gipsies now,
Where the tall poplar tree-tops bow,
  Near sumacs red and gay —
We play that we are gipsies, too,
In tents of quilts the light shines through,
  Where leafy shadows sway.

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XIX.

HOW THE SCHOOLBOYS FOUGHT AT PARIS.

Philip struggled desperately in the hands of his captors, but to no avail. He was speedily secured and conducted to headquarters, only to find — just see how curiously things come around! — that he had fallen into the hands of the Cossacks of Czernicheff's command — that Russian about whom Philip the page got into trouble by calling the Czar's envoy "Catch-a-Sneezy the spy," the day when, in the Hall of the Marshals, he had angered the Russian ambassador.



PHILIP BEFORE MARSHAL BLÜCHER. THE LETTER IS FOUND.

Philip felt a little uneasy when he discovered this. He recalled the stories of Russian vengeance he had so often heard, and expected the worst. But there was no especial danger; Czernicheff did not recognize in this bedraggled young courier the spruce palace page of the days of magnificence. He saw that it was a bearer of despatches his Cossacks had captured, and he hurried the prisoner on to Marshal Blücher's headquarters for examination.

Old "Marshal Forwards," as Blücher had been nicknamed because of his continual cry of "Forward to Paris!" questioned his prisoner sharply as to the mission on which he rode; but Philip answered never a word.

"Thunder and lightning! has the boy no tongue? Search him!" Blücher exclaimed.

And they did search him, more thoroughly than gently. Philip was punched and pum-

meled and pinched and fingered, and at last stripped, in this eager search for the letter he was supposed to be carrying to court. It was finally ripped out from the secret pocket in the boy's crimson vest, and, with a hurrah of discovery, handed to the old Prussian leader, who, meanwhile, had stood by watching the proceedings, pulling his long mustache and growling in choicest German at the boy's obstinacy.



CORPORAL PEYROLLES AND THE POLYTECHNIC BOYS FIGHTING IN THE DEFENSE OF PARIS.
(SEE PAGE 819.)

Blücher tore open the letter and read it hastily. "So! for the Empress, is it? And not in cipher!" he cried. "That is good!—As I thought!" he exclaimed. "The Corsican is in sore straits, and—what?—means to march to the east? Ha! he would strike at our rear, would he? and draw us back to the Rhine? We shall see. It is but a desperate man's last device. Yes, this proves it—this last line here; what is it? 'This step saves me or ruins me!' So! Quick! copy it—copy it, Rudolph!" he cried, throwing the letter into the hands of one of his staff secretaries. "The commander-in-chief shall read it, and see that my advice was best. Now he shall come to my way of thinking."

The commander-in-chief of the allied armies—that same Prince Schwarzenburg at whose famous and fatal ball Philip had first met Mademoiselle—evidently did speedily come to Blücher's way of thinking. For, before two days had passed, the allied forces were racing for Paris, each division anxious to be the first to attack the imperiled, helpless capital, while Napoleon's shrewd, desperate move to draw back the advancing enemy was thwarted, because he had been in too much of a hurry, and had not written in cipher his letter to the Empress.

But, before this came about, Philip was released; and, escorted to the French outpost at Meaux, was sent on to Paris as bearer of the

letter which the enemy had already read and profited by.

He felt small enough as he rode dejectedly from Meaux, through the forest and village of Bondy, and along the canal of Ourcq. As he entered the city by the temple-like gate at the Villette barrier, he remembered how he had been commanded by the Emperor to defend his mission with his life; and here he was, a cat's-paw for the enemy, bearing the letter, to be sure, but only after it had been taken from him and turned to such terrible account. What would the Emperor say? What would be the end of it all?

He gave a shrug of the shoulders — his convenient French way of saying, "Well, it is as the Emperor himself declares in such cases — the fortune of war! I did my best." And then Philip rode down the Street of the Suburb of St. Martin and on to the Tuileries.

Philip sought the Empress and gave her the letter, and the Empress looked troubled; after all, she was but a girl.

"How careless!" she exclaimed, "Both you and the Emperor! How could you be thus caught, young Desnouettes? And why — oh, why did the Emperor write thus, when he has always sent his other letters in a cipher the enemy cannot read? How dreadful! Listen: 'This step saves me or ruins me,' he says. I see only ruin now. What shall I do? Whom can I trust? Who will advise?"

"Madame, stay!" cried Philip impulsively, dropping upon his knee. "Stay, and save Paris. The Home Guard swore to protect you and the little King. Stay, and all Paris will die in defending you."

"Monsieur the lieutenant, for all your boasting you are but a fool," returned the Empress sharply, snatching away her robe from the touch of the appealing boy. "Paris! You do not know the town! It would not raise a finger to save the daughter of Austria. Paris! It is like the champagne it loves too well — all fizz to-day, all dead to-morrow. It is full of traitors and turncoats — men who will cry 'Long live the Emperor!' in the morning, and 'Down with Bonaparte!' at night. And the Emperor? He bids me go. He declares he had rather see his son in the Seine than in the hands of the Allies. Did I come to Paris but for this? Am I to be like my grand-aunt, poor Marie Antoinette, whom your dear Paris murdered? Boy, boy — you are no better than the others! No one can advise me. Everything is crumbling. We are lost!"

Was there no hope? Philip, roused to frenzy over the way things were going, hurried to the Street of the Fight. It was as quiet there as ever — Mademoiselle at her tasks, Citizen Daunou deep in his dusty documents of bygone days, nurse Marcel stupidly industrious.

They greeted Philip with joy. They exclaimed with surprise at his torn and discolored uniform. "You look tired and worried, my Philip. What have you been going through?" Mademoiselle asked.

Philip told his story of the mission and the capture. He begged them to do something.

"Paris is in danger — in danger!" he cried to Citizen Daunou. "Cannot you, my father, do something? Cannot even we rouse men to its defense?"

"And wherefore, my Philip? What may we hope to do?" Citizen Daunou said. "We are but drinking the cup that I promised you months ago. You see now the Emperor's greatest mistake. He has given grand fortifications, arsenals, troops, all necessary defenses to his distant cities — to Dantzic, to Hamburg, to Flushing, even to Venice. But to Paris — nothing! 'Paris could never be invaded! No foeman's foot could ever press the sacred soil of France!' Oh, no! But to-day that foot is here — here at the very gates of Paris. And what have we to protect us? Nothing, Philip; nothing — not even the Emperor! Here are only a few muskets, a few cannon, no fortifications. And for defenders — not thirty thousand men to drive back half a million! And the Emperor is not here!"

"But he will be here," cried Philip bravely. "He will be here, and then let the Cossacks tremble. The Emperor alone is worth half a million men."

"If he were here, yes," replied Citizen Daunou. "But he is not here; and through the ranks of the enemy even he cannot break in time to save us. He is not here, and at the palace are only weaklings and traitors. They

will leave us; you will see. They will leave us, and Paris will fall."

The old republican was right. Next day the Empress and her council fled from Paris.

And, even as the court fled, the watchers could see from the heights about the city and from the towers of Notre Dame the head of the Russian column winding out of the Bondy woods, leading the advance of the army of invasion that drew steadily toward the capital — Paris, beautiful Paris, which for centuries had not seen the smoke of hostile camp-fires or the gleam of hostile steel.

However, the next morning, March 30, 1814, when, at daybreak, the booming of the Russian cannon told that the attack had begun, there were those who rushed to the aid of the men outside the barriers, already drawn up in line of battle. Militiamen with the loaf of bread that must be their dinner sticking on their bayonet-points; workingmen carrying pistols or the rusty pike; citizens carrying fowling-pieces, as if they were bound on a bird-hunt, ran through the streets, crying "To arms!" and headed for the barriers.

In line of battle, beyond the barriers, extending in a semicircle about the eastern side of the city, from the Seine on the south to the gate of Clichy on the north, were ranged the real defenders — twelve thousand soldiers of the grand army under the marshals Marmont and Mortier, a few thousand Home Guards, a few thousand raw recruits drawn from their barracks, veterans from the Soldiers' Home, and the schoolboys of the military and scientific schools of Paris.

It was these last who bore the brunt of the battle. Philip felt a thrill of pride as he saw, among the defenders of the city he loved, the boys of his old school at Alfort, and the Polytechnic boys. He waved his hat excitedly as he galloped past them, and cried again and again, "Stick to your guns, fellows. We boys will do it yet!"

Philip knew that, rightly, he should have broken through the lines and gone to report to the Emperor. But how could he? There was to be a battle. Could he leave when every man was needed — while hostile cannon were playing against the city, his friends, his schoolfellows? He elected to stay, and, full of ardor and determination, he reported to Marshal Marmont as a special aide, and galloped from point to point, from barrier to barrier, bearing messages and striking a blow for Paris whenever he had the chance.

For ten hours the battle raged. Here the shattered ranks of the Sixth Corps — heroes of sixty-seven battles within the last ninety days — stood stoutly against the foemen whom, again and again, they had seen break and run before their charges; there, the old soldiers, whose fighting days were over, once more leveled their muskets against the foes of France. The conscripts, yet new to war, fought with the dash of veterans; and, in the woods of Romainville, by the bridge of Charenton, on the heights of Montmartre, and, at the Clichy gate, the boys of the Paris schools served the guns like trained artillerists, and fought from tree to tree like seasoned frontiersmen in American forests They were determined to do or die for France.

Even valor may be overborne by numbers.

Again and again were the Allies driven back, but with ever increasing numbers did they return to the assault. Men and boys were falling everywhere. The battle of Paris was one of the most stubborn and one of the most hopeless of all the conflicts of that hopeless campaign of 1814. If Napoleon had but been there, the last of the battles might have proved a victory.

Philip had rallied with the boys of the Young Guard as they drove the Prussians back to the suburbs of Pantin and St. Gervais; he slashed and shot in the woods of Romainville; and, spurring in the advance, cheered on his schoolfellows of Alfort as the cavalry class charged straight upon the Russian grenadiers at the bridge of Charenton. When, flanked and outnumbered, the boys crossed the Seine and made a desperate stand on the Beauregard slope, Philip was with them to cheer and wave his sword as their brave commander urged them to stand firm, and shouted: "At them again, boys! Behind you is Paris; before you is the foe!"

Galloping to the north with a message for the dauntless Marshal Mortier, he joined in the

fight before the Barrier of the Throne, where were the three hundred Polytechnic boys.

Behind their battery, holding their crazy fort, the Polytechnic boys stood like a wall. Philip cheered his old schoolfellows until he was hoarse, as, again and again, they drove back the Prussian charges; and when they were outnumbered, and their battery was taken, he galloped amid their mass, while with an irresistible rush they swooped upon their assailants, recaptured, and dragged away their precious guns.

He waved his shako wildly as, dashing past the hillock of Chaumont, he saw at the guns, with a schoolboy on one side and a veteran on the other, dear old one-legged Peyrolles, who, begrimed with powder-smoke, stopped just an instant, in the sighting of his unerring piece, to wave his hand at Philip and shout, "Eh, there, my Philip! Long live the Emperor!"

And, as he reached the barriers at the Clichy gate, where brave old Marshal Moncey made the last desperate stand behind the hastily-made barricades which soldiers, students, citizens, women, and children had helped to build, Philip, as he sprang from his reeking horse, leaped almost into the arms of a fat man who, black with powder, was reloading an old fowling-piece, now hot from rapid firing.

"What — Uncle Fauriel?" cried Philip. "You here?"

"And why not?" Uncle Fauriel answered, ramming home another charge. "Where is the Corsican?"

"Coming, coming, if we will but wait," Philip answered, with a wail of anxious fear. "Don't let us give in; I know he will come."

"Bah!" said Uncle Fauriel. "And why is it he 's not here now, boy? — making peaceable fellows like us good citizens look after his business!" he grumbled.

"But why you?" queried Philip.

"Why me, boy?" cried Uncle Fauriel, deliberately aiming his piece toward the Russian ranks. "Why not, then? If the Corsican is beaten, the White Cockade comes in; and, as between Bonaparte and the Bourbons, give me the Corsican. I did not build up the Republic, my Philip, to let the Empire, which is the child of the Republic, give in to the aristocrats we kicked out in '93. What is that you say — the fight is over? the foreigners have whipped us? Never! Down with the Allies! Down with the Royalists!" — here he fired again — "Long live the Emperor!"

There came a flash of flame from the Russian guns, and Uncle Fauriel staggered, reeled, and fell back — dead.

Even as he fell, the white flag fluttered out, the guns of assailants and defenders were silent. The battle was over; Paris had surrendered. And Philip, gazing on the face of his old friend, gave to it both a smile and a tear.

"Dear Uncle Fauriel!" he cried. "Victor though vanquished! Dying for the man whose empire he hated; fighting for the cause he detested only less than the cause he fought against; a loyal son of France — his last words a wish for the man he had all his life resisted; his last thought a prayer for the Corsican! Dear Uncle Fauriel!"

Chapter XX.

THE FALL OF THE TRICOLOR.

Besiegers and besieged fell back from their positions. The wounded were borne off, the dead were removed; and Philip, desperate over the defeat, broken-hearted at the death of his old friend, hurried to the Street of the Fight to tell the sad story.

Mademoiselle mingled her tears with those of her brother as he told of Uncle Fauriel's death. But Citizen Daunou smiled sadly, and said: "After all, my children, it was the taking-off that best suited that stanch old man. One half of his talk was bluster, but the other half was real patriotism. As against Napoleon the Corsican, Uncle Fauriel was ever hot and bitter; but Bonaparte, the hope of the Directory, as against the Bourbons whom that Directory drove from France, was a cause which, when the hour came, our dear old patriot was ready to defend with his blood. He was right in his fears; the Bourbons will come in again. And our France, though defeated now, will never forget such valiant sons of France as Uncle Fauriel."

And to this day the striking and beautiful monument which Paris has raised in memory of all those brave citizen-soldiers who fell at

the Clichy gate attests the truth of Citizen Daunou's prophecy.

But in life one must think of the living; and Philip felt, now that his duty as defender was done, that his place was at the side of the Emperor.

At two o'clock on the morning of March 31, the authorities in command at Paris signed the capitulation, and the tricolored banner came down from its staff at the Tuileries. Before daybreak Philip was far from Paris, galloping along the road by which, according to the latest reports, the Emperor was hurrying to the relief of the capital

As the dusk was just turning to dawn, Philip rode into the little hamlet of Fromenteau, some twelve miles from Paris; and, in the dim morning light, he saw before him a well-known figure walking in the direction of the fallen city.

He understood at once. The Emperor had received the news of the defeat and the surrender, and, fretting at every delay, without waiting for horse or carriage, was starting to walk toward Paris, a dozen miles away. For once, even his coolness had yielded to impatience. Almost on his heels hurried certain of his officers, expostulating and explaining.

"Who goes there? Eh, it is you, young Desnouettes?" the Emperor cried, as the boy sprang from the saddle. "Well, what news? what news?"

"Nothing but what you have already heard, Sire," Philip replied sadly. "We fought like tigers, but the Cossacks were too much for us. Ah, had you but been there, Sire!"

"Yes, yes; I know — I know. But one cannot be everywhere," Napoleon said, flicking the ground with his riding-whip, as was his wont when he was perplexed or excited. "But now it is no time for complaints; now it is time to act. We must repair the evil. Run, my Philip; run to the post-house. Bid them hurry up my carriage. Every one is an imbecile to-day; why are they so slow? Come! my carriage! my carriage! my carriage!"

"But it is too late, Sire," Philip explained. "The enemy is already in Paris."

"What! — you, too?" the Emperor cried. "You are all singing the same song. Suppose he is — I am going there, too. I will lead on my army and drive the enemy from Paris — my Paris! my Paris!" he repeated. "Forward, gentlemen! let us clear out the barbarians!"

"Too late, Sire," said General Belliard, the leader of the cavalry advance. "Our troops are marching away from the city. We cannot go back. We have signed a capitulation."

"A capitulation!" the Emperor blazed out. "Who has been so cowardly?"

"No cowards, Sire," Belliard replied. "Brave men who could not do otherwise."

Still Napoleon walked on toward Paris. Still he called again and again for his carriage. Still his generals followed at his heels. Then other soldiers advanced toward him. The same questions were asked; the same replies given. And the Emperor, realizing at last that his plan was indeed hopeless, flung himself upon the stone seat that flanked the fountains at Juvisy and buried his face in his hands. All were silent. No one broke in upon the crowding thoughts that marked the tearless anguish of a conquered conqueror.

At last he rose. Calm succeeded to despair. Dignity, composure, energy, came again to the face that so seldom betrayed emotion.

Then reaction came. Napoleon had ridden nearly two hundred miles without rest, and all to no purpose. Going into the little posting-house near the fountain, he dropped into a chair and, for an instant, rested his head upon the table. But, no! He must not sleep; he must work. He called for lights. He spread out the war-maps upon the table, and sticking his pins here and there, as was his custom, at once began to study the situation. Philip never forgot that scene — the gray of the morning, the group of silent soldiers, and, through the open door of the cottage, in the circle of flickering light, the tired and defeated leader of men poring over his maps, planning a new campaign.

But that campaign never came. Fate was too strong for him; and, yielding to the inevitable, Napoleon finally gave up his determination to make an instant march on Paris with the troops who were following him from the eastern frontier, and rode wearily to his palace at Fontainebleau, a few miles to the south.

Bad news travels quickly. And bad news

speedily found its way to Fontainebleau. The Allies entered Paris. The city,—"faithful Paris," as the Emperor had called it,—instead of rising against the invaders, welcomed them. France was weary of war. The dignitaries of the Empire, following the lead of Talleyrand, "that arch-conspirator," one by one deserted the Emperor who had made them rich and loaded them with honors. They gave their allegiance to the new government. The white cockade and the white flag of the Bourbons appeared in the streets. "Long live the King!" began to be heard where "Long live the Emperor!" had so often been shouted. The abdication of the Emperor was demanded, and fickle Paris at last made ready to welcome back the Bourbons whom, nearly a generation before, it had driven away in the days of terror.



THE EMPEROR BIDS PHILIP FAREWELL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Treason hastened the work. Napoleon's army, upon which he had depended for his revenge, dwindled away; and Marmont—brave Marmont, who had so valiantly defended Paris—went over with his entire corps, and for ever after was esteemed a traitor by the France he hoped to serve and save.

The marshals, whom the Emperor had raised to rank and riches, joined in the cry for his abdication. They conspired against their old leader; it is claimed they even doomed him to death if he refused to obey their will.

Then, deserted by his companions-in-arms, worn out with a useless struggle,—loath, now, to bring about civil war by appeals to the people who were loyal and the old soldiers who were faithful to him,—Napoleon, with that serenity that marks a great soul, yielded to the inevitable, and, on April 11, 1814, signed his abdication.

This is the act of renunciation he signed—this victor, subjugated by Fate, and by his own ambition:

> The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor is the sole obstacle to the reëstablishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and for his family, the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no sacrifice, even to that of his life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France.

The tricolor had indeed fallen. The man who, for so many years, had given glory and greatness to France, who had distracted England with war, startled the whole Continent with his success, and filled the world with his name, stepped down from his throne, and Europe once more breathed freely. Great in everything he did, Napoleon was as great in his fall as in his glory. The Empire was dead.

Through all these days of watching and waiting, of planning and plotting, of hopes and fears, Philip stood by the Emperor, serving him

as best he could, riding to Paris, bearing messages — now to the friends, and now to the foes, of the man he clung to, alike in victory and in defeat.

He stood by the Emperor's bedside that sad night on which, for the only time in his life, Napoleon played the coward and tried to commit suicide. He was near him that famous morning when in the Court of the White Horse, in the beautiful palace of Fontainebleau, Napoleon bade farewell to his Old Guard, and left for the island principality that had been given him as his home,—it was almost a prison,—the little island of Elba, in the Mediterranean.

That was the moment when Philip's pent-up feelings had overflowed, and the tears he would not have checked if he could came tumbling down his cheeks. Already the Emperor had said farewell to this boy who had so faithfully served him.

Standing in the splendid Gallery of Francis I., which opens upon the famous Horseshoe Staircase down which Napoleon walked to say good-by to his Guard, the boy had begged and implored the Emperor to let him be one of the chosen four hundred soldiers who were to accompany the dethroned monarch to his tiny island realm.

But, "No, my Philip," the Emperor said, "it cannot be. Go home to your dear ones, the sister you have found, the good Citizen Daunou, who is like a father to you. There lies your duty — to them and to France. Serve France, my son, as loyally as you have served me; and when she needs your strong young arm, and that sometimes flighty but always truth-telling tongue of yours, I know she will not call in vain."

Then Napoleon passed on among his officers, down the Horseshoe Staircase and into the White Horse Court.

The drums beat a salute. Then they were silent, and Napoleon, in a voice at first strong, then broken and full of feeling, said farewell to his stalwart soldiers of the Guard, his never-failing reliance on every field of battle.

It was one of the most pathetic moments in history. Every man was thrilled; and when, breaking off his speech, Napoleon flung his arms about the standard-bearer, grasped the imperial standard, and touched his lips to the eagle that crowned it, Emperor, generals, soldiers, all were in tears.

Philip clung to the step of the carriage. Tears blinded the bright young eyes that looked up to his master in the final farewell. The Emperor placed a hand upon his head. "Good-by, my boy. God bless you!" he said. Then the horses started; the carriage rolled out of the courtyard, and to Philip it seemed as if all the glory, all the promise, and all the pride of living passed from his brave young life.

But boys rally quickly, even from deeper sorrows. Philip returned to the Street of the Fight, proud and happy over the Emperor's words of praise, and delighted to find that the pathetic "Passing of Napoleon" had conquered even the old republican, who had served his Emperor faithfully even when he most questioned the imperial measures. For now the old Keeper of the Archives looked upon the fallen monarch almost as devotedly as did the hero-worshiping boy and girl who brightened his quiet home.

The tricolor had fallen. The white standard waved above the Tuileries. The Bourbons returned to power. Old Louis XVIII. was king of France, and those who had served the bees took service under the lilies.

But this Philip stoutly refused to do. Thus, one day, Citizen Daunou said, "My son, you can be a page of the palace still, if you wish. The King recalls your father's services in the days before the Republic. He knows how he died, and he will gladly give the son of Desnouettes the *émigré* a place of honor in his train." To this Philip replied, unhesitatingly: "I cannot, I cannot, my father. The Emperor found me poor and friendless. He stood me on my feet; he tried to make a man of me. While he lives, there is, for me, no other king. I would not be page to the Bourbons for all the gold in their palaces. If ever the foreigner threatens France I will remember the Emperor's command, and serve France as well as I may; but never the Bourbons! Let me, rather, if I may, stay here with you and Mademoiselle, my sister."

So Philip took up the studies he had dropped

when the stress of France called him to ride and to write for the Emperor. He perfected himself in military science, and the drawing and mathematics which delighted him. Citizen Daunou praised him highly for this.

"Be faithful in your mathematical study, Philip, my boy," he said. "I wish I had your head for figures."

Whereat Philip laughed; for he thought Citizen Daunou knew everything. He laughed, also, it must be confessed, when he heard the notes of discontent that were growing each day louder over what folks called "the mistakes of the Bourbons," and he discussed many times with Citizen Daunou, and sometimes with clever young Mademoiselle, the embarrassments of the new government, the disputes of royalists and republicans, the discontent of the army, and the attempts of the famous "Congress of Vienna" to straighten out the mixed-up affairs of Europe.

Even the good old Keeper of the Archives was sometimes "out of sorts" and disgusted at the things that were going on. He said one day to Philip: "After all, Napoleon was but right when he declared, 'The Bourbons will reconcile France with the rest of Europe, but set her at war with herself.' You will see; you will see."

Philip especially enjoyed hunting up Corporal Peyrolles and having a good talk with him. The old veteran was a bitter partizan. To him the marshals were renegades, the dignitaries who accepted the Bourbons were traitors, the Bourbons knaves and cowards.

Peyrolles by this time was an inmate of the Soldiers' Home — that splendid building with the magnificent dome, then called the Temple of Mars, but famous now as the great Hotel des Invalides. The old corporal had no objection to being cared for thus. "For," said he, "the Emperor sent me there, and it is the money of France and not of the Bourbons that pays for my keeping."

Here Philip would often visit the veteran, and here, one February day in the year 1815, he and Mademoiselle had made their weekly call upon the old soldier.

With Mademoiselle, Philip had left the Soldiers' Home, and had taken a roundabout way for their return, extending their walk into Philip's old quarter, from which the Emperor had rescued him — the fourth ward of Paris and the Street of the Washerwomen.

At the identical fountain, at the foot of that narrow and dirty street where Philip and Pierre had fought their famous fight,— it seemed to Philip as if that had happened ages ago,— Philip and Mademoiselle stopped for a moment to look at a detachment of troops marching from the barriers to the military bureau in the Place Vendôme. Philip winced as he looked at them, as he always winced — for they were no longer the soldiers of the Emperor; they were the soldiers of the King. The white flag instead of the tricolor was borne in their ranks; the white cockade instead of the tricolor decorated their shakos; the white of the Kingdom rather than the blue of the Empire predominated in their uniforms.

The people in the poorer quarters of Paris, never enthusiastic for the King,— recalling the days when they and their fathers had put down this very race of Bourbons,— had no ringing shout of "Long live the King!" as in the days that were gone they had shouted, "Long live the Emperor!"

So the throng about the fountain, watching the passing regiment, was silent or sarcastic; but it was an uneasy crowd. It jostled and swayed and pushed, and Philip was forced to grasp Mademoiselle closely for her security. Gradually they were forced back against the stone coping of the fountain, and, as Philip struggled to maintain his own footing, and save Mademoiselle from a crushing, he was startled almost to stupidity to hear a low but distinct whisper in his ear: "Be watchful and wary! Be swift and silent! The bees will soon be swarming!"

What did it mean? Who had spoken such a singular message? Philip turned slowly, not wishing to attract attention; but to no purpose. The only familiar face he saw was that of Mademoiselle, his sister. What could it mean?

(To be continued.)

BESSIE'S ESCAPE;

OR, THE COUGAR OF CARBONADO.

By Ezra Hurlburt Stafford.

Up in the mountains the blackberries do not grow ripe till quite late in the summer, and Bessie found it very tiresome waiting. Her father was employed in the Carbonado mines, and she had never known any other home than the wild little settlement in the foot-hills of the Rockies.

There were great, white mountain peaks shining all around, and the little village was surrounded by dark forests that had been growing there forever.

The little girl was very much afraid of those dark still woods, for the people said there were bears and cougars and mountain lions hiding in them. She had never seen any of these dreadful animals herself. Most of all she was afraid of the cougars, for they had eyes that shone in the dark, her mother told her, and they did not roar like animals in picture-books, but made a noise like a child crying.

But no one had seen a cougar at all since the mines had been opened, and sometimes, when Bessie would run into the house with a white face and hide herself behind her mother's chair, her father would laugh, so that she would n't be afraid any more, and say:

"Why, Bessie, child, it could n't have been a cougar you heard. It must have been one of the Johnston children crying."

It was generally something of this kind that had frightened her; and when Bessie had grown a big girl of seven years she began to think, like the rest, that perhaps, after all, the cougars had gone farther back into the wild places of the mountains, and would never again be seen about the settlement.

Still, she could n't help being afraid of the woods, and always stopped at the edge, even though a little further in she could see prettier flowers than any that grew out in the sunshine.

The blackberries did not grow in the woods. They were thickest along the banks of the little river. This year they seemed to be thicker than ever. Certainly there was never a happier little girl than Bessie on the first sunny morning that she started out with her basket to pick mountain blackberries.

She went with two other little girls. They walked out beyond the school-house together, and for a long time they could be seen among the bushes, picking as fast as they could.

After they had been hard at work for half an hour, it began to seem as if there were never such very, very large baskets made in the world before. It seemed as if they would never get full.

One of the little girls said:

"I am sure, Bessie, they are thicker a little further down the river."

"Yes, I know they are," said the other little girl; "for my brother was there, and he says they are so thick that they only need to be shaken into the basket."

"Well, perhaps — perhaps, if they 're so thick as that, we 'd better go there," Bessie answered gravely.

"We 'll never fill our baskets here," the first little girl said.

"And we can come afterward, and fill them a second time," said Bessie, thoughtfully; "and besides, I 'm dreadfully tired reaching up, and my hands are all scratched with the prickles."

The second little girl added, "There are no prickles at all on the bushes down there."

"Is it much further?" Bessie asked; for her ankles began to ache.

"Just beyond those trees."

"But my mama can't see me if I go beyond those trees."

"Oh, we 'll only be there for such a little while, and then we 'll come back."

When they reached the place, the bushes did not have very many more berries than those they had left.

"Why, they have prickles too!" Bessie called out, as she gave her arm a sharp scratch.

One of the little girls slipped on her side of the bushes, and tore her frock, and began to cry.

"I 'm dreadful sorry for you, Nelly," Bessie said, as she also began to cry. "I guess you 'd better go home now, and tell your mama."

A moment or so afterward the other little girl tried to pull a bush to one side, and she caught a "devil's-club" in her hand by mistake.

These devil's-clubs are called so, just as devil's darning-needles are, because children think them so horrid. They are covered all over with sharp needles which pierce the hand.



BESSIE AND THE COUGAR. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"I don't want to," Nelly sobbed — "not till I fill my basket."

"I guess you 'd better, Nelly; and — and I 'll give you all my berries."

Nelly held up her basket, and Bessie poured all her berries into it.

"Now it 's full!"

"I 'll come back after a while."

"All right; we 'll be picking here."

The little girl cried with the pain, and Bessie tried to comfort her.

"Would you mind, Bessie," she asked, "if I went home? It — it hurts me so I can't gather berries any more; and I 'm so sorry that I can't bring home plenty of the berries, for mama is going to make jelly."

"I won't mind," Bessie said; "and you can come again to-morrow — it will get well. I 'd

go with you, only I do so want to fill my basket first."

Bessie went on picking as fast as she could. She was all alone now, and there was n't a sound but the great fir-trees rustling in the air and the running of the brook beside her.

She kept getting further and further away, for the bushes were thicker as she went in that direction. Her basket would soon be full, and then she would run home just as fast as her feet would carry her.

Every now and then, as she was picking, she would raise her head and look all around. She could not see any of the houses of the village now, but she was not far away.

At one side there was a little flat place covered with tall grass, and at the further edge there was a ledge of rock. Beyond this rose the trees of the great woods, all dark and strange within.

Bessie began to grow uneasy, she hardly knew why. She had only a little bit more to fill, though, and she kept picking faster and faster, so that she could hurry back.

Suddenly she heard a little tiny noise, like that made when a newspaper is rustled on the floor. It must have been the wind, she thought.

But now, at last, the basket was full, and she pushed the bushes aside, and turned to take the path back.

As she stood at the edge of the thick grass, she heard something snap like a twig, in the trees a few feet away, and she looked up to see what it could be.

She began to be a little bit frightened, and shivered without knowing why.

The next instant a large head appeared above the ledge of rock. It was shaggy, like a large dog's; but the strange, big eyes looked straight into hers, and she knew that a dog hardly ever looked at a person that way. It seemed to know more than a dog does.

Then it came softly to the edge of the rock, and leaped down into the grass as gently as a cat.

Bessie was too frightened to speak or to move. There was something so dreadful about that quiet beast. It did not make any noise; it did not even show its teeth as if it were going to eat her.

It just came across the grass toward her, as a big dog might, and when it was quite near Bessie sank down and hid her face in the grass, and shut her eyes very tight.

She kept forgetting all about the great, still animal that was standing over her, and found herself thinking of her berry-basket, and wondering if she had spilled the berries.

At last something took her gently by the dress, and dragged her softly over the grass to the ledge of rock. This ledge was steep, and perhaps the cougar — for that is what it was — thought that he would hide the little girl until it grew dark, and then come again and carry her off into the forest some other way.

Anyway, while he was thinking what he had better do, there was a loud report from beyond the trees. This seemed to make him cautious. It was only a blast in the mines, but he did not know that.

So he pushed the tall grass together over Bessie, where she lay, at the edge of the rock. Then the cougar pulled up more grass with his teeth, quite a pile of it, and covered her with it.

When he thought that she was so thoroughly hidden that no one could ever find her in the world, he jumped upon the rock and stole back into the forest to wait.

By this time Bessie did not dare to move. She hardly dared to breathe, even. So there she lay, covered thickly with the grass, for a long, long time.

Meanwhile her basket was standing on the ground, in the afternoon sun, and not a single berry spilled out of it. It was very lucky that it had fallen so. Three or four little birds twittered about it, and helped themselves, for there was no one there to frighten them. Bessie could hear the little birds, but she did not dare stir.

Half an hour afterward, one of the lumbermen caught sight of the cougar prowling in the woods near the village. He had n't a gun, of course, but he ran into the village, and gave the alarm. In a moment the people were all in great excitement.

Nelly began to cry at once, and told them all that Bessie was somewhere down in the bushes by the river.

"She can't be there, for I passed by that

way a moment ago, and did n't see any one," said one of the men.

In ten minutes twenty men, with as many loaded rifles, came tramping down through the rhododendron flowers to the edge of the river.

The first on the spot frightened away the little birds, but he stopped suddenly.

"Oh, look here," he said; "the poor little thing! — here is her basket of berries. Poor little girl!"

"Look at the grass there, all trampled down," said another.

Bessie's father was the next to speak.

"Don't let 's waste time here," he shouted, almost beside himself. "The cougar has carried her into the woods. Quick, boys! We must search the woods."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" Bessie cried, starting up; "I 'd much sooner you would n't — 'cause I 'm here."

"But, my Bessie," her father asked, as he raised her in his arms to kiss her, "how did you get there?"

"The cougar put me there."

"Did you *see* the cougar?"

"Yes; should think I did. He came up, just as the wolf did in Little Red Riding Hood, you know; and when he heard that blast he left me in the grass, but covered me up that way, and I was afraid to move. Are my berries safe?"

"Here they are, Bessie. Not one lost."

"Well, take me home to mama."

"I 'm going to wait here," said one of the men.

"Why, Bill? — what for?"

"For the cougar when he comes back for Bessie. I want to have five minutes' conversation with him."

The rest turned back with the little girl, for the mother was almost heartbroken.

"We 'll have the berries for tea, mama, with cream," said Bessie joyfully, on reaching home.

Her mother kissed her, with the tears in her eyes that mothers always have when they have almost lost their little ones.

"And I won't go there again without —"

"Without what, Bessie?" asked her father.

"Without a gun."

In the dusk of evening Bessie sat at the window, and was very quiet. Outside it grew darker and darker, and the stars came out above the silver mountain-peaks, and the moon shone softly down. But the forest was black and lonely, and very, very still.

Suddenly, from the bushes by the river, Bessie heard a rifle-shot. She tried at first to keep back the sobs; at last she could n't any more, and commenced to cry.

"Why, Bessie dear, what are you crying for?"

"I can't — I c-can't help it, mama."

"Tell me what is the matter, my darling?"

"I 'm so s-sorry for that poor old cougar. I just know that Bill has gone and shot him, and he was so good — for a cougar — and k-kind to me not to eat me up; and I know that he was n't going to, at all, when he saw I was such a little girl. He did n't even give me a tiny little bite to see what I was like; and I think it 's hateful to kill him. It 's not — I think it 's not hon'rable!"

MY CHOICE.

By Delia Hart Stone.

If Maude were a little lady,
Who did no work at all;
And if Kate were a little housemaid,
Who did the work for all;

And if my little lady
Were sad the livelong day;
And if the little housemaid
Were always glad and gay:

I 'd rather be the housemaid,
And do the work for all,
Than be the little lady,
And never work at all.



By Elizabeth Cumings.

Little Gustus Gerlach sat on the door-step watching Dietbold Sponenburg, the tinker, mend a kettle. Dietbold was an idle, thriftless fellow, but the children loved him, for his head was as full of stories as it could hold; and the grown folks tolerated and excused him, for he was handy to have about, and his disposition was as pleasant as a summer day.

"What makes you do tinkering for a living, Dietbold?" asked Gustus.

"Oh, there are reasons enough for it," replied the tinker. "There is no one else hereabout who can; then I was n't brought up to do anything in particular, and tinkering came natural. It takes me round from house to house sociable-like, and it 's easy. There 's reason enough for anything, Gusty, if you set about finding it."

"What are you thinking about now?" said Gustus after a time. "The two wrinkles are over your nose that you once told me were 'thinking wrinkles.' I hope you are thinking about a story."

"I am," said Dietbold; "I am thinking about a wonderful man whose name was Herr Von Stopplebottle; but perhaps I 'd better not tell the story about him—it may make you afraid."

"I 'm not afraid of anything," cried Gustus impatiently. "I wish you 'd tell it at once."

"Now, don't you be in a hurry," said Dietbold slowly. "Folks like you, Gusty, who have no deliberation, and who are always in a hurry, don't live out half their days. You 'll never catch *me* risking my life that way"; and to show his own prudence he polished his solder-iron several minutes before he resumed:

"The Herr Von Stopplebottle about whom I was thinking lived a great many years ago, when the world was worse than it is now. When he was a little younker, like you, he went out into the world to seek his fortune. He had half a silver sixpence in his pocket, for luck, and at his side hung the sword of his great-great-grandfather, who had fought against the Turks, and all his baggage was tied up in a red silk handkerchief slung upon his back.

"From land to land he went, killing lions and tigers, and—and—"

"Elephants?" suggested Gustus.

"Yes, and elephants," said Dietbold; "but when he was twenty years old he met with a most extraordinary adventure.

"In the kingdom of the Three Blue Daffodils a terrible serpent, called Theysay, lay coiled about a castle where lived a lovely princess. Herr Von Stopplebottle determined to slay the monster and deliver the young lady, who for many years had been afraid to put her little nose out of the window, lest it should be snapped off by Theysay.

"He bought a bottle of commonsense, a medicine quite unknown in the land of the Three Blue Daffodils; and he sharpened his sword till it had an edge as keen as a razor before he started on his journey. After traveling exactly seven days he entered the dark wood where, it was said, the serpent's tail, the only part of its body that was vulnerable, lay concealed. Scarcely had he gone three rods, ere he beheld something that looked liked a round gray log.

"Instinct whispered it was the serpent. In his childhood he had been told that animals of this description are often numbed into inactivity on hearing words in a foreign tongue; so, as he raised his sword, he pronounced this charm taught him by an Arabian sage:

"Onery, Twoery, Zickory, Zan,
Hollowbone, Crack o' bone, Tabitha, San!

"As his sword fell the serpent dropped apart like a rope of sand, but, instead of blood, what do you think flowed out of the wound?

"Sawdust, nothing but sawdust, and it con-



"THEN THERE WAS A GORGEOUS WEDDING." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

tinued running till the serpent's skin was as flat as a pan-cake.

"The friends of the lovely princess were at first displeased with Herr Von Stopplebottle. They fancied that in some way the serpent was an honor to the family. But when they saw that the princess was far more beautiful at liberty than she was while imprisoned, and when Herr Von Stopplebottle had given them a big tablespoonful of common-sense all around, they felt better, and made a large party for him, and presented him with a bag full of gold and a diamond ring. And when he took his leave, they all — even the lovely princess herself — kissed him on both cheeks, and said:

"'Good luck and long life!
Come this way if you want a wife,
Herr Von Stopplebottle.'

"His next adventure was with a giant named Sham, whose house was as big as a mountain, whose horses were as big as elephants, and whose favorite dish for dinner was stewed gentlemen. Ah, but he was strong, though!

"When Herr Von Stopplebottle knocked at the giant's front door, that gentleman looked out of his upper window, and growled:

"'He 's too lean; but with plenty of sheep-fat and red pepper, perhaps he 'll do!'

"Then he picked his teeth and smacked his lips and skipped down-stairs to greet his visitor.

"'A fine morning to you, my little friend,' said the giant, bowing gracefully. 'I hope you are well?'

"'Very well indeed, thank you,' said Herr Von Stopplebottle.

"'I 'm very glad to hear it,' said the giant. 'You look well. Next to being well, I value appearing well. Walk in and tell me the news.'

"Herr Von Stopplebottle took out of his pocket a large letter addressed in red ink to 'The Most Honorable Lord High Mightiness, the Giant Sham,' and bowing low presented it, saying as he did so, 'Here, your Majesty, is my news.'

"Now the giant always smothered his visitors as soon as they crossed his threshold; but the letter made him forgetful. He turned the envelope over and over, while Herr Von Stopplebottle sat down in one of the big parlor-chairs and made himself comfortable. But the letter was soaked with truth, which affected the giant as chloroform affects us; and before he had read three words he fell fast asleep and was soon snoring. Our hero drew a little phial from his pocket and wet the letter several times with fresh truth. Wonderful to tell! — in just five minutes the giant fell in pieces. He was as hollow as a drum; and his own servants swept up all there was left of him, which was only his outside, and threw the pieces into the kitchen fire.

"The giant Sham dead, his great house, with all it contained, and his kingdom, which was as large as Germany and Austria together, became the property of Herr Von Stopplebottle. Grown tired of adventure, he concluded to settle down and lead a quiet life; so he asked the lovely princess whom he had delivered from the serpent to become his wife. She consented, and came the very next week with all her family, and a baggage-wagon full of bandboxes, from the land of the Three Blue Daffodils. Then there was a gorgeous wedding and a grand feast, after which they dwelt in the great house.

"Herr Von Stopplebottle reigned a thousand years and one day; and then he died, to the great sorrow of the lovely princess, who built for his ashes an expensive mausoleum, which, Gusty, my child, is the nicest kind of a monument.

"But, alas! after the manner of the things of this world, it has long since crumbled into decay."

"One of these days," cried Gustus confidently, "I will do just such deeds as that great Herr did. I 'll have a sword, and go about the world killing lions and serpents and giants. You see if I don't!"

"Come, Gustus," called his mother; "little boys must to bed when the clock strikes nine. Bid Dietbold good night, and run up-stairs."

"Won't you hold a candle for me?" said Gustus, as he started to obey. "It 's fearful dark up-stairs."

"But you are going to fight serpents and giants when you are a man," said his mother.

"I 'm not in the least afraid of lions or serpents or giants," said Gustus earnestly; "but when I go up-stairs at night I 'm always afraid that something will grab my feet; and — I guess — I 'm — a little — afraid of the dark!"

So his mother held the candle for him.

TEDDY AND CARROTS:

TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

By James Otis.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

Chapter VII.

THE WARNING.

As a matter of course, business was not to be thought of on this day, and for two very good reasons.

First, there was every cause to believe Skip Jellison and his followers would do all they could to prevent the boy from Saranac from engaging in any business; and secondly, because it seemed absolutely necessary Carrots and his friends should discuss the situation.

The boys were forced to earn such food as they might need, or go hungry, and yet Skip Jellison would try to prevent their doing business on the street.

Of course they could stand up and battle for their rights, probably receiving assistance from some of those boys whom Master Jellison had disciplined by the same methods pursued with Teddy; but such a struggle would hinder their business affairs.

If it became necessary to fight every time Teddy sold a paper, not only would the money-making be sadly curtailed, but danger of arrest would be very great.

"I reckon I would n't get off as easy if I was hauled up before that judge ag'in," Teddy said to his companion when the two had taken leave of Teenie Massey, and were walking in the direction of the water-front. "But I don't see how I 'm goin' to get along without fightin', 'less I 'm willin' to lie right down an' let Skip Jellison tread on me."

"See here!" Carrots said suddenly, as if believing he had a thoroughly good plan in mind. "You 've allers lived on a farm, have n't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, now I have an idea it would be nice to stay in the country. S'posin' you an' me go right off an' get a job on some farm. That would settle Skip in great shape, an' we 'd have a mighty good time."

"It would settle Skip, there 's no question 'bout that," Teddy replied. "But when it comes to havin' a good time, you 'd find you 'd made a big mistake. I 've had all the farmin' I want. A fellow never 'd get ahead in the world if he worked round for nothin' but his board an' clothes on a farm."

"You can't get even that much in the city, 'less you have money to start a reg'lar stand."

"That 's jest it! That 's jest what a fellow wants to do! He ought ter make up his mind he 's goin' to have a place, an' buy it. After that he can 'low to have a store, an' get one, too. All he has to do is to work hard, an' save his money for a while."

"I don't know 'bout that," Carrots replied, with a grave shake of his head. "I 've tried as hard as any fellow to get 'long, but don't own more 'n ninety cents in the world to-day."

"Well, I 'm going to try it in the city till I make up my mind it can't be done, an' p'rhaps then I 'd be willin' to go out on a farm; but it 'll be a good while before that time comes, Carrots. Where are you goin' now?"

"Down on one of these piers, where we can talk without Skip's crowd sneakin' up on us."

By this time they were near Fulton ferry, and Carrots had but little difficulty, familiar as he was with the locality, in finding what he sought.

A pile of merchandise near the end of a pier afforded many convenient openings in which two boys could stow themselves snugly away without fear of being seen; and, entering one, Carrots proceeded to make himself comfortable by crawling to the very farthest corner, and there lighting a cigarette.

"Say, you 're an awful good fellow, Carrots," Teddy began, as if he had suddenly made a

very important discovery. "You 've taken right hold to help me, jest the same 's if we 'd allers knowed each other, an' done a good deal more 'n any chum of mine I ever had. Now, I don't see any way to pay you back yet a while."

"I don't want to be paid back," Carrots replied decidedly. "I tried to help you through this thing, 'cause it was a shame to let Skip Jellison have his way, as he allers counts on; an' what I 've done is n't much."

straight, I 've got a little settlement to make," and Carrots began a problem in arithmetic, using a bit of smooth board as paper, and making the figures thereon with a very short fragment of a lead-pencil. "Now, I sold them papers of yours, and here 's the money," he added.

"But some of 'em was so muddy you could not have sold them," Teddy objected.

"Yes, I did; every one. You see, I wiped the mud off, an' then folded 'em inside, so 's it



TEENIE BRINGS THE "COMMITTEE'S" WARNING. (SEE PAGE 835.)

"Indeed it is. I 'd been on my way to jail now, if you had n't taken hold of this thing. We 've got to straighten matters somehow. In the first place, I want to give back the money you handed me when I was 'rested."

"Better keep it. It may be two or three days before we can do any work."

"But I 'd rather start square," Teddy replied, as he counted out the pennies which he had kept carefully apart from his own hoard, and literally forced them upon his companion.

"Well, if you 're goin' to square up so would n't show. It don't pay to let papers spoil jest 'cause there 's a little dirt on 'em."

"But it is n't right I should take it," Teddy replied gravely. "You stopped your work yesterday and to-day jest to help me along, an', of course, have n't earned a cent. Now, the best way will be to give me what I paid out for the papers, an' take the profit yourself, 'cause it really b'longs to you."

"I won't do anything of the kind," Carrots replied, in a tone of determination. "It ain't certain as I should have worked yesterday."

"Course you would. You 'd begun when I first saw you, an' had earned some money."

"Well, then, that 's jest it! I got enough yesterday to keep me, an' by night we 'll have some plan to get the best of Skip Jellison."

Teddy insisted that his companion should take the profits resulting from the sale of the newspapers, and Carrots quite as strongly refused to do anything of the kind; therefore the matter necessarily remained unsettled, the boy from Saranac holding the money in trust, as it were.

"Have a cigarette?" Carrots asked, with the air of a man of leisure, as he pulled several from his pocket.

"I don't want any, Carrots. I never smoke."

"What?"

"I don't smoke, and, what 's more, I ain't goin' to. After all you 've done for me, it seems kind er tough that I should turn 'round an' talk to you 'bout spendin' money; but there 's one of the very reasons why you ain't got a stand. Instead of hustlin' to make a nickel, you spend one buyin' cigarettes, or else waste a good deal of time standin' on the streets smokin'. It would make a big difference if you did n't like sich things; an', besides, it hurts a boy to smoke 'em."

Carrots looked at Teddy in surprise.

He failed to understand why a fellow could not amuse himself smoking cigarettes, and was thoroughly bewildered to hear an argument made as to the expense.

"Well, I 'll be jiggered! It looks to me like as if you 'd come down here tryin' to be too awful good. I wish I had money enough to buy a glass case to put you in. I reckon I could sell the lot up to the museum."

"That 's right; laugh jest as much as you 've a mind to, Carrots. You can't make me mad after all you 've done; but what I said is true, jest the same, an' don't you forget it."

"All right," Carrots replied placidly. "I reckon it won't cost very much till these 're gone; so, s'posin' we talk 'bout how we 're goin' inter business? Skip 's got it in for me now, an' I 'll have to shin 'round as lively as you do."

"There 's only one thing 'bout it. We must 'tend to work the same 's if he was n't livin'."

"But he 'll jump down on us, an' then we 'll get into another fight."

"I s'pose that 's so. Ain't there some place in the town jest as good for paper-sellin' as 'round the City Hall?"

"Well, I don't know. You see, I 've allers worked there, an' am 'quainted with the fellows, so it seems to me it 's 'bout the only spot. If you should try down by South Ferry, or 'round here anywhere, everybody 'd do their best to drive you out, same 's Skip did. I *b'long* up to City Hall, so they can't shove me away from there; an' the bootblacks in any place else would raise a row if I come takin' trade away."

"It don't seem as though they 'd dare to do such things," said Teddy thoughtfully. "You 've as much right on one street as another."

"That 's the way I s'pose it looks to a stranger; but it ain't so, jest the same. Now if a new fellow come where I was workin' I 'd turn in with the others to drive him off, of course."

"Then how does a new boy like me start?"

"He has ter hustle, an' take it rough, same 's you 're doin'. When the others find out you 're bound to stick, they 'll let you alone."

"Then, in that case, the sooner we 'tend to business the better. If we 're goin' to have a row, let 's get over with it as soon as we can."

"That 's what I was countin' on; but I 'll tell you we 'd better not work to-day. It 's no use to rush, an' by to-morrow Skip 'll be over his mad fit a little, most likely. He won't do anything but hunt for us till night, an' in the mornin' he 'll need money so bad he 'll have to go to work."

Teddy realized that Carrots's advice must be good, since he was thoroughly acquainted with the ways of the city; yet at the same time he was impatient because of the enforced idleness when it seemed necessary he should be at work.

Then Carrots proceeded to explain to his newly made friend some of the peculiarities of his associates, and gave him an insight into their manner of living.

"Now I 'm countin' on your takin' half of my house," Carrots said. "You see, you 've got either to go to the Newsboys' Lodging House, or else hire a room somewhere, if you

want ter swell, an' that 's dreadful expensive. When the weather ain't too cold, boys can sleep 'round 'most anywhere."

"How does it happen that you have a house? Do you live with your folks?"

"I ain't got any, an' never had; but the place where I stop is mighty swell, I can tell you, though we can't go home till after dark, 'cause I don't want the folks what hire the property to think I came for the rent."

Teddy was mystified by this reply; but thought it advisable not to ask for particulars.

"I suppose you get your grub anywhere?" he said interrogatively.

"Yes, when I 've got the money. When I ain't, I go without. Seein' 's how neither of us has had any breakfast, what do you say to huntin' for a place where we can git five-cent soup?"

This seemed to Teddy like a necessity, inasmuch as he had had neither supper nor breakfast, and a few moments later the boys were busily employed over two plates of soup.

When the meal was ended the two, whose only business on this day was to keep beyond the reach of Skip Jellison, walked up-town that Teddy might see as much of the city as possible during his enforced idleness, and they did not return until a late hour.

After a great many precautions, and an unusual amount of scurrying to and fro, Carrots conducted his friend to the residence in the rear of the shop, and was delighted by hearing it praised in no stinted terms.

"It 's great!" Teddy said approvingly. "A fellow that 's got a place like this do n't need to hire any rooms. I 'd rather have it than a reg'lar house, any day."

"So had I," the proud proprietor replied; "but one thing is that you can't get here in the daytime. I reckon if they knew a fellow was livin' in these boxes, they 'd fire him out."

Then Carrots brought forth such of the provisions as had been left over from the previous evening's feast; and before he had finished this task a shrill whistle from the alleyway caused him to leap to his feet quickly, as he exclaimed:

"Now, there 's Teenie Massey ag'in! I do wish he 'd stay away once in a while. There won't be any room for three of us to sleep here, an' I 'm goin' to tell him so."

As he ceased speaking Carrots gave vent to a prolonged whistle, and a few seconds later the sound as of some one climbing over the fence told that Master Massey was in what might be called the vestibule of Carrots's residence.

It was evident that Teenie was not wholly at ease when he made his appearance. Even one who had never seen him before would have understood there was something on his mind, and he greeted his friends in such a peculiar manner as to cause Carrots to ask:

"What 's the matter with you? Ain't any of your folks dead, is there?"

"Oh, I 'm all right," Teenie replied. "What made you think there was anything wrong?"

"Why, you look so — kind er queer."

Teenie was silent for a few moments, as if revolving some weighty question in his mind, and then, with the air of one who is determined to have the worst over, said:

"Look here, Carrots! I 've allers been a friend of yours, ain't I, even if I have stood in with Skip Jellison once in a while?"

"Course you have, Teenie. What 's troublin' you?"

"You might think I was n't actin' jest square, so I wanted to have it straight."

"Have what straight?" Carrots asked impatiently.

"'Bout how you an' I stand. Now, you see, I met Skip this afternoon —"

"Did n't tell him where I lived, did you?" Carrots asked sternly.

"Course not. What do you take me for? But he had a good deal to say 'bout you."

"If he don't ever hurt me any worse 'n he can with his tongue, I reckon I 'll get along all right."

"He says he 's goin' to drive both of you fellows out er the city, if he don't do anything else the rest of the year."

"Then he 'll have a chance to get through with a good bit of loafin', for we 're not goin' to get up an' dust jest to please him."

"But he 's awful mad."

"That don't hurt me any. He can boil over if he wants to, for all I care."

"Well, now, Carrots, he wanted me to do somethin', an' I could n't get out er promisin'."

"What was it?" the host asked impatiently.

"You won't get mad?"

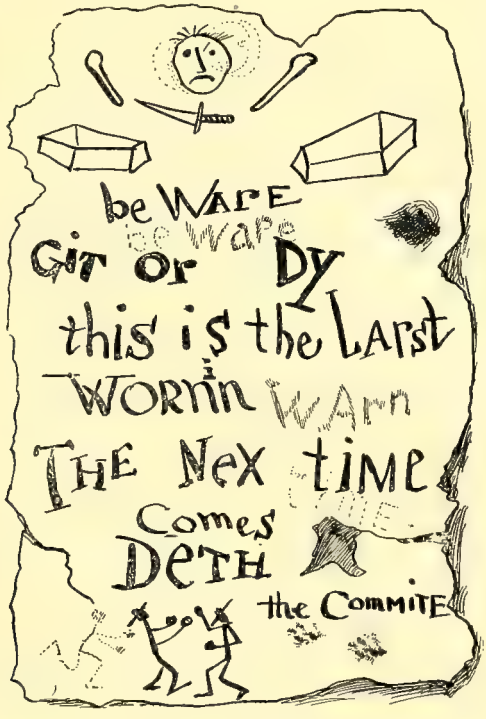
"Course not, 'less you 're givin' somethin' away ag'in' me."

"He wanted me to bring a letter down here. You see, he kind er thinks I know where you live, an' so he told me I 'd got to take it. I could n't help myself, Carrots, 'cause he hung right on, an' jest as likely 's not he 'd have given me a thumpin' if I had n't done it."

"Oh, that 's all right. Fish up your letter."

Teenie drew from his pocket a piece of soiled paper and gave it to Carrots, who, with the candle in his hand, opened it carefully and with an air of the utmost gravity.

Fortunately, so far as the better understanding of this story is concerned, the important document was preserved by Teddy; therefore we are enabled to give an exact copy of it:



Chapter VIII.

THE PARTNERS.

It was fully five minutes before Carrots succeeded in deciphering the letter brought by Teenie, and then he pretended to treat the matter as a huge joke.

"Why, Skip must have spent pretty nigh the whole day gettin' up that thing," he said, as he handed the missive to Teddy. "I wonder what he made the moon there for?"

"Moon?" Teenie repeated. "Why, he told me it was a skull, with a dagger underneath it and with bones on the sides, same 's pirates have on their flags; an' the two coffins was for you an' the other fellow."

"Who are the two duffers down there at the bottom? A couple of pirates?"

"No; they 're the committee," Teenie explained. "I s'pose one of 'em 's Skip, an' the other 's Sid."

"So Sid 's taken a hand in this; *he 's* gone to drivin' boys out er the town, has he? Well, Sid 's a nice plum to do anything of the kind! 'T is n't more 'n a month ago since he was gettin' right down on his knees, coaxin' Skip to let him stay to black boots. It would be a mighty long while before I 'd ask Skip Jellison to 'low me to do anything!"

"Them two are awful thick now. Kind er stand in pardners, I reckon. Sid says he 's goin' to run Fulton Ferry on the Brooklyn side, an' Skip 's to take care of this end, as soon as they drive the fellow from Saranac away."

"Oh, they are, eh? Well, p'rhaps it 'll be a good while before they finish up the job they 've got on hand, so I guess they won't hurt theirselves workin' this season. What do you think about it, Teddy?"

The young gentleman from Saranac made no reply, but folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket, as if for future reference.

"What 're you goin' to do 'bout it?" Teenie asked, so earnestly that Carrots looked at him suspiciously.

"Do 'bout it?" the latter replied. "Why, let him go ahead. What else can we do? I 've seen a good many better-lookin' pictures than he made there, an' if that 's all he does he won't hurt anybody."

"But see here, Carrots: Skip says you 'll have to leave this town if you stand in with Teddy, an' he 's goin' to make it awful hot."

"Well, I s'pose if he can do that he will; so what 's the use talkin' 'bout it? We can't help anything, as I see."

Teenie understood that his friend was not

absolutely satisfied regarding his connection with the matter, and therefore refused to make any explanation as to what his future course might be. This lack of confidence troubled the messenger; for Carrots was a particular friend of his, and he did not wish anything to impair the kindly feeling existing between them.

So he was glad when Carrots said:

"I ain't blamin' you, Teenie; but I can tell you one thing sure: what ain't known can't be told. If Skip Jellison should 'low he was jest about goin' to thump the life out er you if you did n't repeat everything I said, why, you might have to give up. So I don't think it 's best for us to have any talk. Of course I 'm sure you won't tell where I 'm livin'."

"I would n't say a word 'bout that, Carrots, an' you know it."

"I b'lieve you, Teenie, I b'lieve you; but you understand how things are workin'. Teddy an' me are in a pretty bad hole jest now, an' we 've got to be careful. If you could kind er tell us once in a while what Skip was thinkin' of doin', it might help along; but I won't ask it in case you 're 'fraid, 'cause I don't want ter get any other fellow in a scrape."

"I 'll do all I can, Carrots; an' now I reckon I 'd better be goin'. Mother told me I must come home to-night."

"All right, old man. Be sure, when you get on the street, that Skip ain't watchin' so 's to find out where you 've been."

"He can't be 'round here, 'cause I went up to supper first, an' walked right down from the house without seein' him."

Then Teenie took his departure, and the victims of Master Skip's wrath were left alone to discuss the situation, which was certainly beginning to look serious for them.

"Now what do you think 'bout it?" Carrots asked, after seeing Teenie over the fence.

"Well, I don't see as it 's any different from what it was before. We knew he was bound to drive me away, an' it was n't likely he 'd stop after what little he 's done. Now, Carrots, there 's jest this much about it: you would n't be in any fuss with him if it was n't for me, an' you can square things up this very minute by sayin' you 've shook me. Why not do it?"

"'Cause I kind er like you, Teddy, an' then, ag'in, I would n't give Skip the satisfaction of knowin' he 'd made me do what he wanted."

"Better that than have to go out of the business."

"I sha'n't do anything of the kind. I reckon you and I can fix things up somehow, an' I 'll tell you what I 'd like, Teddy. It seems as if you knew how to manage better 'n I, an' why would n't it be a good idea to go inter pardnership? I can earn as much money in pleasant weather blackin' boots as you will by sellin' papers, and I 'll 'gree not to spend a cent more 'n you. You shall take care of the cash, an' say what we 'll have for grub, an' all that sort of thing."

"You want us to go inter business, eh?"

"That 's jest it. 'Teddy an' Carrots.' My name don't sound very well. Might call it Joseph; but then nobody 'd know who you meant."

"It ought ter be 'Thurston an' Williams,' of course. Pardners don't use their first names."

"Now you 've struck it!" Carrots cried in delight. "Is it a whack?"

"It is," Teddy replied gravely, and thus was a very weighty matter settled: a business connection formed which might possibly not receive any great amount of attention from the newspaper reporters, but a solid one in the opinion of the members composing the firm.

"Then here 's the money we 've got on hand," and Carrots emptied his pockets immediately. "You keep the whole, an' we can tell every night jest how we stand."

"But you must n't put in all your money, Carrots. You see, I have n't got as much, an' that would n't be fair."

Then Teddy counted his wealth, which consisted, including the profits made on the newspapers, of forty-three cents.

"That 's the size of it. You put in jest as much, an' we 'll start fair," said Teddy.

Carrots insisted that it would be better for him to contribute the entire amount of his capital; but Teddy refused to listen to anything of the kind, and, finally, the question was settled by the cashier's putting into one particular pocket, which was to be reserved for the use of the firm, the sum of eighty-six cents.

"Now, then, when are you goin' to work?"

Teddy asked, with a business-like air. "It won't do for us to spend this money for grub, 'cause we shall want somethin' to eat to-morrow. What do you say to tryin' it 'round South Ferry?"

"If we do that, Skip will be sure he has driven us out. I think we 'd better go right up to City Hall, an' start in straight; but the first thing is, where 'll we live?"



"I SAID I KNEW A BOY, AN' I SHOWED HIM RIGHT UP."
(SEE PAGE 839.)

"What 's the matter with this place?"

"I ain't so certain but Teenie 'll give the snap away. If Skip gets hold of him he can make him tell 'most anything."

"No need of movin' till we find out that Skip really knows where we are. I ain't so sure but it would be a good idea to stay right here, anyhow, an' let him do whatever he can."

"But you see, he 'd tell the folks in the store, an' they 'd drive us out."

"That might be," Teddy replied thoughtfully. "But we 've got plenty of time to think it over. Now what we want is to earn a newsstand the very first thing. Then we 'll have to get a chair outside, an' you could tend shop while I was selling papers anywhere trade happened to be the best."

"Won't that be fine!" Carrots cried in a tone of enthusiasm. "How the fellows' eyes would stick out if we was runnin' a reg'lar shop!" But then he added reflectively, "I don't see how that 's goin' to be done. It 's been a pretty tight squeeze for me to get enough to buy grub with, to say nothin' of swellin'; an' if that would n't be swellin', I don't know what to call it!"

"'Tend right to your work, Carrots, an' don't spend money on cigarettes, or such things as that, an' it won't take long to get what we need. I don't reckon one of them stands costs any more 'n ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" Carrots exclaimed. "Why don't you buy the City Hall an' start in in great shape? Ten dollars! Why, we could n't earn that much in a month!"

"Well, s'posin' we could n't? S'posin' it took two months? Would n't that be better 'n the way you 're workin' now?"

"Yes, I reckon it would; but I don't b'lieve we 'd ever get that much together."

"You do as I want you to, an' we 'll see what 'll happen. Now, look at it jest this way, Carrots: If you made twenty-three cents for me yesterday afternoon sellin' papers, s'posin' you put in the whole day at it could n't you have made more 'n fifty cents?"

"I could do better 'n that blackin' boots, even when business was n't good."

"Well, there you are! If you earn fifty cents, an' enough to buy grub, an' I do the same, it would n't take us but ten days to have the money we wanted."

Carrots rubbed his nose reflectively, thereby adding to the smudge of blacking which now extended nearly from ear to ear; and, noticing it, Teddy asked earnestly:

"Say, why don't you wash your face?"

"What would be the good of that?"

"You 'd look more decent, anyhow. I b'lieve folks 'd rather buy things of a fellow who 's clean than of one lookin' like an Injun."

"But when a man has his boots shined he does n't care whether my face is white or red, so long 's he gets a polish."

"You ought ter care, Carrots. Is n't there any water 'round here?"

"Yes; there 's a hydrant in the other corner of the yard."

"Take this piece of soap an' my towel, an' go over there. Try it once, an' see how much better you 'll feel."

As he spoke, Teddy unrolled his newspaper valise, took from it the articles mentioned, and handed them to his friend, who looked at the collection in a suspicious sort of manner, as if questioning whether it would be exactly safe for him to make the experiment suggested.

"I 'll do it! By jinks! I 'll do it jest once for luck!" he said; and five minutes later the operation had been completed.

Carrots, with every freckle showing on his face, his skin glowing from the unwonted use of soap and water, and a broad streak of dirt left just in front of his ears and extending under his chin, returned to the dwelling almost shamefaced.

"There! if you feel as much better as you look, you must be jest humpin' yourself," Teddy said admiringly. "Only you did n't wash far enough back."

"What 's the matter now?" Carrots asked in surprise.

"It seems to me as if you 'd shoved the dirt back instead of washin' it off."

"Well, see here, Teddy: I did this thing to please you, did n't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, I 've sworn off now. I don't b'lieve in puttin' on frills anyhow, an' all this talk 'bout water makin' you feel good is all in your eye. If we 've got to earn ten dollars in ten days, I reckon it 'll take all my time shinin', 'stead of tryin' to look so mighty fine that a man 'd think I would n't dare to pull the stopper out er a blackin'-bottle for fear of smuttin' my fingers. I s'pose if I lived on a farm, same 's you did, I 'd wash when I saw the others, an' then it would n't come so unhandy. That 's where I wish I was now — in the country," he added, as he clasped his hands around one knee and rocked himself to and fro on the impromptu bed.

"You would n't wish that very long if you had one taste of it."

"I ain't so sure of that. I tell you, when a fellow's got a bed to get inter, an' plenty of stuff to eat, it 's a pretty soft snap. I 'd like to try it 'bout a month.

"That would be long enough," Teddy said; and then, by way of putting an end to the conversation, he nestled into the straw as if to go to sleep.

Carrots moved about very gingerly, as if his whole nature had been changed by the washing of his face. At last he blew out the candle, snuffed the glowing end with his thumb and finger, and followed his friend's example.

Next morning Carrots was aroused by the sun shining upon his face, and, after awakening his friend, he explained why it was necessary for them to leave the packing-case home at such an early hour.

From the Company's funds was spent sufficient to buy two bowls of soup; and then, advised by Carrots, Teddy agreed to remain in the vicinity of South Ferry, rather than to make an attempt to do business around City Hall Park, until Master Jellison's anger should have had time to subside.

"I 'll see you when you come up for the afternoon papers," Carrots said as they parted. "But you can count on my hustling the best I know how toward gettin' to-day's share of the ten dollars."

"Be sure you don't have any trouble with Skip," Teddy cautioned his friend, and then

the two separated, each intent on swelling the Company's funds to the greatest possible extent before night.

When noon came, and it was necessary for Teddy to replenish his stock, he failed to find his partner around the newspaper-offices.

This absence of Carrots did not trouble him particularly, since Teddy was quite confident the boy was attending to his own business; and he felt positive it would not be safe for him to search very long after the missing partner, lest he should encounter the enemy.

Therefore it was that he returned to his labors without consultation with his business associate; and when it was so late that there could be no danger the occupants of the store would see him entering the dwelling in the corner of the yard, he again clambered over the fence.

Master Carrots was at home, and, as could be told from his face, laboring under the most intense excitement.

"I 've done it!" he cried to Teddy before the latter had time to speak. "I 've done it, an' we 'll have to give up the pardnership business, 'cause this is the best chance I 'll get."

"Done what?" Teddy asked in surprise.

"Got a place to work on a farm."

"Are you goin' to leave the city?" Teddy asked anxiously.

"I 'll have to, of course, if I do that. You see, it happened this way: Every fellow I met this mornin' told me what Skip had threatened to do, an' I reckon he means business. He says we 've both got to leave this town before he goes to work ag'in, an' what 's more, he an' Sid Barker would n't let me stay 'round Printin' House Square at all. I had to take a sneak, or else stand the chance of gettin' 'rested for fightin', so I went down to Vesey Street Market. Trade was n't so awful good there, an' I was kind er loafin' 'round when a farmer come up an' says, 'Hello, son. Don't know of any boy 'round here what wants to go out in the country, do you?' Well, you know, that struck me jest right. I said of course I knew a boy, an' I showed him right up, 'cause it was me, an' I had n't far to go to find myself. Well, the farmer acted as if he was tickled 'most to death, an' he said as how I was the very kind of a fellow he was lookin' for; that he 'd give me a good home an' make it cheerful; besides, I 'd have lots of fun runnin' in the fields."

"How much is he goin' to pay you?" Teddy asked.

"Well, you see, we ain't settled on that yet. He thought I 'd better come out and try it for a while, so 's he could tell how much I was worth, an' then we 'd talk 'bout wages afterward."

"An' are you willin' to go on them promises?"

"Willin'? Why, it 's a reg'lar snap! I 'd like to stay here an' try to buy that stand with you; but what 's the use if Skip's goin' to raise sich a row? Besides, if we 've got to sneak 'round all the poorest places to work, we sha'n't make enough to pay for our grub, an' out there I 'll have all I can eat."

"Well, Carrots, I 'm sorry to have you go jest when we 've got acquainted, an' it seemed as though we 'd get along well together; but if you 're set on farmin', you 'll have to try it, I reckon. I 'll stay here an' keep on workin', so 's when you get ready to come back there 'll be somethin' to eat, 'less Skip Jellison succeeds in doin' what he counts on."

"I may drop 'round in a month or two, jest to see how you 're gettin' along," Carrots replied, with an air of condescension; "but of course I 'm bound to stay out there a year anyhow, when I start in once."

"When are you goin'?"

"To-morrow noon."

"Come down to South Ferry before you go, an' when you get back, Carrots, I guess you 'll find me at the same place, 'cause trade was pretty fair to-day."

"Oh, you 'll be up 'round City Hall by that time."

"It 'll take me longer 'n a week to get things straightened out, an' you won't stay there six days, 'less you 're a different fellow from what I think you are," Teddy replied, with an air of conviction that surprised his friend.

(To be continued.)



"A GREAT PANIC FELL UPON THE MOORISH HOST." (SEE PAGE 843.)

"BABIECA," THE WAR-HORSE OF THE CID.

By James Baldwin.

It was not in derision that his master called him "Babieca," or "Booby," but by way of endearment. When you named your own pony "Rogue," you did not mean to imply that he was a bad fellow, but rather the contrary. And I assure you that Babieca was anything but a dunce, or foolish fellow, and everybody knew it.

He might have been called the "White Arabian"; for he was of pure Arab stock, and, if I mistake not, had been bred and reared by Arab masters in the great sandy desert. He had been captured in fair fight with a Moorish warrior.

The capture had happened in this way. The king of Seville, at the head of an army of thirty thousand Moors, had ridden him to Valencia, intent upon retaking that city from the Cid, Ruy Diaz, who had but lately won it from the fierce Moorish conquerors. It was the young monarch's first campaign, and his heart swelled with pride as he rode between orchards of olives and fields of ripening corn, and looked back at the long line of Moorish chivalry which followed him. He thought to drive Ruy Diaz and his handful of knights out of Valencia would be only the sport of a holiday, and hence he had come clad rather in the regalia of a king than in the armor of a warrior. And the great white horse had trappings of purple and gold, with silver bells jingling from the reins, and jewels sparkling from the bridle-bands. When Ruy Diaz, the Cid, looking out from his high tower, saw the state in which his enemy approached, he laughed and said:

"The Moor seems to have come to a tournament instead of a battle; but we will run a tilt with him that he will not soon forget. And whosoever wins shall have Valencia and the proud white horse that carries our enemy so grandly."

The next day the Cid went out at the head of his people, and gave battle to the king of Seville in the garden of Villa Nueva. And the Moors were routed with great slaughter and driven as far as to the river Xucar, where, the jocular historian of the battle tells us, "they drank plenty of water without liking it; for fifteen thousand were drowned at the ford." The king of Seville escaped "with three blows," says the chronicler; but he left the white Arabian behind.

Thus it was that Ruy Diaz, the Cid, won the steed that was afterward called Babieca, or the Booby.

Not long after this, the Cid sent for his wife, Doña Ximena, and his two fair daughters, to join him in Valencia. They came, with a great company of maidens, and with palfreys not a few, and a goodly number of sure-footed mules. And attending them were sixty knights, all fully armed and mounted upon mettlesome horses with bells on their harness, and trappings of rich sendal silk. The knights carried burnished shields upon their arms, and lances with streamers in their hands. Looking out from his high tower, Ruy Diaz saw the company while yet they were a great way off, and he sent out two hundred knights to meet them. Then he bethought him of the white Arabian that he had taken from the King of Seville, and which no man among all his followers had yet had the hardihood to mount; and he ordered his grooms to saddle him and bring him out. It was a good time, he thought, to give the steed his first trial, and at the same time show his own wonderful skill as a horseman. It was much as the grooms could do to put the bits in Babieca's mouth, throw the saddle upon his back, and lead him to the spot where the Cid was waiting.

"Have a care!" cried the knights and cavaliers, when they saw the great horse launching out on every side with his iron hoofs, rearing

upon his hind feet and pawing the air, and snapping right and left with his sharp ivory teeth. But Ruy Diaz was not afraid of any horse that lived. Clad in light armor, with a long surcoat of blue thrown over it, he seized the right moment and sprang astride of the restive animal. Like an arrow shot from a bow, Babieca sprang forward; and those who saw him were astounded both at the fleetness of his running and the skill with which the Cid restrained and directed him. It was a sight which none could forget — the great steed seeming to fly over the ground, the Cid's blue cloak and his long beard streaming behind, and then the tameness with which the horse stopped at the end of the course, and allowed his rider to dismount! For years afterward everybody in Spain liked to talk about that wonderful ride. When the Cid had greeted his wife and daughters, he remounted Babieca, who was now as gentle as a lamb, and rode with them back to the city. "Who can tell," says the old chronicler, "the rejoicings that were made that day, throwing at the board, and killing bulls!"

Every day Babieca became more and more the favorite of his master; and next to his wife and daughters there was no creature living that Ruy Diaz loved so well. Many a fierce battle with the Moors would have been lost had it not been for Babieca; and the fame of the white horse was second only to that of his master. But Ruy Diaz was loyal to his liege lord King Alfonso of Castile, and it seemed to him a shame that he, a mere subject, should ride so fine a steed while his sovereign had to content himself with a common beast. And so, great as the sacrifice was, he offered to give Babieca to the king.

"There is not another charger in the world so good as he," said he to Alfonso; "and who shall have the best if not the king? Ah, but if you could only see him go when he smells the battle and rushes upon the host of the Moors!"

With that, he leaped upon Babieca and touched him with his spurs. The horse darted forward and sped across the plain, so swiftly, so fiercely, that those who saw him held their breath. Round and round he ran, now this way, now that, guided only by a single finger. Nobody had ever seen such horsemanship — so daring a rider, so wonderful a charger.

Thus to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
He snapt in twain his hither rein: — "God pity now the Cid!"
"God pity Diaz!" cried the lords, — but when they looked again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling, him, with the fragment of his rein;
They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,
Like a true lord commanding — and obeyed as by a lamb.
And so he led him foaming and panting to the king.
But "No," said Don Alfonso, "it were a shameful thing
That peerless Babieca should ever be bestrid
By any man but Ruy Diaz. — Mount, mount again, my Cid."

To tell of all the exploits of Babieca would fill a book. It will be enough if I relate the story of the Cid's last ride upon his charger. King Bucar, the Moor, had come into the port of Valencia with so great an army, that there was not a man in the world that could give the number of his warriors. Having landed, they pitched their tents, fully fifteen thousand, around the city and began a siege. But at the same time the Cid, Ruy Diaz, lay dead in his own house, and his followers were in great straits because they knew that they could not hold the place against the vast force of the Moors. But the Cid, before his death, had told his people what to do, and they did as he had directed. They made no outcry nor sign of mourning for their dead leader, but defended themselves as well as they could from the Moorish archers, and, going upon the walls, made great rejoicing with trumpets and tambours, as if sure of victory. But, in the mean time, the friends of the dead chieftain who were dearest to him embalmed his body, and dressed it as though in armor, and set his long beard in order, so that no man seeing him would have thought him dead. Then they set him upon a saddle which had a frame fitted into it in such a way as to support the shoulders and the head and the arms in the same position that was taken by the Cid whenever he rode into battle. At midnight of the twelfth day, they placed the saddle with its burden

upon the back of Babieca; and they put a surcoat of green sendal upon the body of the chieftain, having his arms emblazoned thereon; and on his head they set a helmet of parchment, cunningly painted. Then they hung his shield about his neck, and placed in his hand the sword which he had so often bared against the Moors. When all was in readiness they opened the gate of the city that was toward Castile, and the people of the Cid marched out —six hundred in front of their dead leader, and six hundred in the rear. They went out so silently, that the Moors in their tents heard no sound.

But a small body of men, chosen to attract the attention of the enemy to the other side of the city, made an attack upon the camp of King Bucar. As they set upon the archers whose tents were nearest the walls, a great panic fell upon the Moorish host. It seemed to them that full seventy thousand Spanish knights, all dressed in white, were rushing out upon them, and they were led by a giant warrior on a white horse, who bore a white banner in one hand and a fiery sword in the other. So great was the Moors' fear that they rushed into the sea in their great haste to reach their ships; and the historian of that event says that more than ten thousand were drowned.

In the meanwhile Babieca, bearing the body of his master, and escorted by the twelve hundred knights, journeyed on by easy stages into Castile. And after they had passed beyond the territories of the Moors, a great concourse of people, and among them Don Alfonso the king, came to see once more the great chieftain Ruy Diaz, the Cid. But it was not until they had come to the Monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña, that the good horse was relieved of his ghostly burden.

Babieca was already an old horse; but he lived two years and a half after that strange, sad journey. And they buried him in front of the Monastery gate; and they planted two elms upon his grave, one at his head and the other at his feet; and these elms, for aught I know, may still be seen, marking the last resting-place of Babieca, the Booby.



TOMMY'S INVENTION FOR SLIDING TO BASES.

A Prudent Plan

By Emma A. Opper.



"The sentiment of Fear," declared my Uncle Zebedee,
"Is beneath the recognition of a valiant man like me.
I loathe timidity; I scorn a coward; and, oh, dear!
I *should* so hate to feel the paltry sentiment of Fear!
And in order to prevent it, why, I take some pains at night
To have the house closed up and barred securely, snug, and tight.
I should really hate to have a burglar getting in; and hence
I have placed alarms at frequent intervals along the fence,
And on all the doors and windows, and the cat-hole in the shed,
And the scuttle in the attic roof. Before I go to bed
I lock and bar the doors, and fasten weighty iron chains
Across; I don't like burglars, and I therefore take the pains
To place, as an additional precaution, pots and pans
At all the doors and windows, and tin pails and empty cans;
So if a burglar *should* come in, I 'd wake in time to fling
My watch and money where he 'd see them on first entering,
And then just step into the wardrobe, which I have supplied
With a key with which it may be firmly locked from the inside.
Thus, by these simple plans, it is indisputably clear
I shall never feel the despicable sentiment of Fear,
So far beneath the calm, composed and noble dignity
Of a brave man such as I am," said my Uncle Zebedee.

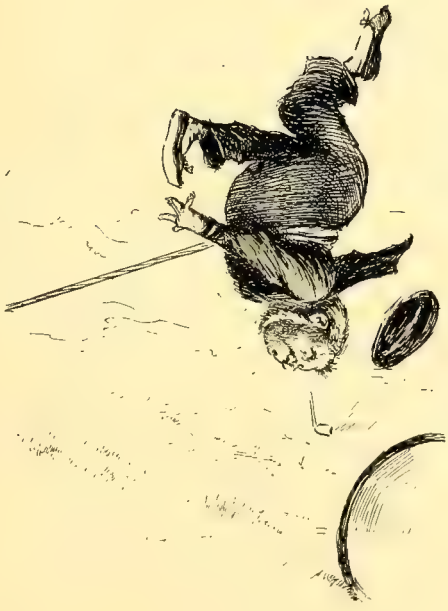
THE OLD TAR AND THE BICYCLE.



I—"I 'LL SHOW THESE LANDLUBBERS A THING OR TWO!"



II—"WHEN SHE MAKES TOO MUCH HEADWAY JUST LET GO YOUR ANCHOR—



III—AND HEAVE TO!"



IV—"AND THEY CALL THAT A 'SAFETY'!"



The Merry Mongoose.

BY HELEN HAY.

A MERRY Mongoose was marching along
By the banks of the nice old Nile.
Where the stream was impassable
He met an irascible,
Coy old Crocodile.

Do you think I would eat you,
That you cover your face with fright?"

Then the Crocodile turned and he grinned a grin,
Diametrically speaking, a mile.



But the giddy Mongoose was an innocent thing,
So he paused for a friendly talk.
"I must cross the river,"
He said with a shiver;
"And, really, I don't dare walk.

"So won't you be kind, and tote me across?—
I weigh but a tiny mite.
You scary old creature,

And he said, with a sneer or two
Lit with a leer or two,
"Carry you? I should smile!"

The Mongoose giggled a sickly gig.
"Oh, thank you kindly, very!
But a grinning facility
Of such agility
Does n't make the safest ferry."



HERO TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

By Theodore Roosevelt.

IV.—The Cruise of the "Wasp."

In the War of 1812, the little American navy, including only a dozen frigates and sloops-of-war, won against the English, till then the undoubted masters of the sea, a series of victories that attracted an attention altogether out of proportion to the force of the combatants or the actual damage done. For one hundred and fifty years the English ships of war had failed to find fit rivals in those of any other European power, although they had been matched against each in turn; and when the unknown navy of the new nation, growing up across the Atlantic, did what no European navy had ever been able to do, not only the English and Americans, but the people of Continental Europe as well, regarded the feat as important out of all proportion to the material elements of the case. The Americans first proved that the English could be beaten at their own game on the sea. They did what the huge fleets of France, Spain, and Holland had failed to do, and the great modern writers on naval warfare in Continental Europe, men like Julien de la Gravière, have paid the same attention to these contests of frigates and sloops that they give to fleet actions of other wars.

Among the famous ships of the Americans in this war were two each named "Wasp." The first was an eighteen-gun ship-sloop which, at the very outset of the war, captured a British brig-sloop of twenty guns after an engagement in which the British fought with great gallantry, but were knocked to pieces, while the Americans escaped comparatively unscathed. Immediately afterward a British seventy-four captured the victor. In memory of her the Americans gave the same name to one of the new sloops they were building. These sloops were stoutly made, speedy vessels, which in strength and swiftness compared favorably with any ships of their class in any other navy of the day; for the American shipwrights were already as famous as the American gunners and seamen. The new Wasp, like her sister sloops, carried twenty-two guns and a crew of one hundred and seventy men, and was ship-rigged. Twenty of her guns were 32-pound carronades, while for bow-chasers she had two "long Toms." It was in the year 1814 that the Wasp sailed from the United States to attack the navy and prey on the commerce of Great Britain. Her commander was a gallant South Carolinian, named Captain Johnson Blakeley. Her crew were almost all native Americans, and were an exceptionally fine set of men. Instead of staying near the American coasts or of sailing the high seas, the Wasp headed boldly for the English Channel, to carry the war to the very doors of the enemy.

At that time the English fleets had destroyed the navies of every other power in Europe, and had obtained such complete supremacy over the French, that the French fleets were kept in port. Off their ports lay the great squadrons of the English ships-of-the-line, never, in gale or in calm, relaxing their watch upon the rival war-ships of the French emperor. So close was the blockade of the French ports, and so hopeless were the French of making headway against their antagonists in battle, that not only the great French three-deckers and two-deckers, but their frigates and sloops as well, lay harmless in their harbors, and the English ships patroled the seas unchecked, in every direction. A few French privateers still slipped out now and then. The far bolder and more formidable American privateersmen drove hither and thither across the ocean in their swift schooners and brigantines, and harried the English commerce without mercy.

The Wasp proceeded at once to cruise in the English Channel and off the coasts of England, France, and Spain. Here the water was trav-

ersed continually by English fleets and squadrons and single ships of war, which were sometimes convoying detachments of troops for Wellington's Peninsular army, sometimes guarding fleets of merchant vessels bound homeward, and sometimes merely cruising for foes. It was this spot, right in the teeth of the British naval power, that the Wasp chose for her cruising ground. Hither and thither she sailed through the narrow seas, capturing and destroying the merchantmen, and by the seamanship of her crew, and the skill and vigilance of her commander, escaping the pursuit of frigate and ship-of-the-line. Before she had been long on the ground, one June morning, while in chase of a couple of merchant ships, she spied a sloop-of-war, the British brig "Reindeer," of eighteen guns and a hundred and twenty men. The Reindeer was a weaker ship than the Wasp, her guns were lighter and her men fewer; but her commander, Captain Manners, was one of the most gallant men in the British navy, and he promptly took up the gage of battle which the Wasp threw down.

The day was calm and nearly still; only a light wind stirred across the sea. At one o'clock the Wasp's drum beat to quarters, and the sailors and marines gathered at their appointed posts. The drum of the Reindeer responded to the challenge; and, with her sails reduced to fighting trim, her guns run out, and every man ready, she came down on the Yankee ship. On her forecastle she had rigged a light carronade, and, coming up from behind, she five times discharged this point-blank into the American sloop. Then, in the light air, the latter luffed around, firing her guns as they bore, and the two ships engaged yardarm to yardarm. The guns leaped and thundered, as the grimy gunners hurled them out to fire, working like demons. For a few minutes the cannonade on both sides was tremendous, and the men in the tops could hardly see the decks for the wreck of flying splinters. Then the vessels ground together, and through the open ports the rival gunners hewed, hacked, and thrust at one another, while the black smoke curled up from between the hulls. The English were suffering terribly; Captain Manners himself was wounded; and, realizing that he was doomed to defeat unless by some desperate effort he could avert it, he gave the signal to board. At the call, the boarders gathered around, many of them naked to the waist, and black with powder, holding cutlas and pistol in their hands. But the Americans were ready. Their marines were drawn up on deck, the pikemen stood behind the bulwarks, and the officers watched, cool and alert, for every movement of their foe.

Then the British sea-dogs tumbled aboard, only to perish by shot or steel. The combatants slashed and stabbed with savage fury, and the assailants were driven back. Manners sprang to their head to lead them again himself, when a ball fired by one of the sailors in the American tops crashed through his skull, and he fell, sword in hand, with his face to the foe, dying as honorable a death as ever a brave man died in fighting against odds for the flag of his country. As he fell the American officer passed the word to board. With wild cheers the fighting sailor-men sprang forward, sweeping the wreck of the British force before them, and in a minute the Reindeer was in their possession. All of her officers and nearly two thirds of the crew were killed or wounded. Twenty-six of the Americans had been killed or wounded.

The Wasp set fire to her prize, and after retiring to a French port to refit, came out again to cruise. For some time she met no antagonist of her own size with which to wage war, and she had to exercise the sharpest vigilance to escape capture. Late one September afternoon, when she could see ships-of-war all around her, she selected one which was isolated from the others and decided to run alongside her and try to sink her after nightfall. Accordingly she set her sails in pursuit and drew steadily toward her antagonist, a big eighteen-gun brig, the "Avon," a ship more powerful than the Reindeer. The Avon kept signaling to two other British war-vessels which were in sight, one an eighteen-gun brig, and the other a twenty-gun ship; they were so close that the Wasp was afraid they would interfere before the combat could be ended. Nevertheless, Blakeley persevered, and made his attack with equal skill and daring. It was after dark when he ran alongside his opponent, and they began

forthwith to exchange furious broadsides. As the ships plunged and wallowed in the seas, the Americans could see the clusters of topmen in the rigging of their opponent, but they knew nothing of the vessel's name or of her force, save only so far as they felt it. The firing was fast and furious, but the British shot with a very bad aim, while the skilled American gunners hulled their opponent at almost every discharge. In a very few minutes the Avon, being in a sinking condition, struck her flag and cried for quarter, having lost forty or fifty men, while but three of the Americans had fallen.

Before the Wasp could take possession of her opponent, however, the two war-vessels to which the Avon had been signaling came up. One of them fired at the Wasp, and as the latter could not fight two new foes, she ran off easily before the wind. Neither of her new antagonists followed her, devoting themselves to picking up the crew of the sinking Avon.



"THE COMBATANTS CUT AND SLASHED WITH SAVAGE FURY."

It would be hard to find a more gallant feat more skilfully performed than this; for Captain Blakeley, with hostile foes all around him, had closed with and sunk one antagonist not greatly his inferior in force, suffering hardly any loss himself, while two of her friends were coming to her help.

Both before and after this, the Wasp cruised hither and thither, making prizes. Once she came across a convoy of vessels bearing arms and munitions to Wellington's army, under the care of a great two-decker. Hovering about, the swift sloop evaded the two-decker's movements, and actually cut out and captured one of the transports she was guarding, making her escape unharmed. Then she sailed for the high seas. She made several other prizes, and on October 9 spoke a Swedish brig.

This was the last that was ever heard of the

gallant Wasp. She never again appeared, and no trace of any of those aboard her was ever found. Whether she was wrecked on some desert coast, whether she foundered in some furious gale, or what befell her, none ever knew. All that is certain is that she perished, and that all on board her met death, in some one of the myriad forms in which it must always be faced by those who go down to the sea in ships; and when she sank there sank one of the most gallant ships of the American navy, and with her were lost as brave a captain and crew as ever sailed from any port of the New World.



THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE "WASP" AND THE "AVON."

THE PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE AND THE CARIBOU.

(Sixteenth paper of the series on North American Quadrupeds.)

By William T. Hornaday.

The great pasture region of the West is an ocean of land. Here and there it lies motionless and unruffled, like a dead calm in the tropics. Farther on it swells gently, then rolls and heaves in great, smooth billows; and in the bad lands you see the broken waves of a tempest. Like the ocean voyager, who eagerly scans the horizon for a sail, a wreck, a porpoise, or anything to break the monotony, so will your vision search and search for something alive and moving in that "gray and melancholy waste."

PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE.
(An-ti-lo-cap'ra A-mer-i-can'a.)

And then how welcome is the sight of a band of Prong-horned Antelope!

To see this pretty prairie-rover at his best, you must call upon him during October or November. Then his new horns are perfect, his new coat of hair is at its brightest and best, and after six months of good grazing he is both fat and lively.

Late autumn is the best time of all the year to hunt the Antelope. With no snow on the ground they are easily seen, but they feel so gay and festive that they are very keenly alert, and their legs are set like hair-triggers — ready to go off at the lightest touch of alarm.

On the prairie, successful antelope-hunting is no child's play. The game nearly always sees you first, and retires in good order, but on the double-quick, to some high knoll a long mile away, from which safe distance you are care-

fully surveyed by the keenest of eyes. As you try to steal up within long rifle-range, the band suddenly glides down the side of the knoll, seemingly without effort, scurries across the next flat, and presently halts on another high point at the end of another mile.

The time was when Antelope had so much curiosity and so little sense they could be brought up within gunshot by waving a rag or ramrod, or wriggling a No. 10 foot in the air; but that period has gone by, at least in Montana. We tried it repeatedly, but found the Pronghorn was not half the fool he had been represented. In the broken bad lands, where coulées are deep and sharp ridges numerous, it is an easy matter to stalk Antelope, and to shoot them also — provided you are a good shot, don't get the buck-ague, and can judge distances reasonably well.

In early December, when winter sets in, and the snow and the snowy owls have come to stay, the bands of Antelope collect as if for mutual support and protection, and form immense herds. In former years, when the species was abundant, it was not uncommon to find 200 head together, and often as many as 600 to 700 have been seen in one herd. In the early winter, when the snows are light, it is very difficult to see Antelope, and to hunt them successfully. Their colors blend so perfectly with the snow and sage-brush that at rest a herd is often invisible before your eyes, and in fleeing from you it sweeps away like a dull gray cloud of mist.

Of all American quadrupeds, no other species fares so poorly in winter as the Pronghorn. Somehow nature seems to have omitted something from its equipment, and as a result the herds fare very badly in the snow. They drift before blizzards as helplessly as cattle, they sometimes freeze, and often starve, to death; and those that survive the winter come out in the spring thin, weak, and weather-beaten.

In several ways the personality of the Pronghorn is really remarkable. As a species, he is a native American, wholly our own, and constitutes a Family all by himself. These are his points of difference from other antelopes: (1) He has horns with a prong on them; (2) he actually *sheds* his horns annually, and renews them over a tall, bony core; (3) his horns are placed directly over his eyes; (4) he has no "dew-claws"; (5) and he wears a coat of *tubular* hair that is coarse, harsh, easily broken, and more like fine straw than hair.

This creature is the smallest ruminant animal inhabiting North America north of Mexico. It is nearly as tall as the mountain sheep, but it is not nearly so heavy, nor so strongly built. Its colors are usually but two in number, consisting of a cloak of light yellowish-brown thrown over the back of an otherwise white animal. On the throat the brown color is laid in a curious collar-like pattern, and the old males have also a wash of black on their cheeks. Taken altogether, with its trim legs, compact and shapely body, proud carriage of the head, jaunty horns, pert ears, and big, bright black eyes, the Prong-horned Antelope is a decidedly pretty and "stylish" creature. It runs swiftly, but not very gracefully, for the head is carried rather low, like that of a running sheep. Its flesh is delicious at all times save in late winter.

Formerly the Antelope was abundant throughout the whole of the great pasture region lying between the Rocky Mountains and the tier of States bordering the Mississippi River on the west. It still lingers in the States and Territories bordering the Rocky Mountains on the east, and in the southwest. Wherever they are but little hunted, they soon begin to increase in number. But the final doom of this pretty and interesting creature is fixed and certain, and its total disappearance from our country is a question of only a few more years.

We have in North America two kinds of CARIBOU—the BARREN-GROUND and the WOODLAND. For a large game animal that annually saves hundreds, if not thousands, of human beings from starvation, the BARREN-GROUND CARIBOU is far too little known. It is true this creature is rather out of our personal range, but that is hardly an excuse for the fact that only about one person out of every thousand has more than the faintest conception of its character, or even knows it by name. Inasmuch as this animal is to the Yellow-Knife and Dog-Rib Indians,

BARREN-GROUND CARIBOU.
(*Ran'gi-fer græn-land'i-cus.*)

a large body of Eskimos, and thousands of French-Canadian half-breeds, all that the buffalo once was to our own Indians, both in usefulness and in abundance, it is time for us to inform ourselves concerning it. Outside of the sportsmen's journals, and large works on natural history, we can almost count on the fingers of one hand the descriptive papers that have been published in our country about the Caribou of the far North. And even yet I am obliged to state that I have never known this animal in its native desolation, and can only offer information that has been furnished by those who have seen it at home.



THE PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE.

The Barren-Ground Caribou now inhabits the Great Slave Lake country, and just eastward thereof, not only in thousands, but tens of thousands, and it is almost safe to say hundreds of thousands! In 1891, when Mr. Warburton Pike found himself in the very midst of the vast throng of Caribou that were migrating southward, he was moved to doubt whether the buffalo had ever existed in greater numbers. Think of it! Vast herds of big game animals, fit for food, alive and unslaughtered in North America to-day! Why this oversight on the part of the game-butchers? Where are the hide-hunters, the tongue-hunters, and the grand army of greedy game-killers generally?

The reason for the unslaughtered condition of the Caribou herds of the far North is that Jack Frost owns the Barren Grounds, and by game-butchers Jack is considered "bad medicine." As usual, the inhabitants of Caribou-land slaughter the herds with sickening wastefulness, whenever they get an opportunity; but thus far the Caribou is holding its own fairly well, save in Alaska.

As its name indicates, the Barren-Ground Caribou inhabits that vast plain known as the Barren Grounds of North America. It is truly the land of silence, desolation, and cold. In Canada this country is supposed to begin at the northern limit of trees and shrubs, but in

Alaska, where the warm equatorial currents of the Pacific moderate the temperature, the tracts of frozen morass encroach here and there upon the timbered areas.

The center of greatest abundance of the Barren-Ground Caribou is found at the eastern extremity of Great Slave Lake. To-day that country is to this creature what the Panhandle of Texas was to the American bison in 1871. The northern limit of trees may fairly be taken as the boundary line between the summer and winter ranges of this animal.

But the range of the Barren-Ground Caribou is by no means confined to central North America. Excepting a fifty-mile strip along the coast of Bering Sea, and another along the Yukon River, where the creature has been exterminated or driven away, it inhabits practically the whole of the mainland of Alaska, and is even quite abundant within striking distance of Point Barrow. Wherever the Eskimos permit, it undoubtedly presses on to the icy shores of the Arctic Ocean; and it is very probable that at one time, even if not recently, it visited every island of the great northern archipelago. More than this, it is known to have lived along the western shore of Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound, as far north as Grinnell Land, where General Greely and his men often found Caribou antlers and bones. Along the Atlantic coast it is found eastward of Hudson's Bay, in the northern part of the great Labrador peninsula. In several portions of its range, it encroaches upon the home of the Woodland Caribou, and under certain conditions the two animals are often classed as one.

Respecting the Caribou of the Great Slave Lake region, Mr. Warburton Pike says that in summer they keep to the true Barren Grounds, but in the autumn, when their feeding-grounds are covered with snow, they seek the hanging moss in the woods. "From what I could gather from the Yellow-Knife Indians, and from my own personal experience, it is late in October that the great bands of Caribou, commonly known as *La Foule*, mass upon the edge of the woods, and start for the food and shelter afforded by the stronger growth of pine farther southward." Of this great annual migration,



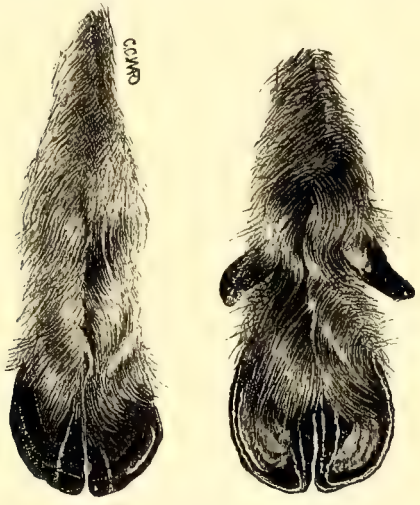
BARREN-GROUND CARIBOU.

here is what plucky Mr. Pike actually saw on Lake Camsell, about sixty miles north of the eastern end of Great Slave Lake. It reads like a fairy tale, but nevertheless the account is undoubtedly true.

"Scattered bands of Caribou were almost always in sight from the top of the ridge behind the camp, and increased in numbers till the morning of October 20 [1889], when little Baptiste, who had gone for firewood, woke us up before daylight with the cry, '*La foule! La foule!*' [The throng! The throng!] Even in the lodge we could hear the curious clatter made by a band of traveling Caribou. *La foule* had really come, and during its passage of six days I was able to realize what an extraordinary number of these animals still roam the Barren Grounds."

He thus describes the migration:

"From the ridge we had a splendid view of the migration. All the south side of Mackay Lake was alive with the moving beasts, while



FRONT AND BACK OF HOOF, BARREN-GROUND CARIBOU.

the ice seemed to be dotted all over with black islands, and still away on the north shore, with the aid of the glasses, we could see them coming like regiments on the march. In every direction we could hear the grunting noise that the Caribou always make when traveling. The snow was broken into broad roads, and I found it useless to try to estimate the number that passed within a few miles of our encampment. We were just on the western edge of their passage, and afterward we heard that a band of Dog-Ribs, hunting some forty miles to the west, were at this very time in the last straits of starvation, only saving their lives by a hasty retreat to the woods. This is a common danger in the autumn, as the Caribou, coming in from the Barren Ground, join together in one vast herd, and do not scatter much till they reach the thick timber. . . . The Caribou, as is usually the case when they are in large numbers, were very tame, and on several occasions I found myself right in the middle of a band, with a splendid chance to pick out any that seemed in good condition. . . . Notwithstanding all the tall stories that are told of their numbers [the buffaloes'], I cannot believe that the herds on the prairie ever surpassed in size *La Foule* of the Caribou."

The Barren-Ground Caribou is quite similar in form and general appearance to the reindeer of Europe, and is a much smaller animal than is generally supposed. It shows more antlers for its size than any other animal now living, and they sweep back so far and rise so high that they have the effect of magnifying the actual bulk of the wearer. And more than that, this preponderance of antlers over body has also led numerous authorities into the belief that the antlers of this creature are much larger than those of the Woodland Caribou—which is not the case, unless you take Western examples of the latter.

In weight the Barren-Ground Caribou is about the same as our Virgina deer, but it is of a different form. It is not so tall as the latter, but its legs are larger, and its feet are expanded into great, flattened bell-shaped hoofs, with huge "dew-claws," very sharp on the outer edges, and especially designed by nature to keep the owner from coming to grief on snow and ice. Where the small, sharp hoofs of a Virginia deer stab through the snow, and leave him floundering helplessly, the broad snow-shoes of the Caribou carry him over the surface, and enable him to live and thrive, snow or no snow. The weight of this Caribou is stated to be one hundred and fifty pounds, or about one half that of the woodland species; but after a careful comparison of authorities I

believe this estimate is too low. Mr. Pike says the woodland animal is one third larger than the other, which would show a weight, for large specimens of the Barren-Ground species, of between two hundred and two hundred and fifty pounds. Thus far, for very good reasons, no hunter has carried steelyards into the haunts of this animal.

As its very apt name implies, the WOODLAND CARIBOU prefers to live in the woods, the thicker the better. Indeed, the density and impenetrability of the forests of northern Idaho inhabited by this large antlered creature are almost beyond belief. Just how an old male gets through thick woods, with antlers like an arm-chair on his head, I cannot understand; but he does it, somehow. The weight of large specimens of this species is usually from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds, but some times more.

WOODLAND CARIBOU.
(*Ran'gi-fer car'i-bou.*)

Speaking very generally, it may be said that the range of this animal begins where that of his Barren-Ground relative leaves off, and extends southward, wherever there is a good growth of forest, to our most northern States. Formerly this statement was literally true; but the species has been exterminated throughout so many settled areas that at present it exists only in spots. In the primeval interior forests of pine-clad Newfoundland the Woodland Caribou still exists in great numbers, and large herds are frequently reported. It is there, also, that it reaches its greatest size, and grows the largest antlers.

In portions of Labrador and New Brunswick it is still fairly abundant; but from Nova Scotia and northern Maine and New Hampshire it has almost disappeared before the still-hunter's rifle. It is at home around the southern end of Hudson's Bay, and James Bay, and is still found in the wilder portions of northern Quebec and Ontario. Minnesota possesses a few around the Lake of the Woods, and Manitoba sportsmen still find them occasionally around the northern end of Lake Winnipeg. Skipping the treeless pasture region, we next find this creature in northern Idaho, northwestern Montana, and the mountains of British Columbia. Strange to say, it is also an inhabitant of Oregon, in the vicinity of Mount Hood. Just where, or to what extent, it is found in Washington, I have as yet been unable to ascertain; and I would be very thankful for precise information. The farthest north of this species is the head waters of the Yukon River, in southern Alaska.



CARIBOU MIGRATING.

Some authors consider this species identical with that of the Barren Grounds, and others assert that the Barren-Ground Caribou and the reindeer of Europe are also one and the same. But I protest against this highway robbery of our North American fauna, and will maintain

to the court of last resort my proprietary rights, as an American citizen, in the Woodland Caribou, at least. They may have their little old Barren-Ground Caribou, and call it the European reindeer, if they like, for it is a great deal smaller than our own species, and not nearly so handsome; but they must keep their hands off when the snow is hard and crusted; its wandering habits; its boy-like love of ice-covered ponds; and its fleetness of foot when thoroughly alarmed. The accompanying illustration tells its form, and the shape of its remarkable antlers, so eccentric in form that no one has ever seen two pairs exactly alike. The



THE WOODLAND CARIBOU.

Rangifer caribou, or there will be an "international episode" at once. The very superior size of the Woodland Caribou should of itself be sufficient distinction between the two species.

Of the habits of this strange and interesting creature there is no room to tell. A long and interesting chapter might be written about how it travels over deep snows on its natural snow-shoes, leaving enormous tracks; how in winter it paws down through loose snow, sometimes *three feet* deep, to get at its beloved reindeer moss; how it lives on tree moss and lichens figures that would represent the number of variations possible in the antlers of this creature would make a procession reaching halfway across this column.

Strange to say, many females of this species are provided with antlers. They are not great, hulking, heavy ones, but modest, more becoming antlers, and by reason of their sharpness they are decidedly good weapons. The female Caribou retains her antlers long after the males have grown tired of carrying theirs, and have dropped them.

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

By Howard Pyle.

[*Begun in the April number, 1894.*]

Chapter XLVII.

JACK MEETS SOME OLD FRIENDS.

It was not until the Wednesday following that Jack and Mr. Simms started down the river to Jamestown. Jack's mind was full of the thought of Nelly Parker. She had come with her father out upon the steps of the house to see him off.

As the boat sailed away in the strong, cold wind, Jack wrapped himself up in his overcoat and gave himself luxuriously up to day-dreaming. He was seventeen years old now.

How strange it would be to go down to Bath Town again, and to see the places he had lived in there!

"If we have time," said Mr. Simms, "we 'll stop at the Roost."

His words broke sharply upon Jack's thoughts, seeming to shatter them to pieces. He sat silent for a while. "Do you think," said he suddenly, "that Mr. Parker 's there, now?"

"Why, I don't know," said Mr. Simms; "but I hope he is, for 't is he I wish to see."

"I 'd like to go ashore there," said Jack, "but I don't choose to meet him."

It was a little after noon when they reached the Roost. After Mr. Simms had landed Jack also got out of the boat. He climbed the stairs to the top of the bluff. As Mr. Simms went up to the house he stood there looking about him. How familiar and yet how strange everything seemed to him! Suddenly, two or three negroes came out from behind the end of the house, and stood looking toward him. Among them was Little Coffee. He called him: "Little Coffee! Hi! Little Coffee!" The negroes still stood looking at him. He could see that one of the black men spoke to Little Coffee and gave him a push forward. "Little Coffee!" Jack called again, and this time the negro boy came lingeringly down toward him.

"Who dat?" said Little Coffee when he had come pretty near. "Dat you, boy?"

"Why, yes, 't is I," said Jack. "Don't you see 't is I?"

"You be berry fine boy, nowaday," said Little Coffee, standing at a distance and looking at him.

Jack laughed. The black boy grinned. "Tell me," said Jack, "is Mr. Parker at home?"

"No," answered Little Coffee. "Mr. Parker be gone away now two week."

"Why, then," said Jack, "I 'd like to go up and see the old place again. Where 's Dennis?"

"He ober at de stable," said Little Coffee.

Jack walked up to the house.

Everything seemed to Jack to be exactly as he had left it, excepting that the leaves were all gone from the trees, and that the long, shaggy grass was now brown instead of green. The huts and outbuildings and stables, the negro children playing about the open space of ground, were all just exactly as he had seen them last. The negroes stood staring at Jack as he passed by in front of the huts. He spoke to them, laughing and nodding his head. He felt elated with gratification. He knew that he showed ripe fortune, and, as Little Coffee had said, he was very fine now.

Dennis was sitting in the shed by the stables, mending an old saddle. He looked up when Jack came in, as though for a moment puzzled. Then instantly his face cleared. "Why, lad," said he, "is that you?" He slipped the wax-end betwixt his lips and held out his hand.

"Yes," said Jack, "'t is I; and how are you, Dennis?"

"Why," said Dennis, "I 'm very well. I 've

been hearing about your doings, Master Jack." He looked Jack over. "And how you have climbed up in the world, to be sure!" said he. "They tell me you 're living up at Marlborough, now, in glory."

Jack laughed. "I am living at Marlborough," said he; "but I don't live in any glory."

"Well, lad," said Dennis, "I do hear they 've killed your friend Blackbeard. To think of your running away from us to turn pirate! Well, you were lucky to get away." He had begun sewing again upon his saddle.

"Yes," said Jack, "I was lucky to get away. And how is Mrs. Pitcher, Dennis?"

"Oh, she 's very well," said Dennis. "She was talking about you only this morning. I tell you what 't is, lad, she and his Honor had it like shovel and tongs after you ran away."

"Well, Dennis," said Jack, presently, "I think I 'll go over to the house to see her. I 've only got a little while to stay. We 're going on to Jamestown. I 'm going on down to Bath Town, on business for Colonel Parker."

"Business for Colonel Parker, be you?" said Dennis. "To be sure, you have risen then in the world to be going around so on Colonel Parker's business. Well, good-by, lad. You 'll not mind my not getting up, will you? For I 've got this teasing saddle so far that I can't leave it."

He took the hand that Jack gave him and shook it warmly, and then Jack went away over to the house, still accompanied by Little Coffee. "Wish I run away with you dat time," said Little Coffee.

Some one had told Peggy Pitcher that he was about the place, and she was expecting him. "Why, Jack," said she, as she looked him all over, "what a fine, grand gentleman you 've grown all of a sudden! Well, to be sure, to think that I should have seen you that last time sitting over yonder in the cell with irons around your legs, and so down in the spirits that 't was enough to break a body's heart to see you — and now you to be grown so fine a gentleman, to be sure!"

"I tell you what 't is, Mrs. Pitcher," said Jack, "I 'll never forget what you 've done for me as long as ever I live."

"Won't you, Master Jack?" said she, evidently gratified. "Why, now, that 's very kind and noble-spoken of you."

"I don't see that 't is," said Jack. "Where would I have been now, do you think, if it had n't been for you?"

Peggy Pitcher burst out laughing. She sat down on a chair just behind her. "Why, I don't know," said she. "'T is like you 'd been in a pretty bad way; to be sure, his Honor was hot ag'in' you just then." She became suddenly serious. "I tell you what 't is, Master Jack," said she, "things are not going well with him just now. He 's a good, kind man, too, when he chooses to be so. They do tell me, Master Jack, that Blackbeard was killed, and that a lot of his men are prisoner down at Williamsburg."

"Why, yes," said Jack; "'t is the truth."

Just then Mr. Simms's voice sounded from the outside. "Master Jack! Master Jack!"

"There," said Jack, "I must go now. I 'll try to see you some time again, Mrs. Pitcher." And he gave her his hand.

"Well," said Peggy Pitcher, as she rose and took Jack's hand, "I did n't think I was helping you into such good luck when I helped you to get away that night."

"Nor I did n't, neither," said Jack. "Good-by, Mrs. Pitcher," said he, and he pressed her hand.

It was the afternoon of the next day when the boat reached Jamestown. The men-of-war were still lying in front of the town, but Lieutenant Maynard was ashore. Jack and Mr. Simms found him, after some little trouble, at the house of Dr. Bullett. Jack waited outside while Mr. Simms went to the door to inquire for him; and presently the lieutenant came out, with his hat on and his overcoat buttoned up around his throat, to where Jack stood. He carried his hand in a sling.

"Well," said he, giving his left hand to Jack, "and how does my hero do now?" The lieutenant always called Jack his hero.

"Why, I 'm pretty well, I thank you," said Jack.

"And so, Jack," said the lieutenant, "your old friend Blackbeard is no more. Well, he

gave me a reminder before he left me"; and the lieutenant looked down at his hand.

"How were you hurt?" said Jack.

"Why, naught but a slash across the hand," said the lieutenant. "'T was as hot a fight, though, for a while as ever I was in. They are as desperate villains as ever I saw in all my life. Methought the man would never be killed. D' ye know, he was shot in the body six times before he fell, and he had over a dozen other wounds upon him. 'T was the most determined villain I ever saw."

"They say you brought up a lot of prisoners with you," said Jack.

"Ay," said the lieutenant, "there were seventeen surrendered, and one of 'em we found up in Bath Town — a lame fellow named Hands. He was the sailing-master. He had been shot in the leg, and was not well enough to be with the others."

"Where are they now?" asked Jack.

"Why, they 're over at Williamsburg," said Mr. Maynard. "Would you like to see them?"

"Why, yes, I would," said Jack.

"Then," said the lieutenant, "we 'll go over there to-morrow, if you choose. What time do you start for Bath Town?" said he, turning to Mr. Simms, who stood by while he talked.

"Why, sir," said Simms, "I 'd like right well to go to-morrow morning; but I 'll stay until the afternoon if your honor and Master Jack want to go over to Williamsburg."

"That 's what I 'd like to do," said Jack.

The next morning Jack and Lieutenant Maynard rode over to Williamsburg. They went straight to the jail, and were admitted by the turnkey. He took them at once to where the prisoners were.

They were all crowded together in one room. At first Jack could hardly bear the heavy, musty smell of the place. The prisoners themselves were altogether unconscious of it. Many of them were wounded. One man, with a cloth tied around his head, looked very pale and ill. Others also showed marks of the battle — an arm in a sling or a bandage here and there. They looked unkempt and forlorn.

"Why, 't is Jack Ballister!" cried one of them. "Why, to be sure, that is who 't is." It was Ned Salter who spoke, the young man who had been shot in the shoulder when the pirates had taken the "Duchess Mary." "Why, Jack," said he, "what a fine, grand gentleman you are, to be sure!"

Jack laughed. They had all crowded around him — all except Hands and another man. Hands sat on the floor in a corner, smoking his pipe; the other man lay motionlessly, with his face turned toward the wall. He had been shot through the body. They were all of them handcuffed and all wore leg-irons. They had wrapped rags around the shackles to protect their ankles and wrists from being rubbed by the iron. Most of them had, besides the shackles, two long links of iron fastened from the leg-pieces to an iron ring around the waist. The men were very glad to see Jack; they were apparently glad of any change in the monotony of their imprisonment.

"Well, Jack," said one of them, named Dick Stiles, "I tell 'e what 't is, 'e be lucky to be here now, alive and well. 'T was a nigh miss for 'e when 'e got int' t' inlet ahead of us. If 'e 'd been a minute later 'e 'd never 'a' got out t' be here now."

"So poor Chris Dred is dead, is he?" said Blake.

"Ay," said Jack; "and you men killed him."

"Well, Jack, you fell into your fortune when you got away. I suppose you 'll be marrying her young ladyship next, won't you?"

They all burst out laughing. Jack laughed too, but he knew that he was blushing.

"Well, Jack, I tell you what 't is," said one of the men, "you be such a grand, great gentleman now, you ought to speak a good word for your old friends. They say our trial is to come off next week. Hands says he knows summat 'll save his own neck."

"Ay," said Hands, "they dare n't hang me. I know what I know, and they won't harm me."

"Mr. Maynard tells me 't was a hot fight," said Jack.

"Ay, 't were," said Ned Salter.

"'T would have been hotter for him yet," said another, "if we 'd had any kind of luck. We grappled 'em tight enough, but the hooks would n't hold. They gave way, and so our sloop drifted off. There were only fourteen on

us could get aboard, and there the rest of us was three or four fathoms away. But they fourteen fought away till only six were left standing, and then jumped overboard and began to call, 'Quarter!'"

It seemed strange to Jack that they should think so little of their approaching trial, and the inevitable result of that trial. He knew that there could be but one end to it, for the governor was determined to make an example to all other pirates. They seemed to think more of the dullness of their imprisonment than anything else. They evidently hailed his visit as a break in the monotony of their captivity.

Chapter XLVIII.

IN BATH TOWN AGAIN.

The schooner was over five days in reaching Bath Town. Then Jack went up on deck one morning to find the vessel lying at anchor in the creek. It was still in the gray dawn of the early autumn morning. He looked across the water to the dim shore; there was the pirate's house just as he had seen it last.

Jack and Mr. Simms went ashore in the boat as soon as they had eaten their breakfast, taking with them several men. Mr. Simms handed a mattock and three shovels down into the boat.

As soon as they had landed Jack went on ahead up to the house, leaving Mr. Simms to follow at his leisure. Betty Teach had seen them landing from the boat, and she stood at the door. She did not know Jack at first; then — "Why, Jack!" she cried, "and is that you? Oh, Jack, Jack!" She suddenly burst out crying.

"There, Mistress," said Jack, "don't cry. There! there!"

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" she wailed, "the cruel villains have killed poor Ned. They came down from Virginny, they did, and they took all the men away. Hands was only just out of bed, but they took him away. I 'm a widdy myself now, Jack — oh, I 'm a widdy! And poor Ned — they cut his head off, they did, and took it up to Virginny. Bath Town will soon be full of widdies now. Mr. Secretary Knight was down here yesterday evening, and he was saying as how Lieutenant Maynard had n't any right to come down here, anyhow; that it were n't Governor Spottiswood's business to look after the laws of North Caroliny; and that he best mind his own business at home 'nstead of sending expeditions into other folks's territories. 'T is true as gospel, 't is."

Jack could not believe that the house, with its mean interior and its squalor, was the same he had known and lived in for two months. He went all through the house, following up his history point by point. Betty Teach accompanied him. He went up-stairs into the room Eleanor Parker had occupied; it seemed full of her presence, and it brought the thought of her very vividly before him. His heart grew very full. Betty still stood wiping the tears from her eyes. "Did you know Dred was dead?" said Jack.

"Ay," said Betty Teach; "they all seem to die, it seems to me. What did you come down to North Caroliny again for, Jack?" she asked suddenly.

"I 'll tell you," said Jack. "You must know that the Captain has hid some money down here that belonged to Colonel Parker up in Virginia. Dred told me where it is hid, and I 've come down here with Colonel Parker's agent to look for it."

"Money?" said she. "And what right have ye to come down here tampering with money that belongs to Ned, I 'd like to know? If Ned hid it away, it belongs to me now; for ain't I his widdy, and don't what he left belong to me?"

"But," said Jack, "d' ye see, it belonged to Colonel Parker in the first place. It was taken away from him, and so if he can find it again it belongs to him. Don't you see it does?"

"No, I don't see," said Betty Teach. "That there money don't belong to Colonel Parker now; it belongs to me. 'T was my husband hid it away, and it belongs to me. I don't see what concern 't is of yours, anyway. It don't make it your business because Colonel Parker chooses to dress you up like a poppet with lace cravats, and make a pet of you."

"Why," said Jack, "as for that, 't is nothing of the sort. I know where the money 's hid, and I just came down to show where 't is hid

—that 's all. If it rightly belongs to you, it can't be taken away from you, and that 's all there is of it. As for being Colonel Parker's poppet, why, that I 'm not."

"Where 's it hid?" said Betty Teach.

"Up there in the swamp," said Jack; "I can't tell you just where. But there 's Mr. Simms calling me, and I 've got to go."

Betty Teach followed him to the door. Mr. Simms was standing just outside. "And you be the villain that 's going to try to rob me, be ye?" she shrilled. "Very well; you durst to try it, and see what you get. Do you think there be no laws in North Caroliny? Oh, very well then,—very well. I 'm going up to the town to ask Mr. Knight. We 'll see what he 's got to say to it. 'T was all ag'in' the laws for that Lieutenant Maynard to come here, and to break open the storehouses and take all the rum and sugar and wine and cloth. 'T was n't his, and 't was n't Governor Spottiswood's, and he had no call to come to North Caroliny and take it away with him to Virginny, and no right to do so, neither. Very well, Jack Ballister; you 'll see what you 'll get, too."

"Who is that woman?" said Mr. Simms, as he and Jack walked away, followed by the three men with the shovels and mattock.

"That 's Blackbeard's wife," said Jack. "She seems mightily put out at our coming. I never saw her so before. She called me Colonel Parker's poppet."

Mr. Simms laughed.

"There she goes now," said Jack. "She looks as if she was going to Trivitt's to get them to take her up to the town. She 'll be bringing Secretary Knight and his men down on us in a little while."

Jack had thought he could easily enough find the cypress-tree at the foot of which he and Dred had found the young lady. He seemed to have a distinct mental picture of it, but when he came to look for it he was not at all sure where it was. But at last he found a tree that seemed to fit in with his recollection of the scene.

"This is the tree, I think," said he, "from which I was to start. Yes; I 'm nigh certain 't is. I remember that log lying in the bog just below yonder. Dred said the tree where 't was buried was almost due west from here, and he said there was a nail driven in the tree, and that you could tell it by that."

"Well," said Mr. Simms, testily, "I should think you might be sure of what you 've seen. Why, you 've lost half an hour a'ready finding this tree. If you take so much longer to find t' other, we 'll have Mr. Knight and all his men down on us to stop us in the search."

It was perhaps another half hour before they found the tree. Mr. Simms's patience was thoroughly exhausted, and more than once Jack began to doubt whether what Dred had told him was really so, or, if it was really so, whether the Captain had not pulled the nail out of the tree. Then suddenly he found a tree with a rusty nail driven into it.

Mr. Simms examined the tree very carefully. "Yes," said he, "I do suppose this must be it. 'T is n't likely that there would be another tree with a nail driven into it. Here—dig here first, on the side where the nail is."

The men began digging. They dug quite a time without finding anything. Suddenly Betty Teach appeared upon the scene, with three men. One of them was Mr. Knight, the colonial secretary.

Mr. Knight, limping with his cane, came straight up to where Mr. Simms stood, as though to overawe him with his coming.

"Who was it that gave you authority for this search?" said Mr. Knight. "This land belongs to the woman here. She has warned you off, and you are common trespassers." As he spoke he grew more and more angry.

"Why," said Mr. Simms, "there was no one gave me a warrant to come here; and we only do it in our own right to recover what is our own."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Knight, "then I, by my authority as secretary of this province and magistrate of this county, order you to go away, or else I 'll arrest the whole party."

Mr. Simms laughed. "Why," said he, "how are you to arrest the whole party? We 're five here to your three, and armed into the bargain"; and he opened the flap of his pocket and showed the butt-end of a pistol within.

"Very well," said Mr. Knight; "if you try

force, I 'll see if I can't try force against you. You run down to Dobbs's, Jameson. Here, Trivitt; you run down to the boat and fetch up the other men."

"Oh, very well; if that is the sport we are to play," said Mr. Simms, "we 'll have to take our hand in it too. You run over to the boat, Mr. Smith, and tell them to send up three or four men," said Mr. Simms to Governor Spottiswood's agent or clerk, who had come up while the men had been digging. The clerk hurried away to do his bidding. "If there 's going to be a quarrel over this, I 'll try to bring as many men to our help as you can bring to yours," he added, turning to Mr. Knight.

Meantime the men had ceased digging. "Hurry, men," said Mr. Simms, "or else there may be trouble here." Then they began digging again faster than ever. Almost immediately their spades struck upon a wooden chest. They soon had it up out of the hole. It was an oblong coffer-shaped chest with a rounded lid bound with iron. It was about two feet long, a foot high, and nine or ten inches wide at the top. It was caked with dirt and mold. It had a handle at each end, and seemed to be very heavy. Jack watched the men as they lifted it to the surface of the ground. "Now, then, come along, men," said Mr. Simms. "Never mind the spades and mattock. Let 's get away as quick as we can. Here, I 'll carry your coats."

Two men picked up the box, swaying out their free arms as they did so and balancing themselves as they carried it. They almost ran along a little distance, then set it down, resting. Then they ran on again. As they came up out of the swamp, Betty Teach caught sight of them. They could see her as she ran down toward the shore, and could hear her distant voice calling, "Mr. Knight! Mr. Knight! They 're carrying it away!"

Mr. Knight came hurrying up, limping with his cane, and with seven or eight men at his heels. "Put that box down!" he roared, panting. "You 've got no right to take it away. It belongs to the jurisdiction of North Carolina."

"It belongs to the jurisdiction of fiddlesticks," said Mr. Simms. He thrust his hand into his coat pocket and brought out his pistol; "I 'll shoot the first man," he said, "who dares to stop us. Now then, Jake, carry along that box briskly."

"Stop! Put it down!" roared Mr. Knight, and the men stood irresolute. "You can't scare me with your pistol," said he; but at the same time he kept a safe distance from Mr. Simms. "Here, men," he called to his own followers, "pick up that box and carry it up to the house; it belongs to the jurisdiction of North Carolina." The men advanced to do his bidding.

"The first man who touches that box," said Mr. Simms, "I 'll shoot him!" and he cocked his pistol.

"There 's two muskets and three or four pistols up at the house, Mr. Knight," cried Betty Teach.

"Very well, you show me where they are," said Mr. Knight. "You stand here, men, and keep them from carrying the chest away. Come, Betty!" and the two hurried away.

Just then a reinforcement of four or five came hurrying up to Mr. Simms's aid from the boat at the landing. "Hurry!" called Mr. Simms, and then the men from the boat broke into a run. "Now, then," said Mr. Simms to the others, "get it away from here as quick as you can."

Again the two men picked up the box, and this time began running with it. Mr. Knight's men were so clearly outnumbered that they did not attempt to stop the others. Mr. Simms's men from the boat surrounded their friends who carried the chest. Mr. Knight's men ran along beside them, waiting for an opportunity to attack them. Once they stopped, and then again; then, making a longer stretch, they reached the boat and dropped the chest aboard with a grunt. "Push her off!" cried Mr. Simms, and he jumped into the boat, with Jack at his heels. The men pushed off from the shore, running through the water. There was a little pile of broken bricks and refuse at a short distance. Mr. Knight's men ran to it, and presently returned with hands full of broken bricks. By this time the boat was pulling away.

Mr. Knight's men ran into the water, and

threw bricks after the boat. One piece came pretty near Mr. Simms's head. He ducked down as it flew by, and it crashed against the rail on the side. "Ye villains!" he roared, "if ye throw another stone I 'll shoot you!" and he flourished his pistol. "Pull away, men!" he called, and the men bent to their oars.

"Take care!" cried Jack, and another piece of brick whizzed by. Then they were out of distance. They had nearly reached the boat when Mr. Knight and Betty Teach came running down from the house to the shore, he carrying the guns and she the pistols. Before they reached the shore, however, Jack and Mr. Simms and the chest were safe aboard the schooner. Mr. Knight and his men consulted together for a moment or two, and then he stepped into his boat, and his men rowed him slowly out toward the schooner.

Mr. Simms stood behind the cabin deck-house, looking over the top of it. "If you come any nearer I 'll fire on you!" he shouted.

Mr. Knight's men stopped rowing. "I 'll have the law on you for this!" Mr. Knight shouted.

"You may do as you please about that," called Mr. Simms.

Again Mr. Knight and his men consulted together for a moment or two. Then they turned the boat and began pulling rapidly away toward the town.

Mr. Simms went forward. "Come, Brooks," said he to the sailing-master, "let us get away as quick as we can, else we 'll have trouble when he fetches down a lot more of his pirates upon us."

The treasure-box, still caked with clay and dirt, stood upon the deck of the vessel. Jack kicked it with his toe; it felt very solid and heavy.

Chapter XLIX.

THE SECRET.

It was the morning of a chill, raw day when the schooner dropped anchor again in Jamestown. Mr. Simms went ashore almost immediately to report to the authorities the recovery of the chest. He had been there maybe a half hour when Lieutenant Maynard came off in a boat from the "Lyme," ship-of-war. He came aboard wrapped in his cloak. Jack met him on the deck. "Won't you come down into the cabin?" said he. "'T is warmer there."

"Why, yes," said the lieutenant; "I will if you have any heat there. This wind seems to cut straight through me."

In the cabin the lieutenant threw aside his cloak, rubbing his hands vigorously. "Well, Jack," said he, "'t is you for fortune! I knew you 'd find what you went for. Do you know Colonel Parker 's over at Williamsburg?"

"Why, no," said Jack, "I did n't. How does he come to be down at Williamsburg?"

"I understand that he comes over to Williamsburg to see one of the prisoners in the jail there. I heard there was one of them writ him a letter asking for an interview. 'T was the lame fellow — the man named Hands. He hath proclaimed to every one that the governor shall never hang him, and that he will not dare to do so lest he should tell something that he knows. Then he writ the letter to Colonel Parker; and his Honor hath come down here all the way from Marlborough, and hath been over there ever since day before yesterday. They say the villain knows some secret that concerns Colonel Parker. Do you know anything of it, Jack?"

Jack thought for a minute. "Why, yes," he said; "I do believe I know what 't is. But I don't believe I ought to tell you anything about it," said he. "I don't believe Colonel Parker would choose to have me say anything about it to you."

"Why, nonsense!" said Lieutenant Maynard. "Why should you not tell me, then? To be sure, I 'll not speak about it to a living soul. What hath Mr. Richard Parker been about?"

"Why," said Jack, "I will not tell you unless you will solemnly promise not to say anything about it to any one else."

"Why, in course I 'll not say anything about it," said Lieutenant Maynard.

"Well, then," said Jack, "the truth is that 't was Mr. Richard Parker who put Captain Blackbeard up to carrying off Miss Nelly Parker. Blackbeard used to talk about it freely enough down at his home in Bath Town. When I was a servant with Mr.

Richard Parker at the Roost, Blackbeard came there two or three times, and he and Mr. Parker talked for a long time together. I believe they were planning it out then. Then, afterward, there was a great deal of talk down at Bath Town about Mr. Parker's being concerned in having her carried away. Mr. Knight, the secretary, was in the business too. He wrote letters to Mr. Parker, telling him that Miss Nelly was sick. Mr. Parker was expected to answer them, and to arrange for Miss Nelly's coming back; but, all of a sudden, he seemed to take a notion that he would have nothing at all to do with it. 'T was very strange that he should have changed his mind so, and it could only be that he had some other plan in his head; for 't is certain that at first he intended to have her returned. She was growing more and more sickly down there all the time, and she 'd 'a' died if she 'd 'a' been left there long enough, and Mr. Parker knew it. That was why Dred and I helped her to get away. I dare say 't was about that Hands wrote to Colonel Parker."

"Why, what a thing do you tell me!" cried Lieutenant Maynard. "Of course, if that villain Hands knew aught of this, 't was that brought Colonel Parker down here. Why, what a precious rascal that Mr. Parker must be! 'T is incredible that a gentleman could be such a villain. I suppose he planned all this that he might possess himself of his niece's inheritance. I never did like the man; he always seemed as if he had no heart or soul like other human beings."

That afternoon Colonel Parker came aboard the schooner. He hardly noticed Jack, and said almost nothing about the recovery of the chest. After he and Jack had eaten their silent supper together, Colonel Parker suddenly said to him: "Do you know aught of how Nelly came to be taken away from Marlborough? Did the pirate do it of his own free will, or did you hear of any one who put him up to do it?"

"Why," said Jack, hesitatingly, "I don't think he would have done it himself. I did hear there was somebody put him up to it."

"What did you hear?" said Colonel Parker. "Come, speak out plain, and tell me just what you know about this whole matter."

"Why," said Jack, "'t was said down there at Bath Town—that is, by those who lived with the pirate in his house—that—that Mr. Richard Parker knew about Miss Nelly's having been taken away. I don't know anything about it myself, but that was what was said. I know that Blackbeard writ three or four letters to Mr. Parker while the young lady was there, telling him that she was sick, and that she must be took away. He said that Mr. Parker designed that she was to be took away."

Colonel Parker was leaning with his elbow upon the table and his fingers against his forehead. He was looking very steadily and silently at Jack. He did not speak for a long time after Jack had ended. "Well," said he at last, "what then? what else do you know? Tell me all."

"I heard Blackbeard say over and over again that Mr. Parker had planned it all, and that he was to get you to pay for—for bringing Miss Nelly back. So Mr. Knight writ three or four letters and sent 'em to Mr. Parker, and he was to show the letters to you. But no answer could be got to any of 'em. Then, by and by, they all began to think that maybe he intended that she should n't come back again."

Again Colonel Parker sat in silence. Jack had not appreciated before what a very serious knowledge it was that he possessed. He wished, with a sudden thrill of uneasiness, that he had not said anything to Lieutenant Maynard about it. He wondered with a certain apprehension what Colonel Parker would say if he knew that he had told Mr. Maynard. Suddenly Colonel Parker spoke. "Well," said he to Jack, "you can see for yourself, without my telling, that naught must be said of all this; no, not to a living soul, do you understand?"

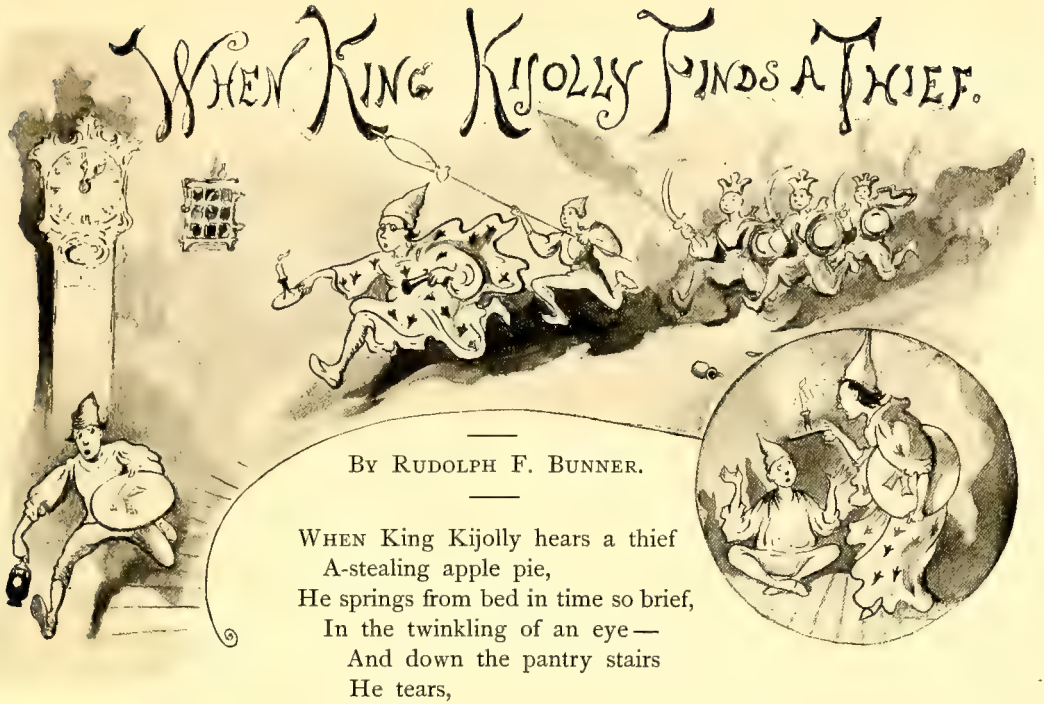
"Yes, sir," said Jack weakly.

"Very well," said Colonel Parker; "only remember, my boy, that you have a very dreadful secret that involves the credit of the whole of our family, and that you must not speak of it to a living soul."

Hands was pardoned, and a little less than a month later Mr. Richard Parker ran away from Virginia—it was said from his debts—to Jamaica.

(To be concluded.)

When King Kijolly Finds a Thief.



By Rudolph F. Bunner.

When King Kijolly hears a thief
A-stealing apple pie,
He springs from bed in time so brief,
In the twinkling of an eye—
And down the pantry stairs
He tears,
To catch the thief so sly.

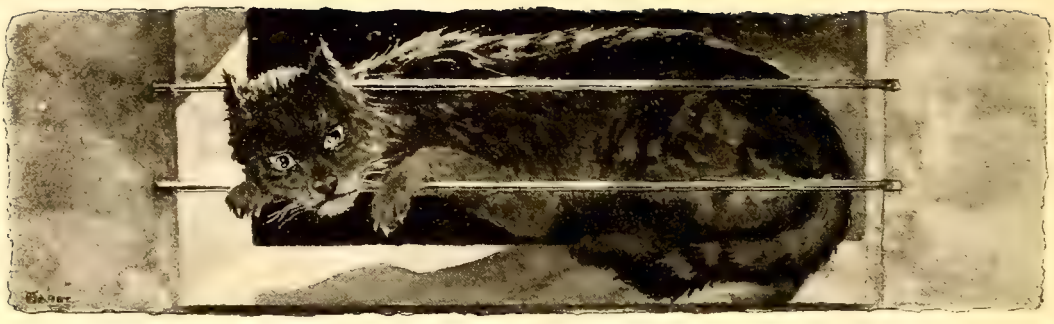
But when the thief at last is caught,
Down on his knees he drops,
And tells a tale of woe and want:
How cold and hunger made him gaunt—
Food without money can't be bought—
Till King Kijolly stops
His tale of woe,
And lets him go.





And he sends him home with a cart and horse—
A cart with yellow wheels;
And gives him presents, too, of course,
And food for many meals;
Gifts for his wife and children two,
A pink umbrella lined with blue,
And whenever the horse his neck may swing,
A bright brass bell goes "Ting-a-ling-ling!"
In the morning light when the sun mounts high,
But—King Kijolly keeps the pie!





THE VOYAGE OF A CHINESE WILDCAT.

(A True Story.)

By Clara Erskine Clement.



We were ready to leave Hong-Kong, and wished to go to Bangkok. We were sorry to find that no steamers ran directly to the "Sacred City of the White Elephant," and that our only course was to take a boat to Swatow,— exactly in the opposite direction from that toward Bangkok,— which, after stopping two days to load, would proceed to our destination. Moreover, in the voyage to Swatow we should go against the monsoon, and must have a rough passage.

However, it was the best that we could do; and on a charming morning we put off to the "Rajanattianuhar," a small but comfortable steamer, which balanced its shortness of beam by the length of its name.

The captain was not going with us, and courteously gave me his state-room, which resembled a pretty house-bedroom more than a ship's cabin. It was quite large, having a double French bedstead, with bureaus and other pieces of furniture, all in mahogany. There were windows on two sides, over which small brass rods, about two and a half inches apart, formed a pretty grating, bright and polished, as brasses always are on a well-kept ship.

This bedroom opened into the dining-saloon, where were two large, comfortable rattan sofas. The weather was very warm, and I left my door open at night, only drawing the portière; and my husband, and the officer who was sailing the ship, left their state-rooms, and slept on the saloon sofas, where there was a good circulation of air from open doors and windows.

We reached Swatow after a very "pitching" twenty-four hours, and had scarcely anchored, when the agent of the steamer came on board, and invited us to his house.

There we lunched and dined, and played games in the evening, quite falling in love with our hostess and her children. She was a charming young Irish lady, and seemed to regard us as a link between herself and the distant home and friends that she passionately loved.

On the third day, toward evening, we sailed again; and as I turned from waving my handkerchief to our new friends on the pier, I saw a large, strange-looking cat in the saloon, and remembered that I had seen the same odd-looking creature before reaching Swatow.

I now noticed that its face was triangular, and its ears straight up in the air; in fact, it was like the pictures that little children draw for both cats and foxes. Its body was the longest and leanest that I had ever seen, and it seemed an unusually tall cat. Closer examination of its face showed a strange and most unpleasant expression — one which grew momentarily more unpleasant, and was at the same time curiously fascinating in its ugliness, because of its air of slyness.

As I was thinking thus, a Chinese boy came

along the deck. He seemed startled at seeing the cat, and drove it away hurriedly. I thought him unnecessarily disturbed at finding the cat in what might be considered as our private apartment, as we were the only first-cabin passengers; but as I could not talk with him I gave no more thought to the cat, since it was not unusual to see one or more on steamers the world over.

That night I awakened in a fright from a sound sleep, and saw the cat sitting close beside my low bed, with its face most uncomfortably near my own, spitting and growling, and with its paw raised, as if about to pounce on me. In the dim light of the room its eyes were like balls of fire, and its body seemed twice its usual size; for it was stretched by fierceness up to its fullest limit.

Much sooner than I can tell it, I shrieked so loudly that my husband and two or three sailors came running in to find out what could have happened; and we were still more alarmed when we saw the terror of the sailors, and learned that this was a wildcat, of which they were mortally afraid. It appeared on the steamer soon after we left Hong-Kong, but not being seen at Swatow, the sailors had hoped that it had gone ashore in some boat that brought out cargo to the steamer.

I had never before known the sensation of absolute fear, but now I was terror-stricken, and could not keep the rage and murderousness of that cat's face out of my thought.

Naturally, our first impulse was to have the creature shot, or in some way killed; but judge of our surprise when the officer explained to us that this was impossible, on account of the superstitions of the sailors.

They believed that the cat was dwelt in by some human soul, and did not dare to touch it. Indeed, it had already leaped at one boy, who went too near it, and had bitten his hand. The officer said that should we take any action against the cat, and any mishap afterward befall the ship, the sailors would believe that the misfortunes resulted from the ill-treatment of this strange beast, which they regarded as more than natural; and after such an experience it would be impossible to find sailors to go on the Rajanattianuhar at all.

As a matter of fact, it was somewhat startling to see a wildcat appear on the deck of a steamer out at sea, when no one could even guess whence it came, or how it got there.

At all events, I could do nothing that night but shut my door and compose myself as well as I could, especially as every one who could speak any sort of English assured me that the gratings over the windows made me perfectly safe from further intrusion. This seemed so reasonable that I was able, after some time, to sleep again.

The next day no one saw the cat, and all went well on board until evening, when suddenly a man, who was doing some ordinary work on the ship, which was not thought at all dangerous, fell overboard. It was seven o'clock, and we were moving rapidly, so that it was soon impossible to see the struggles of the man, although his screams were distinctly heard. A boat was lowered, and sent off in the



A NATIVE HOUSE ON THE MENAM RIVER, NEAR BANGKOK.

shortest possible time, and all on board were in a state of great alarm and excitement until it returned, bringing the man, who, being a good swimmer, was not hurt in the least. It was but twenty-five minutes after he fell when he was again on board, and the incident would have been as quickly forgotten, but for the fact that both he and the other sailors thought that the mysterious cat had something to do with his fall, and, consequently, that poor fellow and I were regarded with compassion, since the cat seemed to have selected us as the butts for its little jokes.

That night the sea was very rough and the wind high, but I went to bed composedly enough, as I first assured myself that the cat was not in the room, and then closed the door. I looked gratefully at the little brass rods which made it possible for me to have the windows open without fear of the wild creature, and thought no more about it.

I awoke in the middle of the night, and was listening to the many sounds that one hears on shipboard in rough weather, when I became conscious of an unusual noise at one of the windows. I raised myself up, and could just discern the cat trying to come in. I was perfectly at my ease, since we had reasoned ourselves into the belief that whatever might be possible for its very thin body and legs, its head could not by any chance pass between the bars.

Imagine then my horror when suddenly the beast dropped down on the floor! It was between me and the door, and I feared that my voice could not be heard above the tumult of noises that prevailed on board. But the cat was coming toward me, and I shrieked or yelled at the top of my voice, one cry following another with startling rapidity.

Fortunately, my screams produced two results: the cat was apparently paralyzed, and remained fixed in the position it had taken preparatory to springing at me; and my husband was awakened, and rushed into the room. When I saw him, I fell back, exhausted by my terror, and he was inclined to think that I had seen a dream-cat only.

But the officer who was on watch had also heard my shrieks, and entered the saloon just as my husband opened the door into my room; and he saw the cat pass out and fly down the deck, like the uncanny creature it was.

When this second experience of mine was noised about the ship, I was regarded as a very unlucky lady to be sailing with; and I now recall how the sailors avoided looking at me, as very droll. They seemed greatly to desire to see what I was like, and yet they did not think it wise to look at a person whom they believed to be under some sort of fate, which this diabolical cat was to execute. And so they would look at me, yet not look, in a very curious way.

That day my husband and the first officer wove a netting of fine rope over the rods on the windows of my room; and I was so nervous and frightened that I scarcely dared move, feeling that wherever I turned that cat was likely to attack me. But it was invisible that day, nor did it appear to any one that night; and as our voyage was nearly over, some of the sailors imagined that it had vanished as mysteriously as it had come.

The next morning we were sailing up the Menam River, and enjoying the picturesque and novel scenery. All along the banks were temples, dwelling-houses, and godowns, against a background of tall flowering-trees and palms, while shrubs in bloom and smaller flowers were everywhere, and even the savage-looking cacti were made lovely by a drapery of blossoming vines.

As we approached Bangkok, the shipping was very numerous, and hundreds of little boats were darting here and there, laden with fruits, vegetables, and all sorts of merchandise; for this river is the principal street of the city, and the tradespeople go about in frail-looking boats, and transact their business on the Menam, handling their skiffs with a skill, and moving with a rapidity, which might well be envied by the drivers in our city streets. The charm of the scene made us forgetful of all else.

But the cat, as if realizing that its last chance had come, now appeared upon the scene, and was making its way toward me, when several sailors gave chase to it; and in the midst of great confusion and excitement

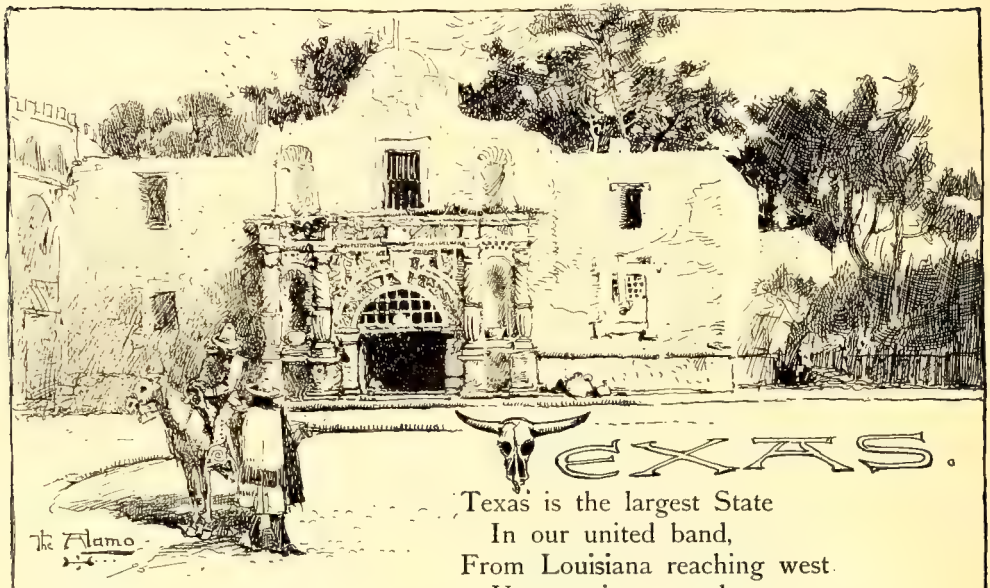
the creature took refuge under a large bath-tub, which was raised a few inches above the floor.

The pilot who had come on board discharged his pistol into the cavity, but we never knew whether his shots had any effect; for the sailors quickly brought boards and closed up the opening, so that the cat was temporarily "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in this curious place. Then we left the Rajanattianuhar, and went to the "Universal Hotel," where we regarded the dozens of lively little lizards, who lived on the beams over our heads, as very friendly creatures, as we saw them running about and eating, or sleeping as peacefully and harmlessly as so many house-flies might have done.



RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By Garrett Newkirk.

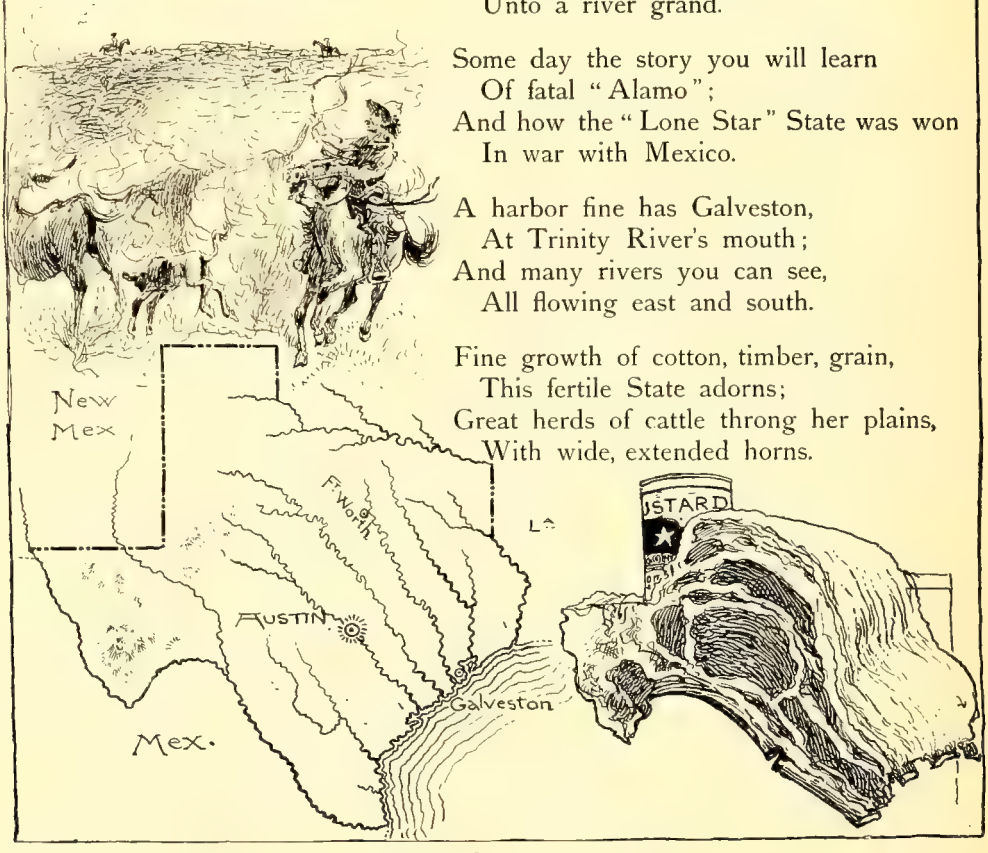


Texas is the largest State
In our united band,
From Louisiana reaching west
Unto a river grand.

Some day the story you will learn
Of fatal "Alamo";
And how the "Lone Star" State was won
In war with Mexico.

A harbor fine has Galveston,
At Trinity River's mouth;
And many rivers you can see,
All flowing east and south.

Fine growth of cotton, timber, grain,
This fertile State adorns;
Great herds of cattle throng her plains,
With wide, extended horns.





This territory forms a square,
With a little piece, below, to spare.
The waters of a river wide
From north to south the land divide.

The land is mountainous and high;
The air is healthful, pure, and dry.
To the Pacific, loaded trains
Go every day across her plains.

The plains are deserts, wild and free,
With little grass and scarce a tree.
Few cities of our land to-day
Can boast the age of Santa Fé.

THE BALLAD OF TUMBLEDOWN TOWN.

By Charles L. Benjamin



This is the ballad of Tumbledown Town—
How it was built and tumbled down,
All for the sake of Queen Lenore,
Our Queen—whose throne is the nursery floor—
Sing high, sing low! Sing up, sing down!
This is the ballad of Tumbledown Town.

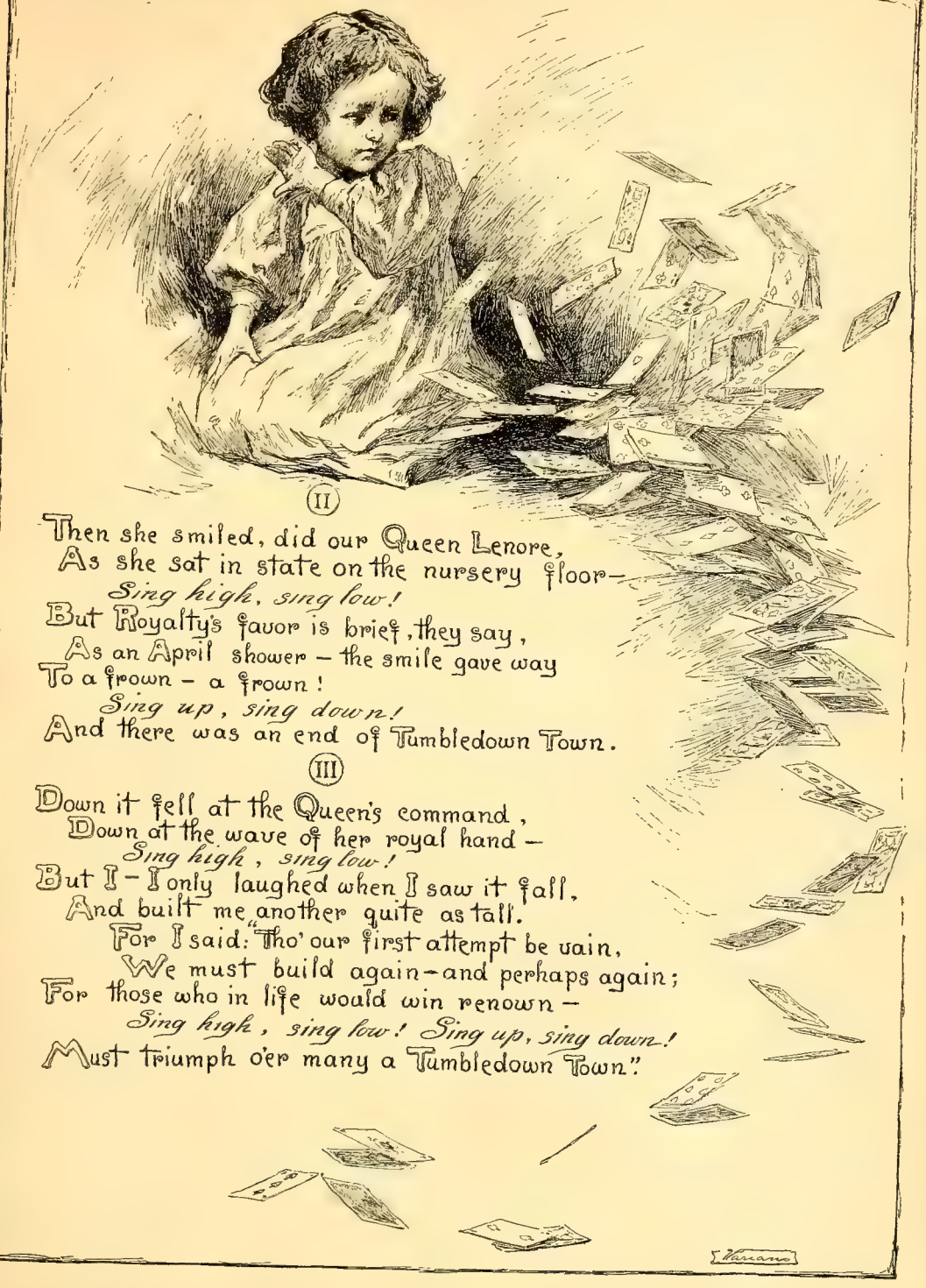
(I)

These are the stones we used to rear,
Turret and battlement, wall and pier—
Sing high, sing low!
Two by two we placed them so,
Like soldiers' tents in a double row.

Then a floor on these we laid,
And straightway another story made;
And so on, up and round about,
Fashioning deftly in and out,
Until with the very last card we crown
The lofty tower—
Sing up, sing down!
And this was the building
Of Tumbledown Town.



Varian

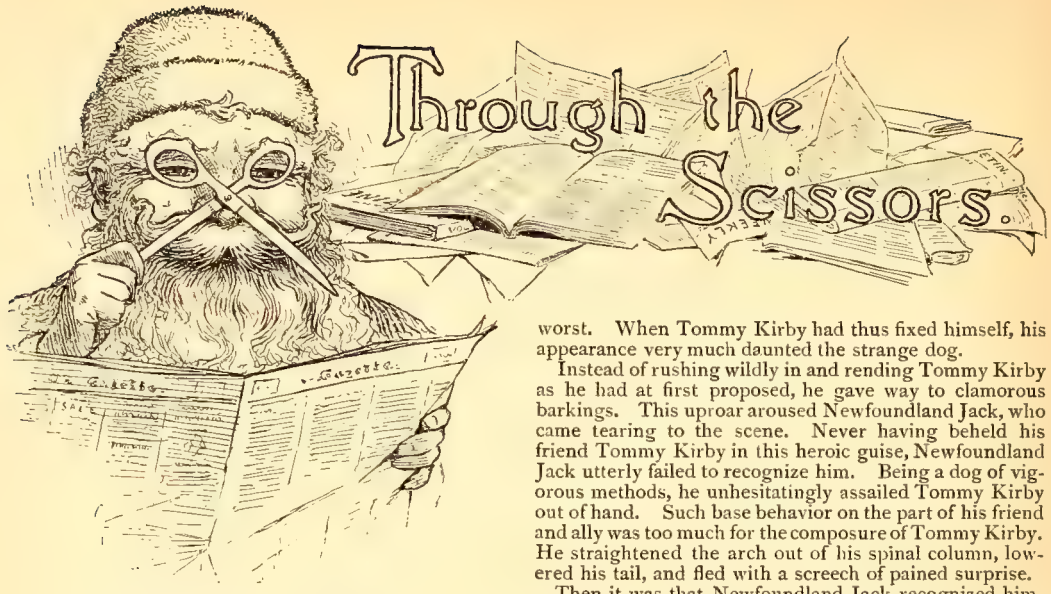


(II)

Then she smiled, did our Queen Lenore,
As she sat in state on the nursery floor—
Sing high, sing low!
But Royalty's favor is brief, they say,
As an April shower — the smile gave way
To a frown — a frown!
Sing up, sing down!
And there was an end of Tumbledown Town.

(III)

Down it fell at the Queen's command,
Down at the wave of her royal hand—
Sing high, sing low!
But I — I only laughed when I saw it fall,
And built me another quite as tall.
For I said: "Tho' our first attempt be vain,
We must build again — and perhaps again;
For those who in life would win renown —
Sing high, sing low! Sing up, sing down!
Must triumph o'er many a Tumbledown Town."



WHY WE HAVE TWO EARS.

THE teacher told the children how a wise man once said that we have only one mouth and two ears, so that we may listen and hear twice as much as we speak. Afterward, to see how much of the instruction was remembered, she asked:

"Why is it that we have two ears and only one mouth, Frances?"

"Because we would not have room in our face for two mouths, and we would look too crooked if we had only one ear."

"No, that is not the reason. You know, do you, Rosie?"

"Yes, ma'am. So that what we hear may go in at one ear and out at the other."—*Philadelphia Times.*

A DOG AND CAT MISUNDERSTANDING.

"TOMMY KIRBY" is a cat. His home is on Capitol Hill. Among his many friends and admirers Tommy Kirby numbers a large Newfoundland dog called "Jack," who lives at the same house with Tommy Kirby. The two are often seen in each other's company, and on hot afternoons take their siestas on the same back porch in the most amiable, friendly fashion. They have a most thorough understanding, and on meeting after a brief separation will express their mutual satisfaction in short cries and ejaculations in their own language, which they seem to understand perfectly.

The other afternoon Newfoundland Jack lay wrapped in slumber in the yard. Tommy Kirby came out, and, after looking up and down the causeway, concluded to go over and visit a friend named Billy, who was himself a cat of worth, and belonged to Tommy Kirby's set. He was picking his way across the street with that dignity and composure that some cats assume, when he encountered a strange dog. The dog was disposed to make it a case of assault and battery. Now, Tommy Kirby is a cat of great valor, and the neighborhood has night after night rung with his war whoops. Instead of flying from his assailant, he came to a full stop, made green his eyes, enlarged his tail until it looked as if it was meant to clean lamp chimneys, and gave his back an arch that looked very threatening. Then he spat with exceeding emphasis, and as one who announced himself ready for the worst. When Tommy Kirby had thus fixed himself, his appearance very much daunted the strange dog.

Instead of rushing wildly in and rending Tommy Kirby as he had at first proposed, he gave way to clamorous barkings. This uproar aroused Newfoundland Jack, who came tearing to the scene. Never having beheld his friend Tommy Kirby in this heroic guise, Newfoundland Jack utterly failed to recognize him. Being a dog of vigorous methods, he unhesitatingly assailed Tommy Kirby out of hand. Such base behavior on the part of his friend and ally was too much for the composure of Tommy Kirby. He straightened the arch out of his spinal column, lowered his tail, and fled with a screech of pained surprise.

Then it was that Newfoundland Jack recognized him. He looked after Tommy Kirby, while grief and remorse shone in his eyes. He was full of apology to the brim. This lasted for a moment, and then the meditations of Newfoundland Jack took a new turn. He abruptly fell upon the strange dog, whose sudden uproar had brought him into this mess, and gave him such a trouncing as few dogs get; and this sent the strange dog howling from the scene at a faster pace even than that of Tommy Kirby. The next day Newfoundland Jack and Tommy Kirby were seen sedately walking the yard together; so they must have made mutual explanations.—*Washington Star.*

A MOTHER'S HEROISM.

MRS. CHARLES PELLS, of Hastings, went rowing recently on the Hudson with her two children, Willie, eight years old, and Eva, five years old. After rowing about for two hours she headed the skiff for the shore. When about two hundred and fifty feet from the landing-place, the little girl dropped overboard a toy shovel with which she had been paddling in the water. In trying to regain it she lost her balance, and fell over the gunwale.

Mrs. Pells promptly jumped overboard after the child. Grasping her by the hair, she swam toward the skiff, which had floated a short distance down-stream. In getting in, however, the boat was upset, and the boy Willie was thrown into the water too.

The mother set Eva on top of the overturned boat, and started to rescue the boy. When he came to the surface the second time she grabbed him by the collar, then swam for the skiff, and succeeded in supporting herself by holding on to the bow.

Several persons on shore heard her cries for help, and put out in another skiff. She was nearly exhausted when she was hauled out of the water, but soon recovered and took her children home.—*New York Sun.*

HE WOULD LET LOOSE THE DOGS OF WAR.

"THERE was a matter that I forgot, and which I meant to suggest to our War Department before I returned to Georgia." The speaker was Evan Howell, of Atlanta, publisher of "The Constitution." "The idea was suggested to me," he said to a writer for "The Star," "by the trick of a smart Yankee which I observed during

the war. Some of our men surprised a bunch of Yankee raiders one day. The raiders saw us coming a half mile away. They were in the front yard of a big plantation-house at the time, and the moment they noted us streaming 'round a bend in the pike they leaped for their horses. One of them, the tricky Yank I mentioned, stopped and picked up a bee-hive, one of a dozen standing in the yard, and swung it up to his shoulder. Then he climbed into the saddle. Every jump of his horse jolted a handful of indignant bees out of the hive, and it looked as if they never budged, but stood right still in the air wondering what had happened. And when we got up to them the bees seemed to lay their troubles to us, and pitched into us like rabid dogs. Not one of our cavalry ever got further than the first bee. The whole outfit came streaming back and lit into us and our horses, and made it so hot we had to turn and fly. That 's what they did; just simply stung us plumb out of the country, and the Yanks got away.

"Now, I was n't thinking of suggesting bees to Lamont as an adjunct to our military, but remembering my bee experience that day in North Georgia, I was wondering why we could n't avail ourselves of the aid of animals more than we do in a battle. My idea was to organize a dog regiment, say of a thousand dogs. I 'd get good big staghounds with enough shepherd-dog blood to increase their intelligence. I 'd take 1000 of these and put 100 men with them, giving each man charge of ten dogs. I 'd train them to know the enemy by dummies fixed up in the hostile uniform. It could be done, this last part, in a week. And I 'd take this dog regiment into battle with me. They be easy to feed and easy to handle. I 'd guarantee to whip anything but infantry with my dog regiments. Cavalry would n't last a moment with them. They 'd stampede the best cavalry brigade that ever heard a bugle. Of course, these 100 men would have to be mounted. With the men in the saddle and their half staghound, half shepherd-dog cohorts they 'd sweep a battle-field and stir up an enemy's line like a nest of hornets. As for artillery, these dogs would overrun a battery like a torrent."—*Exchange.*

AN INTERESTING BABY.

SHE had a seat in a Michigan avenue car, with a baby on her lap and all bundled up in an old shawl. A woman next to her with two small children seemed to have considerable curiosity about that baby, and after trying several times to get a sight of its face she said:

"Have n't you got your child bundled up a good deal for this weather?"

"But I have to keep him warm, ma'am," was the reply.

"For what reason?"

"The doctor told me to."

"Then the poor little thing is ailing?"

"Just a little ailing ma'am — just a little. He 's got measles with the mumps atop of it, but the doctor says he 's growing —"

No one heard the rest of her words. There were four or five mothers and six or seven children in the car; and there was a stampede which took them all out and everybody else as well. When the car rolled on again the woman with the baby looked at the conductor inquiringly and asked:

"Has anything broke down or blown up or run off the track to scare 'em all out?"— *Detroit Free Press.*

A CAT THAT CRAVES APPROVAL.

MRS. MUGGINS is a very good mouser, and occasionally she will catch a great big rat out in the barn. Of this feat she is always very proud, and invariably brings the rat after it is dead to the house, where every member of the family must see it and praise and pet her for being such a good, brave cat. The first time this occurred one of the members of the family took the rat up on a shovel and threw it over the back fence; but in a very few moments Mrs. Muggins had it back again; again and again was it thrown away, but every time it was brought back.

At last the two compromised matters by allowing the rat to remain just outside the back door by the side of the step. There it stayed all day until evening, when it was found out why Mrs. Muggins objected to having it thrown away.

The father had been home only a few minutes when Mrs. Muggins walked proudly into the sitting-room with her head aloft and the big rat dangling from her mouth. She went up to the man and laid the rat at his feet, looked up in his face and waited to be caressed and praised. After she received the desired attention she allowed the rat to be carried away and cared nothing more about it. — *Cincinnati Tribune.*

HIDDEN CITIES.*

BY M. E. SAFFORD.

IN beginning our journey, we will start from a city
Where the men are all wise, the women all witty;
They call it the Hub (1) — you every one know it.
Thence to the City of Elms (2), which lies just below it.
Through the Land of Steady Habits (3) away to big Gotham (4),
So great and so rich you can't reach to the bottom
Of its wealth and its power. Now, right on our way
Lies the City of Churches (5), where we make but short stay;
For, after the Brotherly Love City (6), before the day closes,
We must speed on our way to the City of Roses (7);
Take a look at the City of Distances Magnificent (8);
Where we count that our time most worthily is spent.
Now, aboard of the train that we know never waits,
We all take our seats for the City of Straits (9).
We are blown from the blustering, great Windy City (10)
To the Monumental City (11), which to miss would be pity.
The handsome Gate City (12) we take on our route,
Then circle the Crescent (13) as we turn right about.
And by the City of Rocks (14) take our flight to the ocean
To see the Golden Gate City (15), which is quite to our notion.
By the City of Violated Treaty (16), far over the sea,
To the City of Palaces (17) our way must now be.
Through the City of Victory (18), by the City of Masts (19),
To the City of the Violet Crown (20) we 'll speed while day lasts,
Not forgetting Auld Reekie (21), nor the Bride of the Sea (22),
Nor the City of Flowers (23), nor Sweet Little Paris (24).
Then back to Columbia (25), the land we love best,
The true home of freedom, of peace, and of rest.

— *The Outlook.*

* The answers to the Hidden Cities will be printed in the Letter-box next month.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While reading in your June number I came across an article about General George Rogers Clark, and was very much interested, because he is my great-great-great-uncle.

We have the sword which was presented to him by the State of Virginia in 1779. The inscription on it says: "A tribute to Courage and Patriotism.

"Presented by the State of Virginia to her beloved son General George Rogers Clark, who by the conquest of Illinois and St. Vincennes extended her empire and aided in the defense of her liberties. Saturday, June 12, 1779."

VIRGINIA R. N——.

TACOMA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish I could describe our beautiful Mount Tacoma to your many readers who have never seen it in its snowy grandeur. It lies about sixty miles southeast of the city of Tacoma, but on a clear day it seems that a few minutes' walk would take one to it. The mountain is covered with snow the year round, and sometimes when the sun shines on it in a certain way the glaciers can be plainly seen. Often at sunset the whole mountain is colored with rosy light, and then it is beautiful beyond all description.

Although I have lived in sight of Mount Tacoma for nearly six years, I have never seen it look twice the same.

The Indian name was Tahoma, but as the "h" was hard to sound, the American tongue changed it to Tacoma.

This is the Indian legend of the mountain:

Long, long ago there were twin mountains dwelling side by side. But they quarreled and had a dreadful battle, during which the sun hid his face and the earth trembled. At the end of the conflict a mighty convulsion threw the warring brothers together, and formed the beautiful and wonderful Mount Tacoma, which lies peacefully looking down upon our fair "City of Destiny."

In summer the mountain is often climbed by pleasuring parties, but few go to the summit. The height of the mountain is commonly called 14,444 feet, but a recent explorer has found it to be over 15,000 feet.

There has been some excitement here lately, for the report was spread that Mount Tacoma was smoking. It did look like smoke, but was probably only a cloud.

The mountain is an extinct volcano, and I should feel very sorry to have its whiteness spoiled by fire and lava; so I hope that the demon who sleeps deep under Tacoma's peaceful breast will never awaken to violence.

Your loving reader, BESSIE S——.

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am living in Denver. The wild flowers are beautiful. The sand-lilies and wild primroses are in bloom. They are both pure white, and the leaves like silk; the primroses after they are put in water turn a beautiful pink. They both grow on the prairie. I wish all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS could see them.

We can see Pike's Peak from the side porch, and to the west the far-off mountain peaks, and all are covered with snow. Columbine is the State flower and grows on the mountains in many varieties.

Your nine-year-old reader, HENRY S. N——.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I saw in the May number of your magazine an article entitled "Daniel Boone and the Founding of Kentucky," which told about two girls with Boone's own daughter being stolen by the Indians, I thought I would write and say that one of those other girls was my great-great-grandmother.

I know something about it they did n't tell, and that was that they traced them by bits of their clothes the girls had torn up and left behind them.

I wish I knew some more to tell about them, but as I do not I will close. Your affectionate reader,

MARY F. S——.

BLACKHEATH, LONDON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little English girl ten years old. I like your paper so much, and always look forward to the next month. Of all the tales, I like "A Boy of the First Empire" best. I have three birds. One is a bullfinch, one a canary, and one a goldfinch; they all hang up in a row. I sometimes take the canary and goldfinch both out of the cage together, and one holds on to the other's tail, and they pull each other along. I think your magazine is the nicest I ever read. Hoping to see this printed,

From your affectionate reader,

RACHEL K. D——.

HALIFAX, N. S.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a true American at heart, but I live at present in Halifax. My mother is an American, and my father is an Englishman; and, as his business is in Halifax, we are of course under the Queen in name, while our hearts are under the "Stars and Stripes."

Halifax is an interesting but a very dirty place. My mama says it needs a good house-cleaning every month of the year. The soft coal which they burn makes everything very black; even the clothes-lines need to be washed once a week.

The thing that I like best here is the Garrison Church, where one thousand soldiers attend. The band plays outside and inside. The soldiers sing so heartily, and the music is fine.

No one is ever in a hurry here; but I have never heard that they live any longer than the busy Americans.

Your admiring and devoted reader,

WORTHINGTON B——.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Bakersfield is a town of five thousand inhabitants, and is the main stopping-place between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Bakersfield

has the bicycle fever, and there are over one hundred bicycles in town. I have one, but it is so small for me that I shall get a new one this summer.

We have a large mastiff, "Rover," who is about the age of my little brother (nearly six), and is much more of a baby. He lies on the sofa, and expects as much notice as a baby.

Papa does not like him to get on the lounge, but he gets on when papa is not looking, and sleeps there all day.

One day mama saw him there, and told him to get down; so he pretended to be asleep. She called him again, and he lazily opened one eye and closed it again. She repeated it, and he cast her an imploring glance; and upon her saying, "Off, Rover!" he slowly got off, making his legs as stiff as possible to show her how old and tired he was. I remain your loving reader,

BLANCHE C. W——.

FORT THOMAS, KENTUCKY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old my last birthday. I have lived in the army all my life. I was living at Fort Townsend, Washington, now abandoned; it was a very nice place. This place is nice, too. It is on a high embankment, or hill, and we can see the Ohio River plainly. I have a sister; she is thirteen years old. I must now say good-by.

Your little reader, MARY W——.

COVENTRY, WARWICKSHIRE, ENG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother in New York sends me ST. NICHOLAS every month, and has done so since I was about ten years of age, and now I am fifteen.

My eldest sister's husband is a minister in Minnesota. He is a direct descendant of the Washington family. My father has been showing me an old book printed in 1647 which must have belonged to the Washington family, for there is an entry of the births of nine — from Thomas Washington, born 1690, to George Washington, August 11, 1704, and Mary Washington, January 26, 1706, which is very quaintly written thus: "about AII of clok at Midnight 1706." Also a very large old sheet of paper he calls a rubbing from Washington's tomb, an autograph signature of President Grant, and a few other American curios.

I always read all the letters from the young people in different parts of the world.

I remain your constant reader, ADELA G. S——.

"RUDOT," FULLER'S RD., CHATSWOOD, N. S. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written, but I thought you would like a letter from an Australian girl. We live in a pretty little place called Chatswood, about five miles from Sydney. I have a little sister named Eily, and we go to a private school about three quarters of a mile from our house.

We are very fond of you, and I have two bound volumes of you. We subscribe to the School of Arts and we can get any book we like. It is only lent to us, you know, and don't we lecture papa if he is a day late with his ST. NICHOLAS! We can't rest till we get it. I am sending some Australian stamps to my American cousins — Eily is sorting the stamps now. I think the Columbian stamps are very pretty. I would like to get a full collection, but I have not been able to. I will exchange stamps and seeds and pressed flowers with my American cousins. I would like any little boy or girl to write me; I would answer their letters. I know an American gentleman; he is at present in Sidney, and he is going to take my stamps to the office of ST. NICHOLAS. The wild-flowers here are very pretty and in abundance. The Christmas bush and flannel-daisy and Christmas-bell are great favorites, and a great many people come from Sidney for them. They take away great bunches of them. It is really a shame the way they pick them; they pull them up root and all, and pick off the flower, and throw away the root. I do love wattle, and it all is out now; it looks really lovely, the masses of yellow everywhere; in fact our ground is nearly all wattle. I am very fond of flowers and I would like to have nothing indoors to do but to keep flowers and fowls, and I would look after them well and I would not need any toys. I have mostly out-of-door work to do, so it is just as I like it. My sister is six and I am eleven. I study French, Latin, music, and drawing at school, and I took two prizes when we broke up, one for French and another for drawing. I can swim a little bit, and sometimes we go down to the Lane Cove River and have a picnic; it is only about half an hour's walk from our house. We have a lot of fowls and ducks. I thank you for the pleasure ST. NICHOLAS has given us, especially "The Brownies." I am going to have a set of "The Brownies," in calico, from America. Will you please ask some of my American cousins to tell me how they make paper dolls?

I must now say farewell, hoping ST. NICHOLAS will always prosper. Your interested reader,

DAISY MUNDY.

WE thank our young correspondent for her interesting letter. We have received at the office of ST. NICHOLAS the package of Australian stamps she mentions, and we shall be glad to send them (while they last) to those of our actual subscribers who will send us stamped and directed envelopes for the purpose. We will give one or two of the stamps to each applicant, but we cannot answer any letters concerning them. Most of the stamps are canceled specimens of the current issues, and have therefore no premium value.

LARCHMONT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am now fourteen years old, and we have taken your magazine for twenty-two years, that is, ever since it first began. I cannot express how much I like it. Especially as I know several persons concerned with it, and also that my uncle is the editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. I like all your continued stories *very* much.

We live in New York in the winter, and I go to the Brearley School. My aunt whom I live with and myself are spending the summer with another aunt and uncle here in Larchmont. It is on the water, so I look forward to the bathing very much. I hope you will print this letter, because I have never written to you before.

Good by, dear ST. NICHOLAS, with much love and congratulations from your ever loving friend,

JEANNETTE C—— J——.

EISENACH, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you almost two years, and like you better than any magazine I ever saw.

I am eleven years old, and have been living in Germany with mama the past year, to study German. I always look forward to your coming with great impatience, for you are like a little bit of home.

Eisenach is a lovely place on the northern edge of the Thüringian forest. On a high hill overlooking the town stands the old, old Wartburg. It is a fine old castle, and much visited by travelers. Over six hundred years ago there lived there a beautiful young princess. She was very good to the poor and sick people, and was much beloved.

There is a hospital here now that she founded in 1226. After she died she was made a saint by the church, and is known as "Die heilige Elisabeth." I have learned a very pretty poem about her. At the Wartburg, Dr. Martin Luther began the translation of the Bible into German. His bed, chair, table, footstool, stove, and handwriting are shown.

I go to school, and like my teachers and schoolmates very much. The German children are quieter than American children. I suppose they think I am a wild Indian because I like to jump and run about, and because I have told them that my home is in Indiana. They sometimes ask very funny questions about America. One little girl asked me what language we speak there. I saw a peddler in Jena who thought Americans were all copper-colored.

The Emperor of Germany comes every spring and spends several days at the Wartburg and hunts in the forest. He was here in April. I saw him twice as he returned from the hunt. He wore an evergreen twig in his hat as a sign that the hunt had been successful. He is rather young and good-looking. He wore the beautiful green suit of the foresters instead of the brilliantly decorated uniform I had imagined he would wear. He has six little boys and one little girl.

I have seen several of the countries of Europe, and enjoyed traveling in them very much; but America is the land for me. In a month papa will sail from New York, to take us home; and how glad I shall be when he comes!

I have enjoyed reading the letters from children in foreign lands very much.

Long live America and ST. NICHOLAS!

Your interested reader, HELEN W. U——.

CALIFORNIA, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for about a year and a half. I like "Decatur and Somers" best, because I have a friend who has a cane made out of one of the timbers of "Old Ironsides." I like "A Boy of the First Empire" second best, because I have a relative who believes he had Marshal Ney for his teacher in North Carolina. He and his friend think Marshal Ney was never shot, but that he came to America and lived here till after Bonaparte's death, under the name of P. S. Ney. They have many things to tell about this man. We have his signature and a few pages of his manuscript. Across the street there lives a postal clerk who says he knows "Owney," the postal-car dog, and who says Owney goes through this town very often.

Good luck for St. Nicholas!

Your nine-year-old reader, EDMUND W——.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live on a hill in the eastern part of the State, and every one who has ever been up here says that it is one of the finest views imaginable.

To the south we can see as far as the Mexican boundary line, to the west the great Pacific Ocean, and to the east the great peaks of the Cuyamaca range stretch heavenward, above the rolling mesas at their feet.

Our place includes an acre, and in that space we have everything imaginable.

We have a large barn, and in the loft have built an opera house. The stage is raised about two feet above the floor. It is fitted with painted side wings, rear scene taken from the Cuyamaca mountains. Pasteboard boughs of green are suspended overhead. The drop curtain also has a scene, and measures nine feet by fourteen feet. The stage itself slants slightly backward, to give an idea of distance. Chairs and dressing-room, and an apparatus to produce a thunder-storm, complete this theater. Only one play has been given as yet, but that was a rousing success. Every seat, box, and bench was filled, and several boys climbed up on a grain chute, which has been termed the gallery by the theater-going public.

With best wishes for "Chris," and his lamp, I will close. MATTHEW S——.

BOSTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sisters and I are indebted for many happy hours to your delightful magazine.

Having spent the summer of 1894 in Germany, Papa engaged the return passage on the steamer "Elbe," for the trip which turned out so fatally for her passengers, when suddenly Mamma was taken ill, and we were obliged to postpone our voyage for ten days. We never had more to be grateful for than for that illness. We remain your faithful readers, C. M. and M. M.

PERNAMBUCO, BRAZIL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Pernambuco, Brazil, and have been here two winters, going home for the summers. There is a beautiful palace here belonging to the governor. There was an American circus here a while ago, and I went to it twice. I have two little dogs: one called "Mimorse," which is Portuguese for "my darling," and the other, "Jip." I remain your constant reader and friend, ELIZABETH J. H——.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I have enjoyed the letters of the "Letter-box" very much.

A few months ago we had La Fiesta. I enjoyed it very much. They had floats that told the history of California, from Aztec Indians to the present time.

My little brother said he did not like the floats, but he liked the bands; but I thought they were very nice.

Floral day was best of all five, I think. Papa thought of putting a carriage in it, but we had rather watch it.

Your interested reader, ROWENA M. N——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: H. Van Wagenen, Gladys T. Harvey, Helen A. Turner, Belle M. Waddell, Alice I. N——, Anna L. D., Elsie Draper, Lena H., Virginia Watson, Mary W. Clark, Julia H. Crane, Elizabeth C., V. G., Elise C., J. Malcolm B., Jennie C. Thomas, Edward Moses, G. P. Sidford, Daisy Singleton, Dorothea Alister M., Sarah O. Ernst, Louise W. Kidder, Julia McCallum, Katie Kane, Maud Brown, Rene T. C., Madge McRae, Lucas W. Moore, Henry P. Dart, Jr., Ruth Craigmile, William K. D., Estelle Pierce, Bessie L. Thornton, Ruth Margaret Mohler, Lillian R. S., H. E. H., Gustave J. R., B. W. Brown, Tom Rochester W., Bonnie F., Albert W. Foss, Annie C., Mollie B. Henderson, Rachel E. Bond, Mary B. W. A., Marguerite North, Leonora Gurley, Irene Bauer, Lois O. P., Hazel I. Smith, Margaret Crutcher, Orsan Sharonan, Jessie M. Colby, Nan M. and Dorothy D., C. M. S., Anna and Frances, Edith and Marian B., Anna Gould, Helen V. Duryea, Sara A. B., Alba M. Heriot, Sallie and Nellie, Mary Eastland, Mary K. Frothingham, Mabel G. Lefeber, Amie L. B., Grace P., Marjory Walker.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

ACROSTIC. First row, Constitution; third row, Old Ironsides. Cross-words: 1. Croon. 2. Ogler. 3. Noddy. 4. Spike. 5. Tired. 6. Idols. 7. Tense. 8. Unsew. 9. Trite. 10. India. 11. Obese. 12. Nasal.

DIAGONAL, SAINT NICHOLAS. Cross-words: 1. South Carolina. 2. Daniel Webster. 3. Knickerbocker. 4. New Netherland. 5. Bell Telephone. 6. Savannah River. 7. Atlantic Cable. 8. Kennebec River. 9. The White House. 10. Ship Mayflower. 11. Zachary Taylor. 12. Chesapeake Bay. 13. Massachusetts.

NOVEL HOUR-GLASS. Molière. Cross-words: 1. Measure. 2. Order. 3. Lie. 4. I. 5. Lee. 6. Other. 7. Mandate.

DIAMOND. 1. B. 2. Nun. 3. Noted. 4. Buttery. 5. Needy. 6. Dry. 7. Y.

HIDDEN PRESIDENTS. 1. John Adams. 2. William H. Harrison. 3. James A. Garfield. 4. George Washington. 5. Franklin Pierce. 6. James K. Polk.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Anthony Wayne. 1. Anchor. 2. Nut. 3. Turkey. 4. Horse. 5. Obelisk. 6. Nail. 7. Yacht. 8. Wagon. 9. Anvil. 10. Yak. 11. Nest. 12. Elephant.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Wrap. 2. Rope. 3. Apes. 4. Pest.

MISSING LETTERS. 1. L E ment. 2. L E vate. 3. A V ary. A P ary. 4. S O teric. 5. X T rior. 6. M U late. 7. R T cle. I C cle. Q T cle. 8. X P ate. O P ate. D V ate. 9. M A nate. 10. D I fy. 11. I O dine. 12. R T ry. 13. X E cute. 14. A J cent. 15. S Q lent. 16. X L ent. 17. M T ing. 18. S N tial. 19. L E gant. 20. X P dite. 21. A E rate. 22. O C anic. 23. N E thing. 24. K T did. 25. G O metric. 26. I O dide. 27. R T ficial. 28. L O quent. 29. F M inate. 30. M I grant. 31. X M plify. 32. X P rience.

ORNAMENTAL SQUARE. From 1 to 2, nap; 2 to 3, parry; 3 to 4, yam; 4 to 5, million; 5 to 6, Nan; 6 to 7, Natal; 7 to 8, lee; 8 to 9, eon; 9 to 10, notch; 10 to 11, hat; 11 to 12, tangent; 12 to 13, tin; 13 to 14, north; 14 to 15, hod; 15 to 16, due; 16 to 17, error; 17 to 18, rib; 18 to 19, bullion; 19 to 20, nor; 20 to 21, rites; 21 to 22, sap; 22 to 23, par; 23 to 24, rates; 24 to 25, sot; 25 to 26, torment; 26 to 27, Tom; 27 to 28, marry; 28 to 1, yon.

MIXED SYLLABLES. 1. Bulbul. 2. Parrot. 3. Carrot. 4. Parson. 5. Carpet. 6. Bullet. 7. Bonnet. 8. Cutlet. 9. Damson. 10. Outlet. 11. Sonnet. 12. Puppet. 13. Bonbon.

WORD-BUILDING. O, on, ton, note, tones, sonnet, tension, tontines, ointments.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from "M. McG."—G. B. Dyer—Arthur Gride—"Jersey Quartette"—George Bancroft Fernald—"Lord Clive"—Isabel H. and Donald L. Noble—Ella and Co.—W. L.—Tod and Yam—Mary Lester and Harry—Blanche and Fred—Helen Rogers—Marjorie Cole—Josephine Sherwood—Sigourney Fay Nininger—"Merry and Co."—Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher—Paul Rowley—S. L. B.—"Two Little Brothers"—Jo and I.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Harry and Violet, 2—Susy Taber and Abbie Chandler, 3—Leila McGowin, 1—M. J. McGinnis, 5—H. O. Koerker, 3—"Little Tom-all-alone," 4—Emily B. Brune, 1—C. V. Briggs, 3—G. A. Hallock, 4—Marion A. Bell, 1—Annie Hays, 1—Anna A. Coleman, 3—"Brownie Bess," 1—Paul Reese, 9—"P. Uzzler," 2—Elsie M. Cassels, 4—Arthur P., 1—Fritzie Comstock, 1—"Kibim," 2—L. O. E., 11—Louise Towle, 4—Lottie S. Hopper, 1—Ethel R. S. and Eleanor G., 4—"Two Philosophers," 3—Carl Schneider, 5—Pop and I, 1—"The Ladybugs," 2—Jack A. Moore, 1—"We, Us and Co.," 8—Frances and Elizabeth, 2—W. T. Morris, 1—Ida G. and Grace A. Little, 3—Marion F. S., 1—Elizabeth White, 4—Grace Busenbark, 4—Hope I. Binney, 1—Eugene Walter, 2—Mary F. Stone, 3—I. Honora Swartz, 5—N. R. H., 3—Nettie Comstock, 2—Katharine D. Hull, 2—Albert Lester McMullen, 1—Harriet, Edward and Mama, 8—Walter and Eleanor Furman, 11—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Annie T. Best, 2—Oskytel H. C., 3—F. H. C. Frankland, 3—O. S. W., 8—"Three H's.," 3—Lisle and Lily, 7—Mabel E. Adams, 1—J. and E. Schmitt, 5—Alice M. Pate, 1—Adelaide M. Gaither, 3—"Goose-quill," 2—Charles Travis, 7—Alice Butterfield, 3—S. S. and M. Lucas, 3—"Snowflake Winter," 6—Franklyn Farnsworth, 8—Katharine T. White, 3—Addison Neil Clark, 11—Azro and Charles Lewis, 3—Anne C. Stryke, 5—Karl G. Smith, 4—Marguerite Sturdy, 6—Sarah L. Tyler, 5—Marjory Gane, 4—"Four Weeks in Kane," 11—Margaret Scribner, 2—Florence E. Davy, 3—No Name, Hackensack, 10—Mama, Ham and Fun, 4—M. and M., 4—"Highmount Girls," 9—Philip Eleni, 2—"The Butterflies," 10—Daisy Davis, 1—Kenneth Lewis, 1—Laura and Virginia, 5—Ruth M. Mason, 4—Albert Smith Faught, 6—E. and R. Prussing and C. Rosenthal, 3.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Syncopate a dairy product, and leave to crowd. Answer, cr-e-am, cram.

1. Syncopate speed, and leave aversion.
2. Syncopate a loud call, and leave closed.
3. Syncopate a cool fabric, and leave a legal claim.
4. Syncopate pretty, and leave very thin.
5. Syncopate a revery, and leave a weight.
6. Syncopate an ecclesiastical head-dress, and leave wet, spongy earth.

The six syncopated letters will spell a kind of poem that has been called "the diamond of literature."

JULIA B. C.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. INCLINES. 2. To settle an income upon. 3. To worship. 4. The language of ancient Scandinavia. 5. Fragrant.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. With full force. 2. Zeal. 3. Rhythm. 4. A portable chair. 5. An admitted fact. 6. A funeral song.

DOWNWARD: 1. In diamond. 2. A name for a parent. 3. To equip with weapons of defense. 4. Certain divisions of the Roman year. 5. Celebrated. 6. A kind of rampart. 7. To appraise. 8. A female recluse. 9. A musical tone. 10. In diamond.

"SAMUEL SYDNEY."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name an empress, my finals a queen.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Pertaining to the Jews. 2. A severe trial. 3. A specimen. 4. The germ of a plant. 5. A man's name. 6. An exodus. 7. An affront. 8. To reckon. 9. A damsel carried off by Jupiter.

JULIA B. C.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-seven letters, and form a quotation from the works of Douglas Jerrold.

My 42-24-16-58 is to seize with the teeth. My 8-3-20-38-66 is on every tea-table. My 23-55-46-30 is to confront. My 52-47-26-35-6-60 are small quantities of silk or yarn. My 64-12-33-62-40-43-49 is bestowed. My 53-63-28-10-57-7-19 is part of a gun. My 21-17-54-14-39-48-34 is fine woolen yarn used in knitting and embroidery. My 13-25-2-4-44-50-37-61-31 are coverings. My 22-41-59-67-65 is pertaining to ancient Scandinavia. My 29-15-56-45-9-1 is pertaining to a northern country of Europe. My 11-18-36-27-5-32-51 is pertaining to another northern country of Europe.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

RIDDLE.

I AM both useful and ornamental, and am found on the table, under the table, and on your father's head. I am one of twins noted in Grecian history. I am a plant yielding an oil more wholesome than palatable.

PLEASANT E. TODD.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the seven objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names (which are of equal length) written one below the other, the final letters will spell the name of a famous English poet who was born in August, 1792.

A CONCEALED MENAGERIE.

FIFTY-ONE quadrupeds are concealed in the following story; which are they?

Flemming Moran loved Alba Boone, but he had a powerful rival in one Jack Allen, who, being very rich, was able to make her many gifts, to attempt to gain her affection. Mary Akers, Alba's cousin, loved Jack, while Alba was very much attracted by a young minister, Rev. Pope C. Cary, who, although deemed by all a man of a rather slothful disposition, was glib — exceedingly glib — of tongue.

Once, when Flemming went to call on Alba, he carried her a small box of grapes, tied with a silk string, nuts in a canvas sack, and a large red apple. "O, pardon me," he said as he entered, "I came late, I am aware, but I saw a pitiable sight on the way, which detained me. I saw an old man tottering along, while a burly monk, eying him savagely, followed close behind. The monk was clad in a suit of buff, a low-crowned hat on his head, with a long wire whip in one hand and a strange blue cup in the other. Such a whip or cup I never saw before. The old man had such a moist look about the eyes that I knew he had been weeping. As I approached, the monk, who seemed as savage as a Tartar — mad, ill, or both — said to the old man, 'Sing, you villain, sing — or I 'll actually trounce the life out of you! Sing!' Oath followed oath with horrifying rapidity, as with his whip he raised great whelks on the old wretch's bare legs. You know, Miss Alba, that I am not very well — I only left my sick-room last week — but could I gaze, brave though I do not claim to be — could I gaze but a moment at such a sight, and forbear, if in me a vestige remained of humanity? I determined to stop such cruelty. 'Hold!' I cried, catching up a handful of gravel and advancing on the monk: 'you low, olfactory-offending scoundrel, although the monkish garb is on your person, that does not give you the right to be badgering the life out of this poor old man.' 'Bah!' exclaimed the monk, as he gave the old fellow another tap, 'I refuse to allow you to interfere. What is it to you? Why enable this old villain to escape just punishment? He sha'n't elope from me, I promise you. He is just as bad as bad can be. He worries me so that I can't eat. Ere I come near him, he tries to grab, bite, and scratch me, which are vile habits, you must admit'— and he struck the old man again. "But let us talk of something more agreeable — how are you progressing with your Latin?"

"Very nicely," she replied; "I have got as far as *amo* — O see!" she suddenly exclaimed, looking out of the window; "there comes papa, Mr. Moran; — gout, anger, and loss of money combined have so changed him of late that he is actually dangerous. Poor papa — gout is so trying, and — O, go, Mr. Moran; — please go immediately!" And he went.

KENNETH WHITE.

CHARADE.

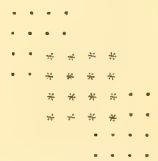
I WANDER o'er the land of dikes,
Of slow canals and cleanly streets,
And wonder, as each figure quaint
My unaccustomed vision meets,—
I speculate at what near time
The sea its barriers shall burst,
And overwhelm the fertile land
Which is, as you must know, my *first*.

If, in a generation past,
In old arithmetics you reckoned,
Among the "tables" measures there,
You surely would have found my *second*.

Should not America be proud
That such a one she claims as son?—
A statesman, poet, Christian man,
The gracious *whole* combined in one.

M. J. W.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



UPPER SQUARE: 1. The highest point. 2. An outer garment. 3. Part of a ship. 4. A feminine name.

MIDDLE SQUARE: 1. An ornamental button. 2. A very narrow woven fabric. 3. On. 4. To contradict.

LOWER SQUARE: 1. For one time. 2. A young hawk. 3. A fresh-water fish. 4. To catch sight of.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



"LIKE CÆSAR RETURNING IN TRIUMPH TO ROME,
OUR HERO RODE ON THROUGH THE STREETS OF HIS HOME."

(SEE PAGE 888.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXII. SEPTEMBER, 1895. NO. 11.



BY EDWIN ASA DIX.

I.—THE HOMERIC STORY OF PIERRE DEBONAIR.

SINCE days of old,
When Homer told
Of heroes of iron in words of gold,
The world has rarely been tempted to censure
Those who would sing of heroic adventure.
Boldly I 'll try, though the task may be hard,
To rival the fame of the old Greek bard,
And tell, not in golden, but diamond-dust, meter,
The tale of the young and adventurous Peter.

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His name was n't Peter, but Pierre Debonair;
His grandfather hailed from Marseilles — or somewhere —
And, long years ago, had come here to reside
In the New England village of North Iodide.
Pierre was a youngster both active and bright;
His hair was as dark as his spirits were light.
In numerous ways he had shown from the start
His intention of proving uncommonly smart.
To be sure, when a baby, he gurgled and goo-ed,
As all babies do while they 're callow and crude;
Yet, even at that time, his knowing black eyes
Seemed to say, with a wink meditatively wise,



"HE PROVED TO HIS NURSE—"

That he felt the absurdity of his position,
But infant traditions compelled his submission.
He proved to his nurse that an overshoe might
Fully equal her finger to teethe on and bite,
And he learned how to walk in a very short time
By stiffening his ankles with plaster and lime!
As his mind blossomed out,
There was no longer doubt
That the seed of true genius had started to sprout.
He shone at his lessons, he glittered at play;
He could handle a tool in a marvelous way.
The neighbors would tell you of things he had made,
That threw the town carpenter quite in the shade:
Toy-carts and water-wheels, cages and traps,
Churns that were managed by pulleys and straps,
Sleds fixed on rollers, for midsummer-time,
Burglar-proof hencoops, for lessening crime.
They related the most incredible tales
Of curious flails and bails and scales,
And they wisely said,
With a shake of the head,
"That boy is a genius, or we are misled!"

Now, genius is never a liberal crop.
At times the production seems almost to stop.
Talent and skill
Are plentiful still;
If one has n't talent, he *can* acquire skill;
But genius, which makes the world's homage its due,
Is not won, but given,— and given to few.
The Temple of Fame may be well filled with people,
But not very many are up in the steeple.
When you 've named over Hannibal, Plato, and Poe,
Bacon, Confucius, and M. Angelo,
Bonaparte, Phidias, Shakspere, and Bach,
Newton and Cæsar, Watt, Goethe, and Locke,
And three or four others, you 'll find you have missed
Remarkably few you can add to the list.
Nay, more, as our civilization grows higher,
We seem to be losing the heaven-breath'd fire.

This grave dissertation is somewhat aside,
But it shows why the people of North Iodide
Each and all felt a kind of municipal pride
In our promising hero, and gazed, open-eyed,
At every ingenious invention he tried.

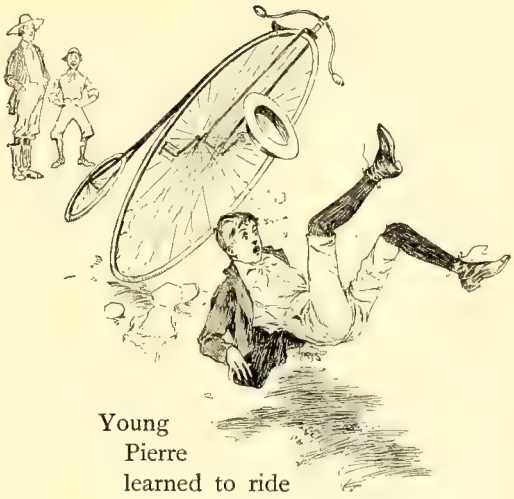
Which leads me to mention
The special invention
To which I desire to invite your attention.

The town had kept pace
With Improvement's mad race,
And boasted three bicycles owned in the place.
All three, it is true, had been bought second-hand



"THE NORTH IODIDE BICYCLE CLUB."

And one a high wheel of an obsolete brand;
They had been so upset and so battered about,
And twisted, and buckled, and turned inside out,
That they hobbled and groaned like a duke with the gout.
But what mattered that? They were peerless in town;
And three youthful riders looked airily down
On the rest of the boys, and delighted to dub
Themselves the "North Iodide Bicycle Club."



Young Pierre learned to ride
The high wheel, when he tried;
But an unlooked-for header demolished his pride;
And he thoughtfully said, with a rub of his knee,
"What a top-heavy place for the saddle to be!"
A thought that most riders are prone to conceal,
But once largely shared by all knights of the wheel.

Now Pierre showed his greatness. Not being content



"WHAT A DAZZLING SCHEME!"

To merely point out such an evil, he bent,
For days, both his brows and his energies double,
Devising some plan for removing the trouble.
He felt very sure that the seat should be moved,
But could n't see how it could well be improved.

III.

'T was a beautiful day,
Toward the middle of May,
And the "N. I. B. C." wheeled serenely away.
Pierre lingered near, at the "meet" and the "start,"



"THE 'N. I. B. C.' WHEELED SERENELY AWAY."

No lower along the backbone could it go,
Nor in front of the wheel, nor one side, nor below.
But — ha! his eyes beam! —
What a dazzling scheme!
Why not make a great wheel, that 's too high to bestride,
And place both the saddle and rider inside!

A whisper of genius! The thing shall be tried!

II.

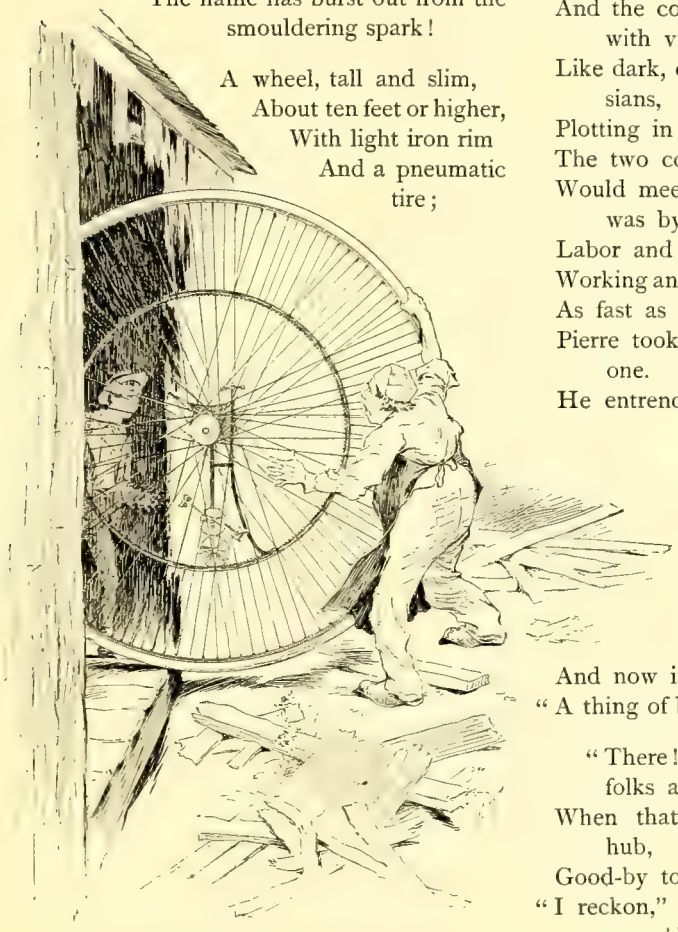
To make my story fleeter
I 'd try a shorter meter;
But verse, like a spider, runs faster, you know,
The more feet it has, and the quicker they go.

With face all excitement, and fast-beating heart;
Then turned, and went eagerly hastening down
The street to his home, just outside of the town.
He made a stop
At the blacksmith's shop;
And you should have seen that worthy drop
His hammer and apron, and clap on his hat,
As soon as he heard what Pierre was at.
Some mysterious plot 's under way!
Farce or tragedy? Who can say?

With footsteps hurried, and voices low,
Down past the house to the barn they go.
In at the doorway vanishes Pierre;
The other continues around to the rear,
And the sound of a hammer soon reaches his ear.
Two planks in the wall,
Standing upright and tall,
Knocked loose from within, lean,—totter,—then fall!
Through the high, narrow opening, darkness is seen;
Till, slow and stately, imposing in mien,
Rolls grandly forth an astounding machine!
Which the blacksmith saves from a sudden careen.

Verily genius has made its mark!
The flame has burst out from the smouldering spark!

A wheel, tall and slim,
About ten feet or higher,
With light iron rim
And a pneumatic tire;



"ROLLS GRANDLY FORTH AN ASTOUNDING MACHINE."

Spokes to another circle inside,
Concentric, but smaller,—with rim an inch wide;
In this was a saddle, so hung as to swing,
Somewhat like a toy horse inside a tin ring,
And, with pedals and driving-gear, light, firm and strong,
Keep level and straight while the wheel rolled along.

To Silas, the blacksmith, a shrewd-witted man,
Pierre, as it seems, had confided his plan.
Si had once read of a similar affair,
Which served his conservative mind to prepare;
So the wonderful scheme made a convert of him,
And the couple shook hands and went at it with vim.
Like dark, deadly Anarchists, desperate Russians,
Plotting in secrecy social concussions,
The two conspirators, stealthy and sly,
Would meet at odd moments, when no one was by,
Labor and time and material spending,
Working and forging and cutting and bending.
As fast as the pieces were fitted and done,
Pierre took them down to his barn, one by one.
He entrenched the south end with a high wall of hay;
Took a part of the flooring above him away;
And there, one night, in the pleasant spring weather,
They met and they put the contrivance together.

And now it stood, the fruit of endeavor,
"A thing of beauty, a joy forever!"

"There!" remarked Pierre, "we 'll give folks a rub!
When that gets a-going, with me in the hub,
Good-by to the Iodide Bicycle Club!"
"I reckon," grinned Si, "it 'll give 'em a scare!"

And out to the roadside they wheel it with care.
Pierre mounts a fence, and then climbs to the seat,



"'GOOD-BY! NOW SCARE 'EM IN IODIDE!'"

Grasps the great steering-bar, pedals his feet,
And Silas shoves,
And the huge disk moves!
Revolving, while Pierre sits erect in his pride,
Quite slowly at first, while his friend walks beside;
Then faster and faster the pedals are plied,
And more and more swiftly the wheel learns to glide,
Till the hurrying Silas ceased running and cried,
"Good-by! Now scare 'em in Iodide!"
"All right!" shouted Peter; "*we 'll* teach folks to ride!"

Of that easy, secure, indescribable motion,
A man on a bicycle has n't a notion.

Pierre thrilled with joy from his sole to his crown,
As he bowled smoothly onward and entered the town.

A boy saw him coming, and gave a wild shout.
Four or five others looked quickly about,
And at once, as it seemed, the entire population
Rushed out, and stood gazing, in great consternation;
Each Iodidian
Staring in fear
At the rolling meridian,—
Staring in fear, till he recognized Pierre,
Then joining with zeal in the gathering cheer!
Like Cæsar returning in triumph to Rome,
Our hero rode on through the streets of his home,
Enjoying the fruit of his gladdest ambitions,
Receiving the plaudits of plebs and patricians.

But on! there 's a battle of wheels yet to gain!
The mob follows after, but follows in vain.
On through the outskirts he quickens his flight,
Far up the still road, till the crowd fades from sight.
Yet, long after leaving the town, he can hear
The eddying waves of that echoing cheer.

Great generals, facing the field to be fought,
On yesterday's victory waste little thought.
Thus Pierre presses on, with his eye to the fore.
He shatters the nerves of a dozen or more
Wholly unprepared wayfarers, passes the mill,
And comes to the brow of a long, straight hill.
There they are! Far ahead and below, he can see

The slow-moving wheels of the Exclusive Three,—
The "N. I. B. C."
There is his battle-field!
"My!" chuckles he,
"To think how Sammy and Buck and Isaac 'll
Howl, when they 're whipped by a one-wheeled bicycle!"

And Pierre is caught up, and goes whirling around,
With his saddle and all, in the fast-turning wheel,
Head over heel,
In a mad, dizzy reel.
The brake had locked tight the parts swinging erect,



"LIKE A BADLY-SCARED CHICKEN IN FRONT OF A HORSE."

Down the long steep he coasts on like the wind,
Leaving a long trail of dust far behind,
Till the furious speed makes the ground seem to shake,
And he hastily — fatefully — claps on the brake.
Look! Quick! What has happened? A sharp, sudden sound,

But instead of the speed of the rim being checked,
As he seemed to expect,
Those parts were set spinning with fearful effect;
And the wheel with its captive, past tree, fence and hedge,
Plunges on down the road, like a whirlwind on edge.

To plan such a brake
Was a dreadful mistake
For that smart but unpractised inventor to make.

The true Buddhist longs to escape transmigration,
Which whirls all existence in changeful rotation,



"SQUARE ON THE BACK OF THE HORRIFIED IKE!"

But poor Pierre, in desire to get out of a wheel,
Now surpassed the fanatical Hindoo in zeal;
For if one header 's bad enough, what 's your impression
Of five hundred headers in rapid succession?

The bicycle trio are toiling along,
Beguiling the journey with laughter and song,
When they hear a strange whirr, give a startled look back,
And see a great weird, whirling spook on their track.
Their terrified cycles to both sides they twitch;
Buck seeks the bushes, and Sam tries the ditch,
While Ike strains ahead, in a panic-struck course,
Like a badly-scared chicken in front of a horse.

Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat,
To judge from the maddening rate that Pierre went at,—
An Ixion, doomed to unending gyrations!
A modern Mazeppa, with slight variations!

But "it 's darkest near dawn," is a truth well expressed.
As the circling specter sweeps down on the rest,
There 's a snap, and a spring, and a bounce, and a tear,
And Pierre is hurled out, with a turn in mid-air,—
Just where, in his fall, he can luckily strike
Square on the back of the horrified Ike!

Grand collapse of the boys and the "bike"!
While the wheel rushes riderless on down the pike.

IV.

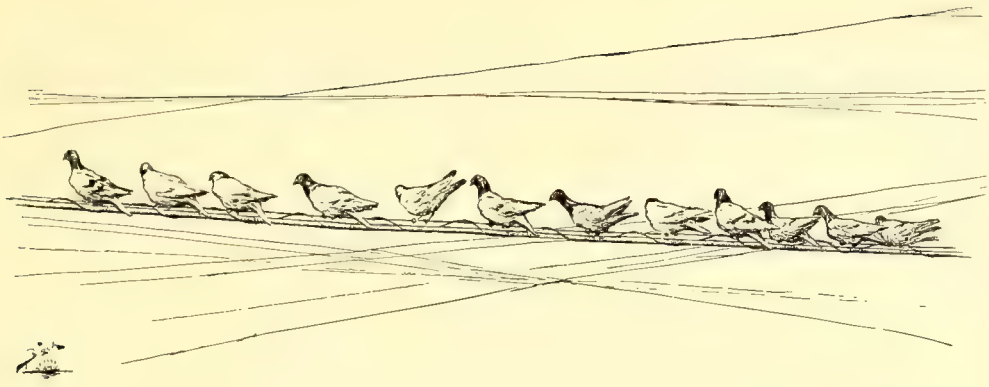
The fight 's done. The boys found
That their bones were all sound,
But it took Pierre a week to get fully unwound.

V.

Some of these days, the world will yet hear
Of our young Down-East genius in full career.

VI.

The Wheel? Well, if country-side legends are true,
It was caught on the fly by the Wandering Jew,
And has thus met the fate that I feared for my rhyme,—
To roll on and on, to the last end of time!



CARRIER-PIGEONS OF SANTA CATALINA.

By DeWitt C. Lockwood.



Some twenty miles off the coast of southern California lies the island of Santa Catalina. On the maps it is shaped somewhat like a giant's footprint. From the mainland it appears to be an exquisite blue cloud, floating lightly and gracefully on the water.

Approaching the island we find it to consist of a very substantial mass of mountain peaks, more or less waving elevations, and green cañons; the coast-line is bordered with verdure-covered knolls which slip gently into the sea, and with rugged cliffs and precipices which rise for a thousand feet or more. Here and there, between the cliffs and knolls, are to be found the most charming half-moon bays and diminutive valleys; and in one of these valleys lies the quaint little town of Avalon — the favorite sea-side resort of southern California.

Except on special occasions a single steamer each way daily is the only regular means of getting to and from this isle of the Pacific, and there is no cable to send messages. Thus, in this our electrical day and generation, there was a colony of from 3000 to 5000 people at sea, in more ways than one, since they were without means of getting word to or from the mainland for twenty-four hours at a time!

If some little mite of royalty should get the mumps or the measles, in less than sixty minutes the entire civilized world might know it, but Catalina island, just off the California coast, might then have sunk with all on board some foggy morning, and not a living soul would have known anything about it for a whole day afterward!

Sometimes the situation which confronted the island visitor, as in the event of accident or sudden illness, was a serious one indeed, while the inconveniences and annoyances to which nearly everybody at one time or another was subject were almost limitless.

How often would one hear exclamations such as these: "Oh, dear! there goes the boat, and I never thought to send word to Robby to be sure and bring his overcoat. The evenings are so very cool now, he 'll catch his death of cold!" "I 'd give five hundred dollars," declared a gentleman well known in the financial world, "if there was any way of getting word to Los Angeles before three o'clock this afternoon."

Such was the condition of affairs when, one morning, two enterprising lads in Los Angeles were discussing the situation.

"Why not carrier-pigeons?" said one.

It was an inspiration. The face of the other grew radiant, while two words of Sanscrit or some occult tongue escaped his lips. They were: "Gee whiz!"— and the thing was as good as done.



SUGAR LOAF, AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, CALIFORNIA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BEST & CO., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

The boys had already been interested in the pigeon industry, and so began at once the system of training necessary to render a certain number of their birds available message-bearers to and from Catalina island.

"How do you fasten the message to the bird?"

"Will the same pigeon fly both ways?"

"Why do you fasten that bit of paper to his tail?"

"How do you get the message from the bird? Does he bring it to you?"

"Does n't the pigeon ever pick the message off?"

"Won't any kind of a pigeon do for a carrier?"

"Don't they get very tired going so far?"

"Oh, look at that funny little ring on his leg! What is that for?"

Well, the variety of questions asked by the spectators from day to day, when the birds were about to be liberated, would certainly fill a half-dozen pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

It is quite impossible to answer here even a generous proportion of these inquiries, or of those that will naturally occur to many of my readers who may be unfamiliar with the habits of the intelligent "homer."

It must be understood, however, that in certain pigeons, especially those known as the Belgian variety, the homing instinct is developed in a remarkable degree; and it is the birds' intense love of home, and the almost unvarying certainty of their return thither after having been taken some distance away, and then released, which make them valuable as carriers.

The methods used in training a pigeon for

special service are not by any means similar, as many people seem to think, to those employed in teaching a dog to run after a stick, or a white-spotted pony to dance the polka. A carrier's education consists in conveying him away from home, and letting him go, when he simply flies back to the loft where he belongs.

This sounds almost as thrilling as the story of the enterprising mouse that first ran up the clock, and then ran down again; and of course it conveys no idea of the immense amount of care and patience involved in the rearing and breeding of the birds — the special cultivation of those qualities which produce the best results, and so on.



AVALON. SANTA CATALINA.

In training the birds for Catalina, three or four were usually placed together in a pasteboard box, perforated with holes about the size of a two-bit piece — a quarter of a dollar. Then they were carried to a spot a mile or so from the loft, in a direct line for the coast and Catalina, and released. A few days later, the same birds were taken a greater distance away, — say three or four miles from home, and liberated. In this manner the several succeeding journeys were gradually lengthened until San Pedro, the seaport of Los Angeles, twenty-two miles distant, was reached.

Then the pigeons were taken aboard the steamer, and set at liberty a few miles out at sea, increasing the distance upon the four occasions that followed, until at last the end of the route was reached, and the birds would fly, without fail, across the sea and over the land to their home.

While these birds were taking their first les-

sons in geography, another set was being domesticated on Catalina, and later were taught by the same process to convey messages the other way — that is, from Los Angeles to Avalon.

The message, when sent by the Catalina carriers, is always written on sheets of tissue-paper four inches wide and ten inches long. Four of these slips will contain enough written matter to fill a column or more of an ordinary daily paper, by which it will be seen that the birds can carry a very considerable amount of correspondence. It may be interesting to know that during the Franco-German war, when large numbers of carrier-pigeons were employed with great success, the messages were printed by microphotography on fine, waterproof films, by which method an almost incredible amount of correspondence could be forwarded by a single bird. According to a French newspaper, nearly two million despatches were carried by pigeons during the siege. The birds were taken out of Paris in balloons.

There are various methods of attaching the message. After folding the written slips together lengthwise in the middle, then over and over three or four times, the whole may be rolled up tightly into a drum-shaped pellet, secured with a bit of twine, and then tied to the bird's leg; or else the narrow folded slips may be wound round and round the leg, exactly as you would apply a bandage to a sore finger. Sometimes the message is attached to the wing or tail feathers, or fastened about the body of the bird, but not always with the best results.

The well-known figure, on certain valentines, of a huge envelope with "Love to Thee" inscribed thereon, the whole tied about the neck of a dove with a yard or more, apparently, of pale blue ribbon, is undoubtedly responsible for the prevailing belief that this method is the one generally employed. It was no uncommon thing to have a man rush into the office with a yellow envelope, duly sealed and addressed, almost as large as the pigeon itself, expecting the bird to carry it (in his beak, probably) across the channel. After a few experiences of this kind, the boys were not at all surprised when somebody wanted to know if he could get a bird to take over an umbrella for him.



ORLANDO.

The first message-bearer despatched from the island was "Orlando." All the birds have names, of which something will be said later. Orlando is certainly a fine specimen of a homing pigeon. He is a dark bluish gray in color, with white-spotted wings, and an iridescent metallic luster on the neck, changing in the light to coppery, purplish red. In short, he is what is known in "pigeon English" as a "blue checker." By grasping him firmly around

the body one can gain some idea of the marvelous strength and powers of endurance possessed by these messengers of the air. He seems to be just a solid, weighty mass of hard flesh and muscles.

There was great excitement among the islanders when it became known that a carrier-pigeon was to be despatched to Los Angeles with the latest news from Catalina. While the message was being attached, crowds of men and women, children and dogs, assembled at the pigeon-loft on the wharf, and a perfect bombardment of questions poured forth from all directions.

During the operation Orlando never squirmed, but submitted as good-naturedly as a horse to his harness. When the little roll with its important communication had been fastened to the bird's leg a ribbon of tissue-paper was gummed to the uppermost feathers of his tail. This is always done in order to prevent the carriers from being selected as victims by pot-hunters or thoughtless sportsmen.

The ceremony ended, Orlando was placed in a cage, which was sometimes used for the purpose, and carried across the street in front of the Hotel Metropole, the entire crowd, dogs and all, trooping along.

When the lid of the cage was raised it was apparent that its occupant did not realize the importance of the occasion. He seemed in no hurry to go, but peered cautiously over the edge of the cage at first, and then looked around with evident surprise into the faces of the spectators, as if he wondered what all the fuss was about, and who was responsible for it. But suddenly, quick as a flash, he flew up into the air. A murmur of exclamation arose from the multitude, and every head was lifted skyward.

"There he is — over by the pavilion." "Why, he 's going the wrong way!" "Where is he now?" shouted one and another.

Orlando had thus far been flying low, and was soon lost to sight among the surrounding hills. This led some wise one to declare that the bird was on his way to Los Angeles, at which the people began to scatter, thinking the show was over. But in a moment a voice cried out, "There he is — on the hotel!"

A laugh went up from the crowd. They massed themselves together once more and surged in a body around one corner of the building. There, sure enough, was the missing bird. He had approached the hotel from the rear while he was being sought for in an opposite direction.

Orlando was apparently making a most elaborate toilet before undertaking his flight across the water.

There is quite a colony of ravens living on the island. They are descendants of those once in possession of the Indians who inhabited Catalina hundreds of years ago, and who regarded the huge birds as sacred. Some half-dozen of these inky-black creatures settled themselves on the roof not far from the pigeon, and gave vent to the most dismal cries imaginable. They seemed to be making all manner of fun of the spruce little carrier.

But Orlando was not in the least disturbed. Loose or misplaced feathers were carefully and deliberately restored to their proper places, rough ones were made smooth, and thus for nearly ten minutes the preparations went on.

Then some one called out, "There he goes!" and the bird was seen to rise and circle round and round the town, flying higher and higher with each revolution until he became the merest speck in the blue vault above. Then suddenly he started in a bee-line for Sugar Loaf Point, in the direction of Los Angeles, and was soon lost to view, whereupon the heads and necks of the interested lookers-on gradually subsided into their natural and more comfortable positions.

The hour of Orlando's departure from the island was carefully noted by one of the boys, who was stationed at Avalon, while the bird's arrival at Los Angeles was duly chronicled by the other, who superintended that end of the route.

It is about fifty miles from Avalon to Los Angeles, and three hours and a half are required to make the trip by boat and train. Orlando accomplished the distance in *fifty-four minutes.*

It was not often, during the weeks that followed the inauguration of the carrier-pigeon despatch, that the birds lit on the hotel or elsewhere upon being released. When the weather



VESTA.

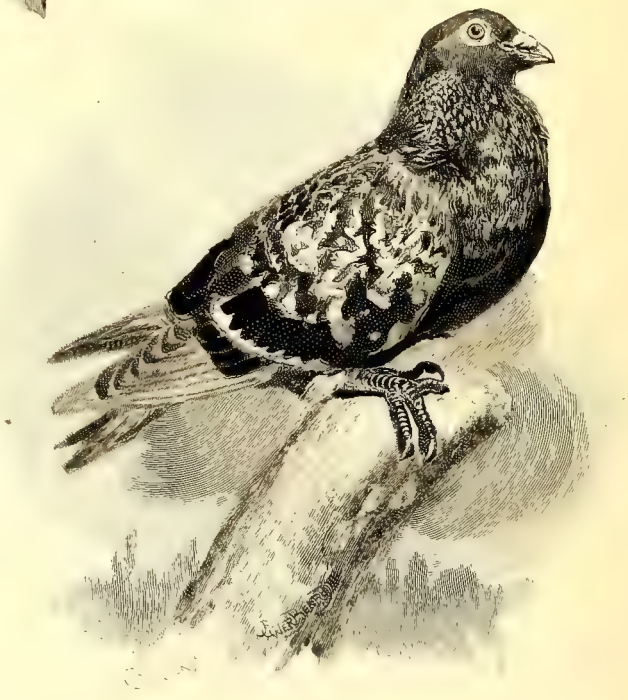
was fine they usually started for the opposite shore without delay; but if the mainland was obscured in fog they always circled about the town, rising higher and higher, until they were able to peer over the fog-bank, and thus determine the direction in which their food and shelter and comrades lay.

It was very seldom that a messenger was despatched alone. There is danger of attacks from hawks, and a hawk will not molest two or more pigeons traveling in company.

For nearly three months, always once, and sometimes three and four times, per day, as the demand for private messages required, the carrier-pigeons were despatched from Catalina, and with such success that the service will be renewed this year. The steamer left Avalon at 8 A. M., and about the middle of the afternoon a chronicle of the day's events was sent over by the birds, and published the following morning in a Los Angeles paper.

Once only the messengers refused to go. This was about the time of the great railroad strikes, and of course somebody had to suggest that the birds had joined the union. They started off promptly, went out for half a mile or so, and then, to the amazement of all, suddenly veered round and returned to the loft on the wharf. It proved afterward that a curious electric storm was in progress at the time, in the region round about Los Angeles, and the intelligent homers wisely concluded to take no chances. The next day the same birds were despatched, and went off "without a word."

Every youngster in either loft is duly numbered as soon as he is able to stand alone. The number, with the initials of the bird's owner, is stamped on a little brass ring, which is clasped about the pigeon's leg. Each number refers to a corresponding one in a register which records the date of hatching, pedigree, description, and so forth, of each pigeon.



FAT SAM.

The birds are provided with names, more or less appropriate, as soon as they are qualified to become members of the service. Naturally many Spanish names are employed, such as "Del Mar" (of the sea), "Hermosa" (beautiful), "La Paloma" (the dove), "Ventura" (luck, fortune).

Birds of a decided reddish hue are known as "Red Hawk," "Red Racer," etc. A beautiful creature with a glossy coat of silver which has a fine record for speed came naturally by the name of "Quicksilver." A daughter of the celebrated Philadelphia flyer "Theo," and a son of a famous homer from the late Geo. W. Childs's loft are called "Miss Theo," and "G. W. Childs, Jr." "Sugar Loaf" was named from a familiar point at Avalon, and "Black Jack" from one of Catalina's highest mountains. Other names include "Fleetwing," "Whitewings," "Flying Jib," etc.

"Fat Sam" belongs to one of the first families of Antwerp and ought to have been a credit to the loft. It was quite bad enough when he used to come in an hour or so behind the others, but when he made a practice of being from twenty-four to thirty-six hours late, and once took a whole month's vacation right in the busiest season, his career as a messenger came to an end. He is now retained in the loft as a sort of curio, and is not by any means entitled to one half the attention he receives.

"Rags" is a "natural born" tramp. He always comes in covered with dust as though he had plodded along in the middle of the road half the way from San Pedro.

"Blue Jim," a beautiful dark purplish bird, and one of the swiftest messengers, was shot while *en route* by some careless sportsman.

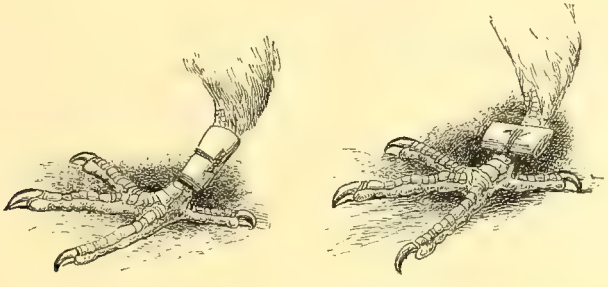
Blue Jim's untimely end recalls the sad fate of a couple of carriers which a fancier, while waiting at a hotel for his dinner, left in charge of the landlord. The meal was duly served and proved to be very enjoyable, especially a savory fricassee. The man paid his bill and then inquired for his pigeons.

"Your pigeons?" exclaimed the landlord in astonishment. "Why, sir, you have just eaten them!"

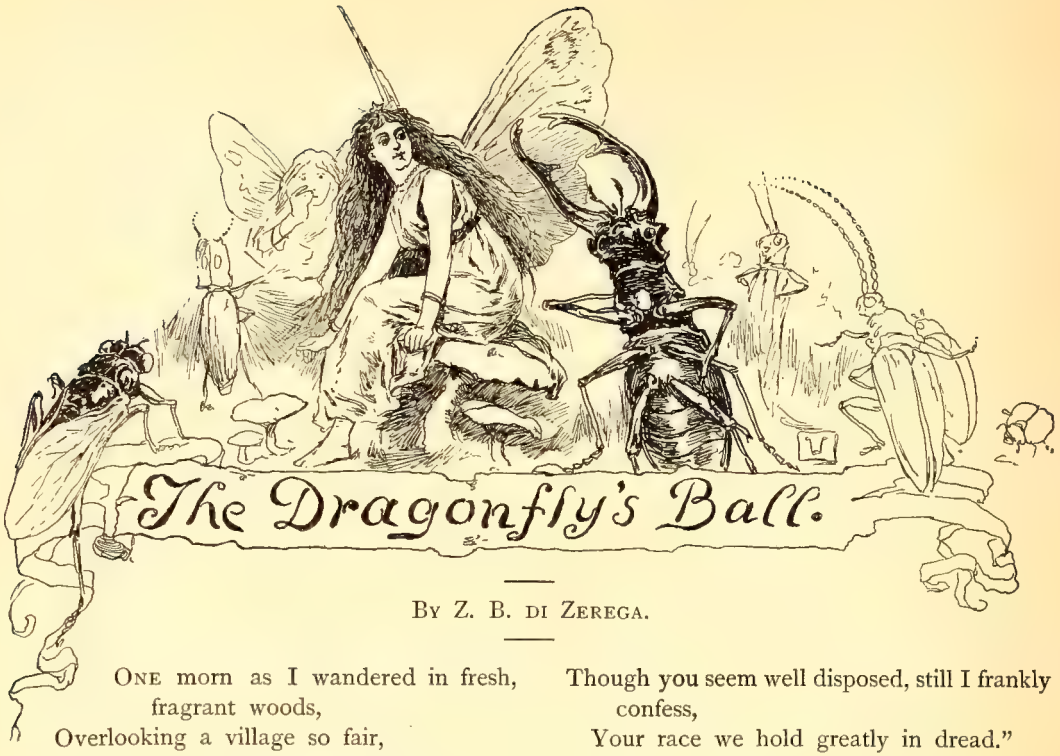
Sometimes, as in the case of children who fail to live up to their names, there occurs a palpable misfit. "Vesta," for instance, was a beautiful youngster, alert and graceful as one could desire. She was of an exquisite terra-cotta hue, such as might have been produced by the light of the sacred fire which was watched over and tended so faithfully by the vestals of ancient Rome.

But as the goddess's namesake grew older she became careless of her personal appearance, and now her feathers are always askew, and her lack of interest in the subject most deplorable. While her comrades are carefully preening themselves upon returning from the trip, as every well-bred pigeon should do, she appears to regard the proceeding with the utmost disdain.

"Vesta" was once given up for lost. But one day, nearly three weeks after her departure from Catalina, she appeared at the home loft with both wings clipped to the bone. She certainly had never looked more untidy or more full of glee. How she had been entrapped, why and by whom her wings had been clipped — all the details of her slow, toilsome journey, which must have been replete with thrilling feather-breadth escapes, would doubtless make a most exciting story, but there is no likelihood that her adventures will ever be known.



METHODS OF ATTACHING MESSAGES.



The Dragonfly's Ball.

By Z. B. di Zerega.

One morn as I wandered in fresh, fragrant woods,
Overlooking a village so fair,
My foot nearly crushed an exquisite fay,
Whose figure seemed fashioned of air.
She was sleeping, half hid, in a bed of green moss,
Curtained over with violets sweet.
"Sure, never," I cried, "was there seen such a couch,
So fairy-like, dainty, and neat!"
When, suddenly starting, she opened her eyes,
And tossed back her soft, sunny hair
With a terrified look, and a cry of surprise,
To see me stand over her there.
"Never fear, little lady," I gently exclaimed,
As I lifted her up in my hand;
"But tell me, pray, how came you sleeping so late,
And where is the rest of your band?"
"Indeed, but I know not," half crying, she said,
In a clear little silvery tone;
"I was dancing last night at the Dragonfly's Ball:
Now they 've gone, and have left me alone."
"At a ball?" cried I eagerly, then, in delight.
"Oh! tell me about it, I pray!"
"I will," she replied, "if, when I have done,
You 'll let me at once fly away.
Though you seem well disposed, still I frankly confess,
Your race we hold greatly in dread."
"Very well; though I 'm sorry to lose you, my dear,
Your wish shall be granted," I said.

Then throwing myself at the foot of a tree,
I lent to her story an ear.
I 'll tell it to you, as she told it to me—
'T is just as I 've written it here.

"You must know that the Dragonflies live in these woods:
Once a year, every midsummer eve,
They give a grand ball, an exclusive affair—
Where only the best they receive.
Our Queen and her court condescend to attend,
Though often we vote it a bore;
But far more complaisant are royalties *now*,
Than e'er in the good days of yore.
The Wasps and the Butterflies always are there,
And the Katydids,—they 're asked to sing;
Though their voices I never admired, myself,
Last night, how they made the woods ring!
As the clock in your steeple struck one, we set out

In a state car of silver and pearl;
So swiftly we sped through the air that my head
Swam around and around in a whirl.
Arrived at the Dragonfly's, there we beheld
A scene of the rarest delight.
I 'll try to describe it, though surely no words
Could picture the beautiful sight.
On the green velvet sward arose three grand marquees
Formed of spider webs, spangled with dew;
While over them gracefully floated gay flags
With streamers of silver and blue.

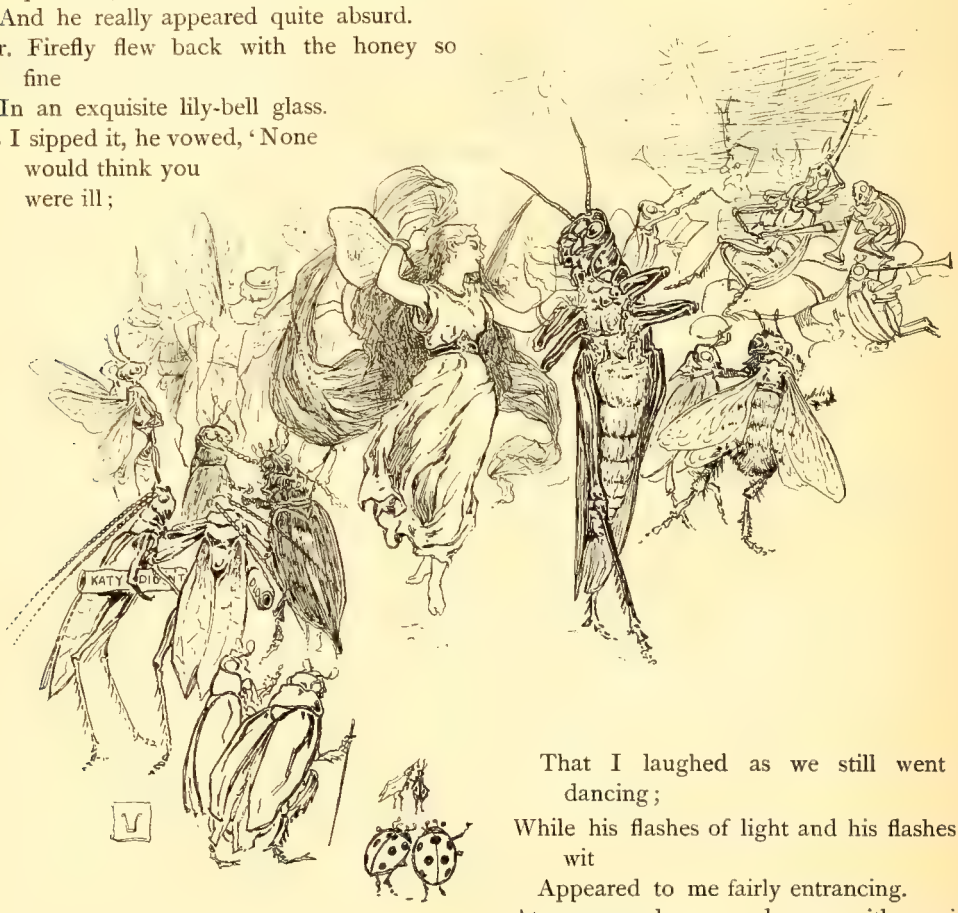
On a dais of moss stood a throne
Formed of Indian-pipes, while rich purple scarfs
Of pansies across it were thrown.
The whole was illumined by large dewdrop lamps,
Each holding a clear moonlight ray;
The silvery beams they diffused o'er the scene
Were more bright and more soft than the day.
As I stepped from my car, lo! a beetle in black



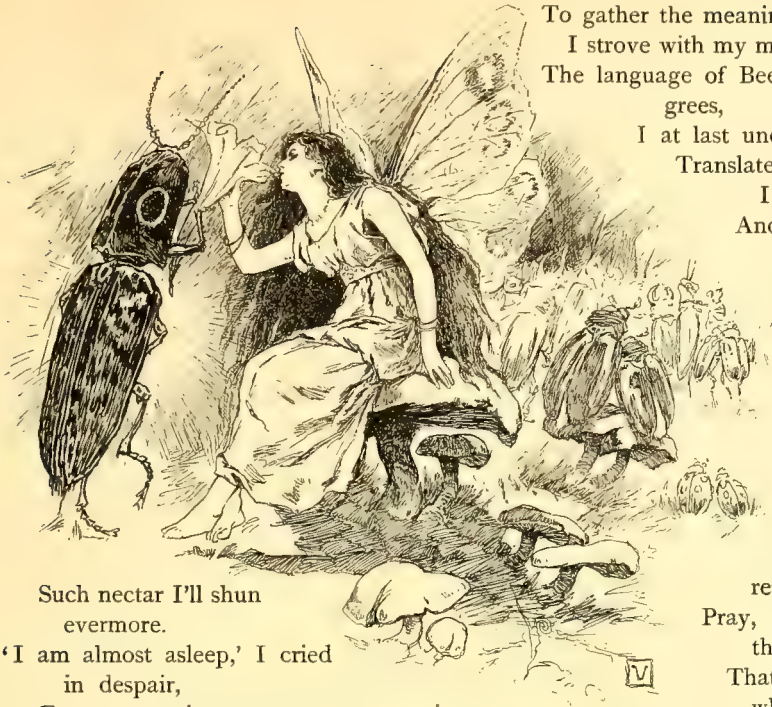
Approached with a confident glance;
Not liking his looks, I glided away,
For I feared he might ask me to dance.
A Grasshopper gay, all appareled in green,
Next petitioned for 'only one turn.'
I consented, much pleased with his manner and mien,
Then we rested a while 'neath a fern,
But in silence he stood, while I toyed with my fan,
Thinking, 'This stupid youth will soon bore me.'
Light flashed in my eyes; looking up in surprise,
A Firefly stood there before me.
With the courtliest bow he began: 'I regret

Beneath one a sumptuous table was spread,
Aglow with such beautiful flowers
As never the eye of a mortal beheld,
Culled in far-away fairyland bowers.
The second was meant for the dancers; and there,
To the music's inspiriting sound,
The youths with their partners, bright, graceful, and fair,
Were joyously floating around.
The third was reserved for our Queen and her court:

To intrude on this tête-à-tête charming;
But, pray, will you dance?' 'No,' my partner replied,
With a frown that was truly alarming;
'The lady 's fatigued.' 'Ah! Some honey I 'll bring.'
Poor Grasshopper said not a word;
He was not at all pleased, I could plainly perceive,
And he really appeared quite absurd.
Mr. Firefly flew back with the honey so fine
In an exquisite lily-bell glass.
As I sipped it, he vowed, 'None would think you were ill;



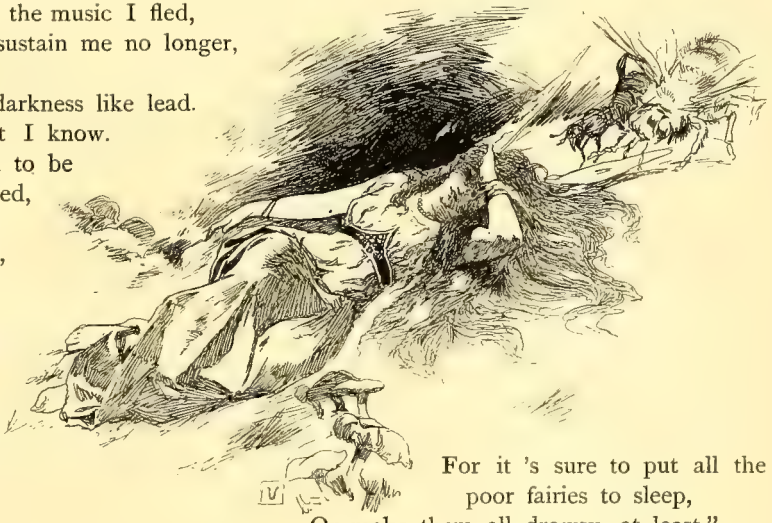
Your cheeks e'en the roses surpass!
I see what you want; 't is a waltz, now, confess.
Don't refuse, but oblige me this once.'
I gladly agreed. We went whirling around,
While he cried, 'Now you 're rid of that dunce;
Confess that you 're glad. Why he answered for *you* —
The great, awkward, long-legged fellow!
He 's hopping with rage, and so jealous he 's *green!*
I 'm sure you prefer a bright *yellow.*'
His conceit and his chatter amused me so much
That I laughed as we still went on dancing;
While his flashes of light and his flashes of wit
Appeared to me fairly entrancing.
At supper he served me with various sweets.
When I asked for spring water, instead
He brought poppy-nectar; the flavor was fine,
But it made me a sad sleepy-head.
'T was the poppy-juice brand, from old Fairyland;
And I never had touched it before,
And it made me so stupid that you may be sure



Such nectar I'll shun
evermore.
'I am almost asleep,' I cried
in despair,
For my weariness now grew excessive.
'Will you bring me an ice? It would
really taste nice,
Since the atmosphere 's sadly oppressive.'
Off he went; and not pausing e'en once to
look 'round,
From the sound of the music I fled,
Till my wings could sustain me no longer,
then down
I fell through the darkness like lead.
That 's the last that I know.
How I happened to be
Fast asleep in this bed,
lying here,
At this time of the day,
I assure you, my
friend,
I have n't the slightest idea!"

As she finished her
story I heard a
buzz, buzz!
And, looking around,
did espy
A honey-bee, covered with pollen, and perched
On a clover-bloom growing close by.

To gather the meaning of all that she said,
I strove with my might, nor strove vainly;
The language of Bees was revealed by degrees,
I at last understood very plainly.
Translated, 't is thus: "'T was
I brought you here,
And kind neighbor Ant
lent his aid.
You were lying
asleep not far
from the road,
So we carried you
here, where we
made
The bed where you
found yourself
when you awoke.
I trust that you
rested quite well.
Pray, how are you feeling
this morning? I hope
That you were not hurt
when you fell.
The nectar from poppies," the wise Bee
went on,
"Should never be served at a feast;



For it 's sure to put all the
poor fairies to sleep,
Or make them all drowsy, at least."
I looked at Miss Fairy, and saw that she
blushed
Till her cheeks were a delicate red.

O'ercome with confusion, she scarcely could speak,
And hung down her saucy young head.
Till at last she exclaimed, "Oh, thank you, dear Bee,
And, pray, thank your friend for me too;
Such kindness I 'm sure I have never deserved—
I might have been killed but for you.
Now I think I 'll go home,"—here she tried hard to raise
Her gossamer wings, light as air;
But vainly she strove; she at last was compelled
To renounce the attempt in despair.

"Ah! I see," said the Bee; "'t is just as I thought;
You were injured last night in your fall."

"Oh, dear!" sobbed poor Fairy, "I wish that I never
Had gone to that horrid old ball!
If I only were home, then all would be well;
But now that I can't walk or fly,
I suppose I may just as well make up my mind
That I 'll have to stay here till I die!"

"I 'll take you," said I, "where you wish to go, dear."
"Oh! never!" the Fairy replied.
"Our Queen would ne'er pardon me, should I reveal
Where she or her subjects abide."
"Don't distress yourself, Fairy, my wings are quite strong,
And your Queen, I am sure, won't mind me.
You give the directions, and I 'll take you home,"
Quoth the dear little generous Bee.
"Will you really? Oh! thank you," she gratefully cried.
"You are almost too kind and forgiving;
Henceforth I will ever proclaim you to be
The finest of all creatures living!"
"Pooh! pooh!" buzzed the Bee. "Come, mount on my back;
My time is too precious to waste:
I 've a bagful of honey to gather to-day,
And back to my work I must haste."
Then promptly she mounted the brave little Bee,
And far through the rose-light they flew.
A sweet little voice floated back on the breeze—
'T was the Fairy, who bade me adieu.



A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XXI.

"THE SWARMING OF THE BEES."

For a moment Philip was too bewildered to speak. Then he turned a white face toward his sister.

"Who was that?" he asked her.

Mademoiselle was intently watching the vanishing ranks of the white cockades. Philip repeated his question. Mademoiselle looked puzzled. Suddenly the boy pushed his chapeau back upon his head, and a long low whistle came through his closed teeth. Mademoiselle looked anxious. She feared something was the trouble with her vivacious brother.

"What do you mean, you Philip?" she asked him. "What was it made you whistle?"

"Something I have just heard," was Philip's unsatisfactory reply. "Let me think; let — me — think. I will tell you later."

Philip had a secret. Mademoiselle grew more and more inquisitive as they hurried home. But her brother answered her not a word in explanation until they were safely within the house on the Street of the Fight.

Then to Citizen Daunou he told the story of the mysterious message.

The worthy Keeper of the Archives rubbed his white head thoughtfully.

"You were dreaming, boy," he said; "or else the whisper was but a Fourth Ward joke. They raise but rattlepates, you know, there, in the Street of the Washerwomen. As, for example"; and he clapped Philip on the shoulder.

But the boy was in no mood for pleasantry. "Dreaming or joke, I heard the words," he declared. Then he added swiftly, "Which way, now, lies this Elba?"

Citizen Daunou looked startled.

"Elba?" he said; "why, to the southeast, some two hundred leagues. Why do you ask?"

Mademoiselle, who had stolen in to hear, was quicker-witted. She clasped her brother close.

"To Elba, Philip!" she cried. "You would surely not go there. And why?"

"Where the bees swarm and the eagle soars," said the boy, more theatrically than he really intended, "there is the place for him who with bees would swarm and who would soar with the eagle!"

"My faith, Philip!" exclaimed practical Mademoiselle, "but what is all this we hear about bees and eagles? Does it mean— What! does it, now? The Emperor?"

"It does, my sister," Philip cried, flushed with ardor and excitement. "Let not your tongue speak the wonderful message outside this house. The Emperor is coming back!"

"Philip!" the girl exclaimed, catching her brother's excitement. "Is this so?"

Philip nodded energetically. And Citizen Daunou said: "It may be but a joke of the Washerwomen's quarter to stir up our Philip here, as I have told him; but yet — nothing is impossible to Napoleon. Nothing can surprise me in that wonderful man. Pray heaven he does not come, even though France calls him and all men marvel at him! It will be a terrible mistake. No good can come of it. Better that the Bourbons unhorse themselves by their own blundering than that France should be ruined by a dream of glory that can lead only to ruin."

"But the Emperor is coming, you say?" Mademoiselle repeated, heedless of the old man's moralizing. "Why, men tell us he is satisfied there at Elba, and has no desire to return."

Citizen Daunou shook his head in disbelief. "They are but fools who say it, then," he replied. "The world is not done with, when one is but forty-five; and abdication does not stay ambition. The Emperor has not yet fed full of war and glory. Elba is all too small a world for him to govern, and he will tire of it,

if he has not already done so. The Eagle will beat his wings until he breaks his cage bars, and will try a flight to Notre Dame. I know his ambition; it is boundless. But such a flight will never succeed. Once again the Eagle may flap his wings above the Tuileries; but the fowling-piece that kills crows may bring down an eagle, and the hunters will speedily be abroad. Let Napoleon stay on his island, or die in escaping. His mission for France is ended. Fontainebleau was his climax. To return would be but anticlimax: and that is a mistake, is it not, you boy of the Paris schools?"

No doubt the wise old scholar was right. But Mademoiselle could not admit it; and Philip surely would not. When did youth ever neglect to bow before glory, or refuse to yield to the spell of adventure? Great thoughts were stirring in the boy's busy brain; high hopes were surging in his brave young heart.

"Please brush up my very best page suit, Mademoiselle my sister," he said; "and keep it ready for use. Citizen Daunou, I crave your permission to go on a quest. Within a week I shall be with you again."

"'A boy's will is the wind's will,'" the quiet old Keeper remarked. "'T is a fool's errand, Philip, but I cannot say no to you. Only, guard yourself, my son. Be not rash. Remember what I told you — the hunters will speedily be abroad, if your message at the fountain was a true tale. Guard yourself for Mademoiselle's sake, for my sake, for France!"

And within two hours' time Philip had left his dear ones in the Street of the Fight, and was off to the southward.

The whispered message by the fountain in the Street of the Washerwomen was not a dream. It was a fact. The Emperor had escaped from Elba. He was on his way to France.

He risked his head to gain his throne; and France — fickle France — flamed out to welcome him back, though it knew his return would mean disturbance, war, and death once more.

Philip met the truth at Lyons. The air was full of rumors that speedily became facts. With less than a thousand of his grenadiers — his "brave growlers," as he sometimes called them — the Emperor had landed in France. The army had gone over to him, wild with joy. The Empire would be proclaimed once more. France would be free of the Bourbons.

Philip found Lyons in a ferment. Napoleon was almost at its gates. The Bourbon prince who commanded the troops in that important city ordered his soldiers to the walls to repel or capture "the bandit from Elba." But what was a Bourbon prince before "our Emperor"?

The tidings of the imperial adventurer came thick and fast. Napoleon had landed near Cannes; he had marched over the mountains to Dijon; he had first fronted the white standard with his tricolor at Laffrey; with bared breast he had faced the soldiers of the King in the Vale of Beaumont, bidding them welcome him or kill him; and behold! the soldiers of the King had fallen on their knees before him, cried "Long live the Emperor!" and hailed him as their "father." He had kissed the restored eagles at Vizille; he had entered Grenoble, through the gates burst open by the peasants without and the revolted soldiers within; escorted by mountaineers and farmers singing the Marseilles Hymn, he advanced from Grenoble to Lyons with his little "army of deliverance" already grown from one thousand to six thousand soldiers waving the tricolored cockade. Off hurries the Bourbon prince in terror of his life; down go the barricades, wrecked by the very soldiers who had piled them up; "Long live the Emperor!" shout garrison and citizens; and to the accompaniment of twenty thousand welcoming voices Napoleon enters Lyons.

And there, on the steps of the Archbishop's palace, to which the Emperor was conducted, Philip greeted him with tears and laughter and a voice thrilling with passionate welcome.

"What? — is it you, young Desnouettes?" the Emperor cried, catching the page around the neck. "My brave boy, is it you?"

"Yes, from Paris, Sire," answered the boy, "to greet you and die for you."

"No; live for me, my Philip," the Emperor said. "And what do they say at Paris?"

"Sire, I did not wait to hear," answered truthful Philip. "I ran to join you as soon as they whispered that you had left for France."

"As heedless as ever; eh, you boy?" and

then came the ear-pinching that seemed so like old times come again. "Well; to me, to me, my Philip! I shall have duties for you."

Three days the Emperor rested at Lyons, reviewing his troops, organizing his government, writing despatches, and sending throughout France the two masterly proclamations that are such marked specimens of Napoleonic eloquence.

Philip galloped from Lyons a day in advance of the Emperor, bearing messages to Paris, and spreading the wonderful tidings as he rode. France seemed wild with joy. Down came the white cockade; up went the tricolor; the Emperor's flower — the violet — blossomed in countless buttonholes.

The Lilies drooped; the Bees were swarming everywhere.

Philip burst into the quiet house on the Street of the Fight and filled it with his wonderful news.

"He has come; he has come back!" he shouted. "I have seen him — I have seen the Emperor!"

Mademoiselle laughed and cried in her excitement; even Nurse Marcel tore off her bonne's cap and waved it frantically: "Down go the aristocrats!" she shrieked out. Citizen Daunou, forgetting his philosophy, pounded on the table and shouted, "Long live the Emperor!" Marshal, the big Dane, put off his dignity and barked and capered like any thoughtless young puppy; and Philip, seizing the page's livery that Mademoiselle thrust into his restless hands, hugged them all excitedly, and rushed off to the Tuileries.

"Eh, you boy! Hurrah, young Desnouettes! Where so fast, now? I told you the truth, did I not?" Philip paused in his running long enough to recognize his questioner.

"What, is it you, Pierre?" he cried. "Long live the — what do you mean, though? You told the truth? What, then — was it you?"

"At the fountain, yonder? To be sure," Pierre said composedly. "I have known what was afoot for many a day. Oh, we know something at headquarters, now and then."



"'OFF WITH THE LILIES — ON WITH THE BEES!'"

"And you did not stop him? Oh, Pierre! and I thought you a royalist and a renegade. Kick me, Pierre. It is your right. How could I have doubted you?" Philip was almost hysterical in his mixture of surprise and glee, as, repentant and rejoicing, he fell upon Pierre.

"We who know how to open our ears and

hold our tongues, Monsieur the Page, Monsieur the Lieutenant, can sometimes work our ways better than those who grumble and shout," the young inspector said. "Yes, I dropped that word of warning into your ear, at our old fountain, and then vanished. It was all I dared do, then. But it worked, I see, it worked. And you are for — ?"

"The Tuileries, Pierre. See me again, my friend. I would get there before the Emperor," and in a flash Philip was speeding again toward the Tuileries.

As he reached the palace, soldiers and veterans were filling the Place of the Carrousel. Among the latter Philip was not surprised to see old Corporal Peyrolles, proud and radiant.

The veteran from the Soldiers' Home swung his cocked hat, graced with the tricolored cockade, and brought his cane to the salute, as Philip greeted him.

"Death of my life, my infant!" the old man cried, his gruff voice breaking in a high key; "but is not this glorious? Look at us here — Arcola, the Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram, Lutzen, Moscow, and the Clichy Gate! We are all here, and he is coming. Wait till he sees me. I 'll put him on the throne if I have to prop it up with my wooden leg, here. Open the palace! Pull down the white rag! Out with old Grandfather In-the-Soup! In with Corporal Violet!"*

And all the old veterans tuned their cracked voices into a mighty yell: "Down with the white flag! Long live the Little Corporal!"

It is two in the afternoon. The increasing throng grows more insistent. The growls of the veterans, the shouts of the soldiers grow ominous and threatening. Then a great cry goes up. The gates are thrown open. Another shout. Down goes the white flag; up goes the tricolor; and, as the Imperial banner once again streams from the great Clock Tower of the Tuileries, all Paris knows that the Bourbons have fled, and that the Empire has won.

Evening came — that eventful evening of Monday, March 20, in the year 1815. The Tuileries was filled with guests, dressed as if for a fête night. Those who had been in hiding, and those who had deserted King Louis, met to await the coming of the Emperor. The great palace blazed with lights, and a page of the palace, resplendent in his imperial livery, was almost beside himself for joy.

It was Philip Desnouettes. He had seen the Emperor. He had been charged by him with messages to Paris. Philip was the lion of those waiting hours. He was petted and praised by every one. He began to feel very important once more.

He could scarcely contain himself. He wished to keep busy, to be doing something to prove his devotion.

The palace looked just the same. Philip could scarcely believe that a year had passed since he had been there. Here are the same hangings, he said; the same stiff, straight furniture, the same bureaus and cabinets, tête-à-têtes, couches and chairs, decorated with their brass or ormolu wreaths and festoons, sphinxes and victories, and sprinkled with the — no! Hallo! What is this? The lilies? Then where are the bees? Have the royalists dared remove from the palace decorations the bees of Napoleon, and put in their place the lilies of the Bourbons? Why, this will never do!

Frantic with indignant loyalty, Philip cried: "Off with the lilies — on with the bees!" and falling upon the offending decorations, Philip, helped by many ready hands, tore down the lilies from the tapestry, and stripped them from the coverings. From some hiding-place were brought the hangings that bore the bees, and reawakened loyalty was satisfied.

At nine o'clock a mighty shout is heard without.

"The Emperor! The Emperor!"

The palace echoes the cry, as across the Bridge of the Palace, and along the Seine embankment, in through the Tuileries Gate, thronged about by a clamorous crowd, and surrounded by his soldiers and his generals, Napoleon enters the courtyard.

Paris is wild with joy! The veterans fling themselves upon the Emperor's carriage. They seize him in their arms. They drag him out, and, bearing him on their shoulders, they rush with him through the doorway, even to the foot of the great staircase.

* "Father Panade" and "Corporal Violet" were soldiers' names for Louis XVIII. and Napoleon respectively.

The palace rocks with the shouts of welcome. The crowd bearing the Emperor, and the throng pouring down the staircase to greet him, block the way. Progress is impossible. People are everywhere, and Philip, standing at the top of the noble Stairway of Honor, laughs, as he cheers, to see Corporal Peyrolles sitting astride the great silver statue of Peace, his chapeau on the end of his cane, his face red with shouting and wet with tears of joy.



THE EMPEROR DECORATES PHILIP WITH HIS OWN CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

At last a passageway is broken through the crowd. Philip and Monsieur de Lavalette back their way aloft to keep the passage open, and so, up the clamoring stairway, along the Gallery of Diana, through the Blue Room, and into the Emperor's study, amid tears and cheers and shouts, and tossing of hats and waving of handkerchiefs, the Emperor comes to his own again. In twenty days after leaving Elba, Napoleon has regained his empire. With but a thousand grenadiers he has conquered thirty millions of people. The Swarming of the Bees ends in a carnival of joy.

Breathless, and weeping with the excitement of the home-coming, Napoleon looked about him. The closed doors of the study barred out the happy crowd. At his feet he saw a kneeling figure, dressed in the crimson, green, and gold of a page of the palace.

"What, is it you again, my Philip!" exclaimed the Emperor. "And in your page's livery! Rise, my boy. You are a page no longer. Such devotion merits a higher service. See; my fortune shall be yours! Did I not tell you once that he who rides and he who writes merit often as much esteem as he who bears the musket or wields the sword? I make you a member of the Legion of Honor. Here, Bertrand, Lavalette, some one — give me a cross! What! none will spare me one?" No one would. Crosses of the Legion were to be displayed just then; they were treasured too highly to be given to a boy. "Here, then!" and, impulsively, the Emperor tore the cherished decoration from his own breast, pinned it on the lad's green coat, and pinching his ear affectionately, cried to General Bertrand, who stood beside him, "Grand Marshal, here is a new officer of my household! Captain Desnouettes,—page and lieutenant no longer, —you are a brevet-officer, specially attached to my person. Let the comrade serve me as faithfully as the page, and France shall be proud of you."

And while the boy trembled with delight and pride, the Emperor caught him to his breast and kissed him on the cheek.

So Philip the Page, by a faithfulness that never faltered and a loyalty that never wavered, gained the decoration all Frenchmen coveted.

Thus he won the Cross.

CHAPTER XXII.

"INTO THE FURNACE FLAME."

AT once Philip was head over ears in business. If the Emperor was gracious and appreciative, he was also a hard taskmaster when work was to be done. And there was work unending to be done when, once again, the imperial government was in active operation. Day and night Napoleon, desiring peace, but preparing for war, was closeted in consultation with his ministers.

His return from Elba flamed like a comet in the skies of Europe. Kings were startled, princes trembled, allies who had deserted and foes who had plotted against him read vengeance in his return; and with a united growl of rage the nations of Europe combined for his overthrow. All the sovereigns signed the declaration of hate and terror, drawn up by a Frenchman whom Napoleon had loaded with favors, proclaiming to the world that Napoleon Bonaparte, by "reappearing" in France, "is placed outside of all relations, both civil and social, and, as an enemy and disturber of the peace of the world, he is handed over to public vengeance."

Thus did the kings and ministers who once had bowed in homage to the Emperor now proclaim him outlaw.

Napoleon sought peace with all nations. But though he wished for peace, he knew he must prepare for war. All Europe was rising against him. France must be ready to resist.

The days went on. In Europe a million men were arming for the fray that all the world saw was inevitable. In France the Emperor was preparing for resistance. The old regiments were filled up. The veterans drew from their hiding-places at the bottom of knapsacks or inside their drums the discarded tricolor they would not throw away, and hastened to rally around the eagles. The conscripts gathered at the stations with knapsack, cartridge-box, and musket. Steadily and surely the day of Waterloo drew near.

The invaders of France gathered beyond its borders; the defenders of France marched to the frontiers. The Emperor, professing his desire only to promote the welfare of France, granted a new constitution that would give greater liberty to the people, and held, on the banks of the flashing Seine, a splendid fête and open-air display, still famous as the gorgeous "Field of May." There on his throne, surrounded by his brothers and his great officers of state, Napoleon reviewed his fifty thousand troops, and aroused the cheers of the people, always ready to enjoy a show in which glitter and gorgeousness and imperial splendor, music and marching, and all the theatrical accessories were spread before the eyes with all the old-time magnificence.

Seated upon his throne, the Emperor reviewed his troops, received the dignitaries of the Empire, and swore allegiance to the new constitution.

"Frenchmen!" he said, "my will is that of the people. My rights are theirs. My honor, my glory, my happiness cannot be other than the honor, the glory, the happiness of France.

"Soldiers! I confide to you the imperial eagle of the national colors. Swear to defend it with your blood against the enemies of the fatherland. Swear to die rather than to suffer strangers to make laws for the fatherland."

The soldiers cried, "We swear it!" The people shouted enthusiastically, "Long live the Emperor!"

But the enemies of France were marching. The "strangers" were coming to bring blood and ruin to the fatherland. The shadow of the coming conflict seemed already to rest upon the imperial adventurer throned in his splendid palace.

"Is not the Emperor glorious?" cried enthusiastic Philip after the gorgeous ceremonial of the Field of May was over, as he walked into the dear house in the Street of the Fight. "Was not that fête magnificent?"

"Call it a funeral rather than a fête, my son," Citizen Daunou said sadly. His momentary enthusiasm over the Emperor's dramatic return was gone. His clear vision saw the trouble that was in store for France. "And the Emperor? Glorious, perhaps, as you say, with his imperial robes and his words of fire. But to me he is no longer the Emperor of 1810. His counselors are nerveless, they are timid. To me, they seem to have the vertigo. He, alas! is languid; only

on great occasions does the old spirit flame out. He seems full of melancholy. His haughtiness has softened almost to entreaty; his pride to

is noisy in her crowds; she is vociferous in her soldiers; but it is not the zeal Napoleon hoped for—the zeal of a united nation. His enemies



"'RIDE LIKE THE WIND TO PARIS. TELL THEM THE BATTLE IS WON!'" (SEE PAGE 911.)

gentleness. Good signs if all were well, my Philip; but all is not well, my Philip. The Emperor sees the shadow of failure. France

are pitiless; his friends uncertain. He has no ally, no vassal, no imperial power. He wishes peace; he must have war. How will that end?"

Philip, as usual, scoffed in his heart at this gloomy picture, and expressed to Mademoiselle the wish that Citizen Daunou were more patriotic. "Why does he talk of failure?" the boy demanded. "The Emperor cannot fail. The army and the nation are at his back. Defeated? Never! That is no way for a Frenchman to talk. I really must bring Peyrolles here again to reason with our excellent father."

Boys and girls can seldom go beneath the surface of things, as do their elders. And it is well, perhaps; for youth is the time of hope. Philip certainly saw none of the signs of sadness that Citizen Daunou detected. "Just let him work beside the Emperor for a day, as I do," the boy declared, "and my faith! it is he that will be the sad one — from too much work." To Philip, the Emperor was still the Emperor — great, powerful, victorious, invincible. Philip knew that he would conquer; once again he would give the law to Europe. This, each day, was the burden of the brave boy's song.

The work increased in the palace as the conflict approached. Napoleon had done marvels. Within two months he had raised, equipped, and officered an army of three hundred thousand men. Arsenals, factories, and military shops were busy; trade was good; business was flourishing. What more could France wish?

Philip, growing older and more observant, saw and treasured up many of the ways of this remarkable man, upon whom the eyes of the world were fixed. Many times in after years would he recall the picture of the Emperor in those last busy mornings in his study — the stout, short-legged, long-bodied figure, now grown somewhat heavy in face and person, sitting at the desk, or restlessly pacing the floor, head down, hands clasped behind his back, forever sniffing at the snuff that he did not take, reading letters, dictating replies and messages, keeping his marvelous memory in full play as to methods, details, and men, pleasant of voice, courteous in manner, with but little of the old-time impatience and imperiousness, and in his eyes that tinge of melancholy that even Philip had noted ever since the Emperor found that his Austrian wife had deserted him, and the son he loved so dearly had been stolen from him.

Thus Philip studied him one day, as Napoleon paced the room, dictating, advising, commanding. The shapely fingers that were the Emperor's pride, and which he could often be caught admiring, were dipped again and again into the tortoiseshell snuffbox crowned with the imperial N. Philip stood at the table waiting for a message he was to deliver. The Emperor, laying his snuffbox on the table, turned to consult a letter that bore on the matter in hand. The snuffbox stood invitingly open, and Philip, heedless as ever, could not resist the temptation. With a wink at young Gudin, the Emperor's page, as if to say, "See, you boy! how 'chummy' are the Emperor and I," Philip dipped his fingers into the open snuffbox, and took a pinch.

Page Gudin was duly horrified and duly impressed. But, as luck would have it — Philip's usual luck — the Emperor, raising his eyes just at the wrong instant, caught sight of the act in the mirror before him. Turning sharply, Napoleon took the snuffbox from the table, and with a quick motion thrust it straight toward the mortified Philip.

"Still the same old Philip, eh, you boy?" the Emperor said. "Even the Cross of the Legion has not fully made the page into the man! Here! Keep the box, Captain Desnouettes. It is too small for both of us." And, with a silent laugh at the young fellow's discomfiture, the Emperor went on dictating as if nothing had happened, while page Gudin had to stuff his shoulder-ribbons into his mouth to keep from laughing aloud, and all the other secretaries exchanged winks and shrugs.

But Philip kept the box.

At last came the June Sunday when, with his old-time ease and affability, as if peace and not war were universal, the Emperor held his final reception in the great gallery of the Louvre.

Philip marveled at the self-possession of the man; he knew how great a host was gathered beyond the frontiers, bent upon the Emperor's overthrow, and how soon Napoleon must hasten there to resist and repel invasion.

On June 12, 1815, Napoleon left Paris for the seat of war. On the fifteenth the French army crossed the river Sambre and fell upon the enemy. Then came Waterloo.

Waterloo! — that famous battle, where Napo-

leon first met the unconquerable English face to face: where Wellington made his name immortal: that battle glittering in its array, brilliant in its manœuvers, terrible in its intensity, horrible in its loss of life: that battle remarkable for little blunders that led to great results, and for magnificent attempts that amounted to nothing: that battle, so nearly a defeat for England, so nearly a victory for France, that to this day men cannot see just how it turned the other way, and historians and military writers are even yet disputing as to the responsibility and discussing the operations.

It is not for us to describe or discuss it here. Napoleon was beaten: conquered, it may be, as the English say, by Wellington; conquered, it may be, as the Germans claim, by Blücher; conquered, it may be, as declares Victor Hugo the Frenchman, by the will of Heaven.

The end of it all — the inexplicable, the unexpected, the impossible — Philip did not see. In his uniform of a special officer of ordonnance, he was in constant attendance on the Emperor, riding here, writing there; now in the saddle, now by the Emperor's side; despatching messages, bearing messages, galloping from point to point; now at the rear of the battle, now in its very front; dodging bullets, racing charges, restless, active, exultant. He knew from the start that the Emperor would win. He heard him cry to Ney, "We have ninety chances in a hundred!" Philip's faith in his leader never for an instant wavered.

In all those terrible three days of desperate fighting Philip had been in the thick of it; cutting his way, when need was, through every living obstacle; escaping, with his usual luck, the pitiless pelting of that rain of fire and death. He had waved his hat exultantly as the Prussians fell back, defeated at Ligny; he had watched breathlessly the stubborn fight at Quatre Bras; he had cheered frantically as his old schoolfellow, big Vieux of the Polytechnic, hewed down the door of the farmhouse at Hougoumont that sheltered the English line; he had caught the gleam of victory in the Emperor's eye, as, rising in his stirrups, Napoleon saw Wellington's troops pushed back toward the Soignes forest. He knew the battle was won.

He saw that never-forgotten figure, now familiar to all the world — the clear-cut profile beneath the plain chapeau, the green uniform of the chasseurs, its broad bright ribbon and the long gray overcoat, the tight knee-breeches, the high boots, the big white horse with the crimson velvet housings. He heard the quick, brief order to Milhaud's cuirassiers to charge the English on the plains of St. Jean; then he caught the voice of the Emperor, satisfied, abrupt, triumphant: "Captain Desnouettes, about! Ride like the wind to Paris. Tell them the battle is won!"

So Philip rode to Paris, eager, flushed, exultant, proud of the news he bore.

Alas! he did not see the end — the splendid charge of these mail-clad squadrons; the terrible tragedy of the sunken road of Ohain; the unyielding stand of the English squares; the repulse; the coming of Blücher; the wild flight; the race with death; the panic; the disgrace; the last charge of the Guard; the heroic advance of that immortal company who died but never surrendered, who, facing certain death, never faltered, but

> Saluting their divinity, erect amid the storm,
> One cry, "Long live the Emperor!" the last their pale lips form.
> Then, with the music on ahead, all passionless and slow,
> And smiling at the English guns, black yawning there below,
> With lifted heads, with flashing eyes, with hearts no fear can tame,
> The Imperial Guard went forward into the furnace flame.

Then they, too, died. Waterloo was Wellington's. Napoleon's star had set forever.

Changing horses as he rode, Philip galloped on. He carried his news to Paris. The city heard it with joy. The young captain, wearied with his desperate ride, reported at headquarters, and then flung himself into the quiet house on the Street of the Fight, to rest awhile and then go out for later tidings of the victory.

Alas! all too soon the tidings reached him. Philip's ride had been in vain. In the early morning, the defeated Emperor came wearily into the courtyard of the little Elysian palace on the Street of St. Honoré, conquered, ruined, overthrown.

(To be concluded.)

NANCY'S NIGHTMARE



By Laura E. Richards.



I am the doll that Nancy broke!
  Had n't been hers a week.
One little squeeze, and I sweetly spoke;
  Rosy and fair was my cheek.
Now my head lies in a corner far,
  My body lies here in the other:
And if this is what human children are,
  I never will live with another!



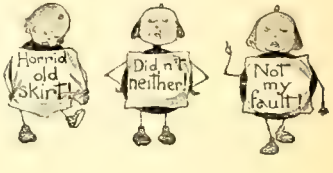
I am the book that Nancy read
  For fifteen minutes together:
Now I am standing here on my head,
  While she 's gone to look at the weather.
My leaves are crushed in the cruelest way,
  There 's jam on my opening page;
And I would not live with Miss Nancy Gay,
  Though I should n't be read for an age!



I am the frock that Nancy wore
  Last night at her birthday feast.
I am the frock that Nancy tore
  In seventeen places at least.
My buttons are scattering far and near,
  My trimming is torn to rags;
And if I were Miss Nancy's mother dear
  I 'd dress her in calico bags!

We are the words that Nancy said
  When these things were brought to her view.
All of us ought to be painted red,
  And some of us are not true.
We splutter and mutter and snarl and snap,
  We smolder and smoke and blaze:
And if she 'd not meet with some sad mishap,
  Miss Nancy must mend her ways.





JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

By Howard Pyle.

[*Begun in the April number, 1894.*]

Chapter L.

THE DEPARTURE.

The Attorney Burton, as has been said, went to England in November. He carried letters to Jack's Yorkshire relatives, and he was empowered to act as Jack's attorney.

The Attorney, when he reached England, had gone almost immediately to Southampton. He had been looking forward with a great deal of pleasurable excitement to the meeting between himself and old Hezekiah. He had arranged the interview in his own mind: just what he would say and just what he would do. He rehearsed it over and over again as he approached the town.

The little man entered Hezekiah's office without knocking. Hezekiah was there. He sat at his desk, exactly as he had done when the Attorney had last seen him. It seemed somehow very strange that he should be there in just the same way; it was as though the little Attorney might have gone only around the corner and returned, instead of having gone all the way to the Americas and back again. Hezekiah looked over his spectacles as the other entered. For a moment or two he did not recognize him. He looked at the little man with his dull, filmy, callous eyes. Then instantly a look of consciousness flashed into a light of life. His jaw dropped quickly, and he sat suddenly stiff and erect, as though from a galvanic shock. It seemed to the Attorney that the yellow pallor in his face turned to a whiter and still more waxy hue. Then, as with a recurrent flow, a dull, withered red mounted to his cheeks. The surprise was just as keen — was even more keen than the little Attorney had looked for it to be. It filled him full of pleasure to see it. He stood rubbing his hands slowly together. "Good morning to you, Master Tipton," said he. "Good morning, Master Tipton. How do you do this morning? I 've just come from the Americas, Master Tipton, and I thought I 'd just stop in to see you." He smiled, and almost chuckled. "What d' ye think, Master Tipton? I 've found your nephew, Jack Ballister, in Virginia. We 've been together there. He 's risen in the world, and hath made great friends and powerful friends there, with the planters. He looks to return toward the spring. I 'm going to start directly to Yorkshire to consult with his relatives about him." He stood still, rubbing his hands and looking cunningly at the old man. Hezekiah Tipton got down mechanically from his stool. He stood with his arms resting upon the top of the desk; his fingers closed about the edge of it. "Before I go to Yorkshire, Master Tipton," said the Attorney, "I thought it best to come see you, and to find out what you 're really inclined to do for your nephew during his minority. 'T is plain, after what hath happened, that he can no longer live here with you when he comes back to England, and I am going to make arrangements for him to live with his father's people in Yorkshire."

. . . . . .

But it was not until the latter part of January that anything was heard at Marlborough from Mr. Burton. Then a packet of letters came all in a parcel. They were altogether satisfactory. There was one — a very cordial letter — from Jack's uncle, Sir Roger Ballister, and a long one from Attorney Burton, telling of the business arrangements he had made with Hezekiah Tipton, looking toward Jack's maintenance during his minority.

For days, at Marlborough, everything seemed to center about the letters, and the news they brought about Jack's future prospects. Then

his early voyage to England began to be considered. It was arranged that he was to go back in February.

. . . . . .

At first it seemed as though the day of departure was a long way off, but day after day passed, and the time drew nearer and nearer — first three weeks, then two weeks, then one week, then three days; then it was "to-morrow."

He was to go down to Yorktown in the schooner, and there take passage in the ship "Windsor Castle" for England.

The preparations for his journey seemed to cumulate as the time for his departure drew nearer and nearer, and in the afternoon of his last day at Marlborough it seemed as though there was hardly time to get everything ready. His new clothes were not sent home until late in the afternoon. The afternoon grew later and later; the negroes were waiting to carry the chests and bundles to the landing, but even yet they were not quite ready.

Madam Parker came out upon the landing, calling down into the hall: "Jack! Where is Jack? Did you see Master Jack, Chloe?"

"Iss, missus," said the negro woman; "him in de office with hes Honor."

"Well, go and ask him where he put those two lace cravats and the lawn sleeves, for they can't be found anywhere."

"Why, mama," called Nelly Parker, "they were put into the little chest. I saw Dinah pack them there yesterday."

"Why did n't you tell me you had put them there, Dinah?" said Madam Parker, turning to the negro woman who stood waiting in the doorway behind her.

"Me not know what you meant, missus," said Dinah.

Just then Chloe, Madam Parker's maid, came to the foot of the stairs. "Sambo and Cæsar, him out dar, missus," said she. "Him want ax is boxes be ready. Him wait and him wait."

"Well, they 'll have to wait," said Madam Parker, coolly, "for they 're not ready yet."

"Why, mama," said Nelly Parker, "they can surely take down the small box and come back for the other."

Jack was sitting with Colonel Parker, who was giving him his last instructions. "I have them marked down here," said he, "on this paper. Keep it carefully now. Nay; don't thrust it in your pocket like that. Where 's the pocket-book I gave you to keep such things in?"

"Why, sir, I left it up-stairs on the table," said Jack.

"Well, you should always carry it with you," said Colonel Parker, "and not leave it about that way. If you put the paper in your pocket now, be sure to see that you put it in your pocket-book when you get up-stairs."

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

"Now," said Colonel Parker, "When you arrive at Gravesend the captain will send you up to London. Here is a letter to the captain. See that you give it to him as soon as you get aboard. It gives him full instructions as to all he is to do. He will send you up as far as Broadstairs in a wherry, and there you must get a hackney coach to take you to my agent. Here is a letter to him and a packet — 'Ebenezer Bilton, Esquire.' This packet of letters you must use while you are in London if you need them. You will see by the addresses who they are for. Here is this large packet to give to your uncle. All these letters you may put in one of the chests, but carry the captain's letter in your pocket so you may give it to him as soon as you get aboard."

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

Jack was filled full of the thought of the journey. To-morrow he would be upon his way back to England. Every now and then during the day he was seized almost as with a spasm of something that was like a pang both of impatience and anxiety. At the same time there loomed before him the thought that he was to leave Marlborough.

He went up-stairs with the letters that Colonel Parker had given him. The negroes were just tying the cords around the second chest.

"These letters are to go in yet," said Jack.

"Well," said Madam Parker, "you might have brought them sooner, and not have waited until everything was packed away and the chest tied."

"Why, indeed, madam, I could n't bring them sooner," said Jack. "Colonel Parker would

have me there to talk with him, and I could n't get away."

The negroes were rapidly untying the cord from about the chest as he was speaking.

Jack helped the negroes as they tied the chest again, then he followed them as they carried the box down-stairs and out of the house. Jack stood out on the steps bare-headed. Now that everything had been done for his departure he was conscious of a singularly empty feeling.

It had been snowing the day before. The snow was now melting in the sun. It was in large flaky patches here and there upon the brown grass. On the pathway and on the steps it lay in a sodden, semi-transparent sheet of slush. Everywhere the water was running, trickling, the drops sparkling in the sunset light. The air was chill and raw. The negroes had set down the chest to rest themselves. They blew on their knuckles. They were in their shirt-sleeves. Jack shivered sympathetically.

"You 'll take a cold if you stand out there without your hat on," said Madam Parker from within the hall. Then Jack went in.

He went first into the drawing-room and then through into the library. He was looking for Nelly Parker. She was not in either room. She was in a small room beyond, and was standing looking out of the window, watching the negroes as they carried the chest down to the landing. Just as Jack came in she burst out laughing. She turned her head and saw Jack. "'T was Sambo," said she; "he fell flat."

Jack came up to the window, and stood beside her and looked out. The negro had just risen from where he had fallen and was brushing the slushy snow from his clothes. The other negro was laughing. Jack could hear him from a distance. Then they picked up the chest and went on again.

"'T is so strange to think that the time has really come for me to go, that I can hardly believe that it hath come," said Jack.

"I do suppose, too," said she, "that you are glad now that the time has come."

"Why, no," said Jack, "I am not glad to go. Why should you think I am glad?"

"Because," said she, "you are to see so much. I know that I would be glad if I were going to England. Sometimes 't is dull here; specially during the winter when no one cometh for days at a time. I would be glad enough if I were going to England."

Jack felt a sort of discomfort. It seemed to him that in her wanting to go to England she thought nothing about him. "Well, I would n't choose to go to England," said he, "if I did n't have to."

"Why not?" said she.

"Because," said he, "I would rather be with you. That is," he added, "I would rather be with you and your father and mother." She did not reply, but stood looking out of the window. "Will you miss me?" said he at last.

"Yes; we shall," said she. "To be sure we shall miss you."

"But you," said he; "I mean you. Will you miss me?"

"Why, to be sure I shall," said she.

"Will you?"

"Yes."

Jack stood looking at her. He did not know what to say. She was looking out of the window across the damp, wintry stretch of lawn toward the river. She turned and looked at him; then she suddenly reached out her hand toward him, and he took it. She had never done such a thing before. He trembled as he stood holding it. He felt his breath oppressed almost to suffocation as he stood there. He hardly dared look at her. She stood perfectly still with her hand in his, and made no effort to draw it away.

"Will you miss me?" said he at last. "I 'll miss you. Oh! how I shall miss you!"

"Yes, I 'll miss you sadly," said she in a low tone.

She was looking down as she spoke, running her fingers along the window. Suddenly some one came. She snatched her hand away from him and stood at a little distance. Jack turned around almost dizzily. His heart was beating heavily.

It was Madam Parker. "Why, Jack," said she, "I 've been looking for you everywhere."

Jack and Nelly Parker moved away from the window.

He did not get a chance to speak to Nelly again that night. He looked for it and longed for it, but it did not come. She went to bed

before the others. The negro waiting-woman stood at the door holding the candle. Nelly Parker gave Jack her hand. Her father and mother were looking on. "Good night," said she, "and 't will be good-by." Jack held her hand. He remembered how they had stood in the afternoon. She must have known how he had felt as they stood there together. It seemed that she must understand him better than she had ever done before: as though they were somehow bound together. He held her hand so long that she withdrew it from him.

"Why," said he, "will you, then, not see me off in the morning?"

"Why, Jack, you 'll be off before we 're awake," said Colonel Parker. "You 'll have started before seven o'clock."

Nelly Parker laughed. "Oh, la! I would never be able to be up by seven o'clock," said she.

"Would you not," said Jack, "and I 'm to be gone for so long?"

She laughed again. "If I 'm awake," said she, "why, to be sure I 'll bid you good-by; but I 'll never be able to wake by seven o'clock."

Then she was gone. Jack was choking down a very bitter feeling of disappointment as he sat down.

. . . . . .

Somebody was knocking upon his door. He heard the knocking before he was awake, and he heard it more and more clearly as he came wider and wider awake. It was the dark of the early winter morning. A light shone through the crack of the door. "Who is it?" called Jack. He could not think at first what it all meant. Then he remembered with a rush. This was the morning he was to start for England. The time had come.

"Master Jack!" said a voice outside, "'t is six o'clock." It was Colonel Parker's serving-man Robin.

"You may come in, Robin," said Jack, "and light the candle."

The man came in bringing a pitcher of hot water, and carrying a lighted candle in the other hand. Jack dreaded getting out of his warm bed into the frosty chill of the great, dark room. The man lit the candle, and Jack could see his breath coming like smoke out of his mouth, as he looked intently at the lighting wick.

"The boat 's all ready, Master Jack," said he, "and they 'll be ready to start as soon as you 're dressed and have had your breakfast. You 'd better get up, sir, or you 'll be going off to sleep again."

"Is it cold this morning, Robin?" said Jack.

"Ay; 't is freezing, sir," said the man. Then he was gone, closing the door behind him.

Jack got out of bed, and began dressing. The time had arrived; it was here. Would Nelly Parker come to bid him good-by?

There was a solitary breakfast spread for him down-stairs by the light of a cluster of candles. All the great spaces were chill and raw with the winter morning. He ate a scrambling meal, then pushed back his chair noisily. Perhaps Nelly Parker had come down. She might be in the drawing-room or library waiting for him. He went out across the hall. There was no one in the drawing-room but the negro who was making a fire of logs. The smoke rose in great volumes from the kindled light-wood. Part of it escaped into the room, which was full of the pungent smell of smoking wood.

"Do you know whether Miss Nelly 's come down yet, John?" asked Jack.

The man looked over his shoulder. "Miss Nelly?" said he. "Um — um, her won't be down for um long time yet."

Some one came across the hall; it was Robin, and he was carrying Jack's overcoat. "They are waiting for you at the landing, Master Jack," said he.

Then Jack, with a crumbling away of the heart, knew that he was not to see her again. Robin held the overcoat for him, and he slipped his arms into it.

He went out of the house and down toward the landing. The sun had not yet risen, and the air of the winter morning was keen with the cold frozen newness of the day. Here and there, where the sodden snow of yesterday had not all melted away, it had frozen into slippery sheets. It crinched beneath Jack's tread. He turned and looked back toward the house. He could see her room; it was closed and dark. Then he turned again and walked on once

more toward the landing. He confessed to himself that he could almost have cried with disappointment.

The boat was waiting for him. The sailing-master stood upon the wharf swinging and slapping his arms. Jack climbed down into the boat, and the sailing-master followed him. The men shoved it off with a push of their oars, and then began rowing away toward the schooner. A light was still hanging in the stays, burning pallidly in the increasing daylight. Then they were aboard.

Jack went down into the cabin still gray with the early light. Both his chests were there and his two bundles. He sat down, almost overwhelmed. By and by he came up on deck again. They were out and away in the river now. The sun had just risen, and the red light lit up the front of the great house, now standing out clear through the leafless trees. Jack stood holding to the stays, looking out at it. His throat choked and his eyes blurred, and for a moment everything was lost to his sight. She had not come to bid him good-by.

CHAPTER LI.

THE RETURN.

JACK had written from London almost as soon as he had reached England. It was a letter full of homesickness and longing. Two months passed before he heard from Virginia, and in the mean time so much had happened that the first sharpness and vividness of the almost overwhelming longing for Marlborough had passed away. He reproached himself that that was growing dull which once had been so keen. Then one day a packet of letters came for him from Virginia.

He was then living with his uncle in Yorkshire. He was studying under a tutor. The letters came for him in the afternoon; he laid aside his books and turned them over. He recognized one of them instantly; it was written in a fine, slender hand, with sharp, pointed letters. He held the letter in his hand, trying to force himself to think and feel as keenly as he once had done. He pressed the letter to his lips, and then felt, somehow, foolish at having done so. He lingered, holding it in his hand for a long time; then he opened it. He skimmed it over at first, and then read it through more deliberately. It was full of little bits of news. As he read it, he recalled an image of Marlborough: the shaggy lawn, the trees as he had last seen them with their bare branches, between which one could catch a glimpse of the river and the distant further shore. How strange and far away it seemed! Then he began reading again:

> We have had a deal of company for the last two weeks [said the letter]. There was an Aunt came over from the Eastern Shore. She brought my three Cousins with her; and then my Uncle, James William, came afterward with my other Cousin, a boy of thirteen and mightily spoiled, for he will talk at table and give his opinion to my Father, who, as you know, can bear no man's opinion but his own, much less a boy of thirteen. But my Cousins are dear, sweet girls whom I have not seen for nigh four years, they living so far away as to make a journey of nigh a week to get there, and they to get here. And so there hath been a deal of company; for Harry Oliver and his sisters are here staying three days together. The "Lyme" hath come back from Jamaica, too; and so Mr. Maynard was here and brought two young gentlemen who are Cadets along with him, and so everything very gay. Well, I am gay, too, and do enjoy myself, but, indeed, think oftener than I choose to tell you of Some One a great ways off in England, and you may guess whom I mean by that. . . .
>
> Indeed, I was truly and truly sorry that I did not wake to see you go away, for so I did intend to do, though I told you I would not. And indeed I could have boxed Chloe's ears that she did not wake me, for so she was to have done; but she did not wake herself, so how could she wake me? I did not wake for a good long time after the boat had gone, and when I awoke the boat was way down the river at the bend. Alack! I could have cried my eyes out. Do you believe that? Well, I did cry a little.

Jack sat thinking. He experienced a sort of feeling of discomfort, as though he should have felt more in reading the letter than he was feeling. Then he began reading it again:

> I had nigh forgot to tell you that my poor Uncle Richard is reported dead. He was in Jamaica, and Mr. Maynard says he was shot, but how he could not tell. So now the Roost is to be sold, and 't is likely that Papa will buy it. Yesterday he said to Mama that if the Baltimore merchants had paid you a reward of six thousand pounds instead of six hundred pounds for finding the chest that time, it would be a fine thing for to use it to buy the Roost for yourself, it being such a fine plantation.

After Jack had finished reading the letter he sat thinking for a long time. Would he ever go back to Virginia again? Indeed he would. Why should he go to Cambridge and go through college except that his uncle, Sir Roger, would have it so? He sat down the same day and wrote to Nelly Parker, telling her all about himself and his plans.

'T is all very fine here [said he]: a fine park of trees and a lawn, and over to one side flower-gardens laid out in patterns and scrolls, with box-bushes and hedges trimmed into shapes of peacocks and round balls and what not. My Uncle is as kind as ever he can be, only sometimes he is cross. Well, he is a dear, good, kind man. He treateth me very kindly, but yet 't is dull here, and I do think of Virginia mightily often. More than all else when I think of Virginia do I think of One who is there, and wish I were back again. Ay, sometimes I would give all the world if I could be back there in Virginia again.

It was a great pleasure for him to write this, and as he wrote his heart warmed and thrilled again.

Indeed I did look for you that morning [he wrote], and hoped to say good-by to you again when there was no one by to hear me say it, and went away so sad and broken-hearted that I could almost have cried. I was so sad that I would have given all the world to be back again. . . . My Uncle intends that I shall go to Cambridge College, and I study all day long with a Tutor; but, methinks, I am slow and dull at learning, excepting Latin and Greek, which my poor Father taught me when I was a boy, and which I know well nigh as well as my Tutor himself knoweth it. But yet if I could help it I would not go to Cambridge College, but would go back to Virginia again. Yet what can I do? 'T is almost four years now till I come of age and enter into mine own, and then I can come and go as I please, and it shall be that I shall come back to Virginia again.

Who, think you, I saw a short while ago? Who but Israel Hands, who hath come back to England again. He found me out where I was living, and came here begging. I did not know him at first, for he hath grown a great, big, long beard; but he limps with the knee which he saith is all stiff like solid bone, and he can only bend it, as he showed me, a tiny bit. He hath grown mightily poor, and is in want. My Uncle was vastly interested about him, and would have him in to talk with him, and he had something to eat and some beer in the kitchen. I gave him some money and he went away happy. My Uncle's man said that he had been drinking down in the village that night, and so I do suppose spent all the money I gave him — poor wretch!

I do not think I told you aught of my Cousin Edward. He is my Uncle's son, and is in the Guards: a great, tall, handsome gentleman who was here a while since and very kind to me, only he would forever tease me by calling me his "Cousin, the Pirate," and asking me to show him my pardon before he would own me. But of course, you must understand, all this in jest.

. . . . . .

Jack went to Cambridge College as his uncle had intended. Four years passed. Letters between England and Virginia grew fewer and fewer, and at last almost ceased.

Jack was twenty years of age when his uncle Hezekiah died. The old man left him a great fortune of over twenty thousand pounds. Upon the Attorney Burton's advice, Sir Roger invested a part of the fortune in land in Virginia. "I have learned that much of the Colony from my visit there," said the Attorney, "to know that it will be a first-rate investment and will increase, I know not how many times in value, in the years to come."

The next year Jack left college, and in the spring took passage to the Virginias along with the Attorney Burton. He went to look at the estates that had been purchased upon the Potomac River.

Jack did not go directly with the Attorney to his Potomac lands. He had determined to go first of all to Marlborough, so he and the Attorney parted company at Yorktown, the Attorney going on up the Potomac and Jack up the James. He had promised to join Mr. Burton at "Bellingham," as his estates were called.

. . . . . .

Jack came out upon deck early in the morning. The first thing that he saw was a house on the shore. He did not at first recognize it, but almost instantly it flitted into his remembrance. It was the Roost. It stood out clear and clean in the morning light. He stood looking toward it for a long, long time. The place was very much changed. There were signs of cultivation. The roof had been repaired, and the house had been painted; and it looked very different from what he had remembered it.

Then the Roost dropped away until it was lost behind the bend of the river.

It seemed to Jack as though they would

never reach Marlborough. He walked up and down the deck again. At last they came around the bend of the river, and the house opened up slowly to view. How strange and yet how familiar it looked, with its plain brick façade. A curious spasm seemed to seize him as he stood holding to the braces, gazing out ahead at the great house. For the first time he began to wonder whether the family would be at home or not. The boat came nearer and nearer. At last he could see that there were people upon the lawn. There must be company at the house. He felt very much disappointed that he should not, upon his first return, see the family without strangers being by.

He walked up from the landing, alone. All the faces were turned toward him as he approached. He saw Colonel Parker at once, and Madam Parker, but he did not see Nelly Parker until she arose. She had changed very little, except that her slender, girlish figure had rounded out into the greater fullness of womanhood. She stood hesitating for a moment, and then came doubtingly forward. Jack was looking straight at her. He had seen that Harry Oliver was there.

"I see that you don't remember me," said he, and then, as he spoke, instant recognition shone in her eyes.

"Why, papa! — mama!" she cried, "'t is Jack Ballister!" And then they both came forward to welcome him.

At once when Jack had seen her he felt an awakening of all that old feeling that before had stirred him. At once he knew the possibility of it all to be lying in his heart. He looked steadily in her face. She was just as she had been, only a little older. She was as pretty as ever. Almost instantly he felt that it was the same Nelly Parker that he had left four years before.

"I hope that Mr. Ballister will remember me," said Harry Oliver.

"Why, yes," said Jack; "I am not likely to forget you"; and he took the hand that was offered.

He saw in the brief moment of looking that Oliver had not improved any in his appearance. He decided that Harry Oliver had not the look of an Englishman of quality.

Jack felt very happy. He sat down, looking about him. It was all just exactly as he remembered it. There did not seem to be any change at all, excepting, perhaps, that the house was not quite so large as he had held it in his recollection.

After the first rush of question and answer there fell a certain period of constraint. No one seemed to know exactly what to say. There were two other young gentlemen present besides Mr. Oliver,—two brothers named Nelson,—and there were three young ladies, one of them a Miss Nelson. Jack did not know any of them. He himself felt constraint in their presence, and he thought they, too, felt a certain embarrassment. He sat looking at Nelly Parker. Her face was turned partly away from him. How sweet and beautiful she was!

"So your uncle, Sir Roger, bought a tract of land for you up the Potomac?" said Colonel Parker.

"Why, yes," said Jack; "he did, sir. 'T was nigh Lord Fairfax's tract, I believe. At least, 't was so marked upon the chart."

"Have you been there yet?" said Colonel Parker.

"No, sir," said Jack; "I have not. Master Burton came over from England with me. He left me at Johnstown to go up there. He will get a land-surveyor ready for me against I come, and then we are going to survey the tract together. I came here to Marlborough first thing of all, for what else should I do than to come see you, sir, and you, madam, and Miss Nelly, the first of all."

Colonel Parker smiled. "Thou hast grown a fine, tall fellow, Jack," said he, "and I did not know you at first. You have a fine air about you."

Jack laughed. "Methinks," said he, "'t is your own prejudice of kindness makes you think that, sir. Now, I can say nothing better than that you all look just the same as when I left you. There is nothing better for one to say than that."

"Why, Jack," said Madam Parker, "to be sure you 've learned to make fine speeches since you left us."

"'T is a noble, big tract of land of yours up

on the Potomac, Mr. Ballister," said Harry Oliver. "I would that I had as fine an estate as that myself."

"I hope you 've come to live among us, Mr. Ballister," said Miss Nelson.

"That I know not yet," said Jack; "I shall live here for a time at least." He was looking at Nelly Parker as he spoke. She had turned her face toward him.

"For a time!" said she. "Do you mean, then, to leave the Americas and go back to England again?"

Jack looked steadily back at her. "Why, that I cannot tell yet," said he; "but I shall be here for a long time — mayhap long enough for you to get tired of me."

"We 'll never grow tired of you, Jack," said Madam Parker; "try us and see."

Jack still looked at Nelly Parker, waiting for her to speak, but she said nothing.

"At any rate, you will pay us a visit here at Marlborough," said Colonel Parker, "will you not?"

"Why, yes," said Jack, "I would like right well to stay here three or four days if you will have me."

"Sir," said Colonel Parker, "I will take you in for three or four weeks if you will have it so."

Jack laughed. "Your hospitality here in America is ever of that noble sort," said he; "I wish I might always find its like."

"So you may, sir," said Colonel Parker, "if you will live here in America."

All the time of this latter talk the guests sat listening as if in some constraint.

Jack had determined to stay a week. It seemed as though it was a long time that he had promised himself. He felt rich with all that time in prospect. But day after day passed by, and now it was the last evening before he was to go away again. It was a lovely evening. There was a full moon showing. There had been a party of three young men who had stayed to supper at Marlborough. They had just ridden away.

Jack and Nelly Parker, who had come out with them, had not gone back again into the house. "What a fine night it is," said she, looking up at the moon.

The sky was milky with the misty moonlight, and all the world seemed to be bathed in its still glamour. The air was soft and mild. The mocking-birds were singing in the distant woods, and the air was filled with the piping of frogs. There was a strange stillness everywhere. Jack was looking at her face as she looked up at the moonlight. It glistened in her black eyes. Her face looked strangely pallid and colorless and very beautiful.

"I can hardly believe," said Jack, "that the week has gone by, and that to-morrow I must go away. I did not know it was so lovely here."

"Why must you go away?" said she suddenly, looking at him. "Can't you stay a little longer?"

"Why, no, I can't," said Jack; "I promised Mr. Burton that I would be up at Bellingham the last part of this week. Indeed, I must go; but I will come back again if you will let me. Don't go in yet. Let us walk up and down here; 't is such a beautiful night."

"We 're always glad to see you," said she; "I believe we think much more about you than you do of us."

"I don't believe you do," said Jack.

They walked up and down in silence. Every now and then her dress touched him, and he thrilled just as he used to do in the days before.

"You will come again and see us soon?" said she, speaking softly.

"I 'll come if you 'll bid me to come," said he. She did not reply; and then, after a while, he said again: "Do you bid me come?"

"Why, yes," said she; "to be sure I do. We are all glad to see you and sorry for you to go away again."

"But you yourself," said he — "do you bid me come?"

"Why, yes," said she, "I do."

His heart thrilled again.

"Then I will come," said he.

They stopped before the door and stood a moment; then they turned and went into the house.

THE END.



"'THEN I WILL COME,' SAID HE."



THE SHIP OF THE PLAINS

By James Baldwin.

There is a Greek legend telling how Athens came by its name, and there is a noble horse who plays a prominent part in the legend. If we are to believe the story, he was the first real flesh-and-blood horse of which we have any account. Some men say that he was the first animal of the kind that ever lived, but this is doubtful. Snowy white, without spot or blemish from the tips of his ears to the tips of his amber hoofs, how he must have astonished the simple-minded folk of Cecropia when he leaped right out of the earth at their feet! If you should ever go to Athens and climb to the top of that wonderful hill called the Acropolis, look around you. You may see the very spot where it all is said to have happened. But to the story.

Did I say that the people who lived there at that time were simple-minded? Rather child-like they were in some ways, and not so worldly-wise as they might have been had they lived some thousand years later; but they were neither simpletons nor altogether savages. They were the foremost people in Greece. It was all owing to their king, wise old Cecrops, that they had risen to a condition superior to that of the half barbarous tribes around them. He had shown them how to sow barley and wheat and plant vineyards; and he had taught them to depend upon these and their flocks and herds for food, rather than upon the wild beasts of the chase. He had persuaded them to lay aside many of their old cruel customs, had set them in families with each its own home, and had instructed them in the worship of the gods. On the top of the Acropolis they had built a little city, and protected it with walls and fortifications against any attack from their warlike neighbors; and from this point as a center they had, little by little, extended their influence to the sea on one side and to the mountains on the other. But, strange to say, they had not yet given a name to their city, nor had they decided which one of the gods should be its protector.

On a certain day in autumn, after the grain had been harvested and the grapes had been gathered and made into wine, two strangers suddenly appeared in the market place. Nobody knew whence the couple came, nor how they had climbed the steep pathways and entered within the walls unseen by any of the guards.

The man, dark-haired, huge-limbed, and strong, bore as his only weapon a trident, or three-pronged harpoon, made of bronze. The woman was tall and stately, with large, round eyes, and long hair that fell in ringlets about her shoulders, and she wore a gleaming helmet upon her head, and carried a bright, round shield upon her arm.

"What is the name of this city?" asked the man of the wondering people in the market place.

"It has no true name," answered one of the wisest among them; "but we sometimes call it Cecropia, or the city of Cecrops, the king who founded it and is its ruler. The country round about us is called Attica, or promontory, because it is bounded on three sides by the sea."

"But where is your temple?" asked the woman. "And which of the gods have you chosen to be your city's patron and guardian?"

"Truly, we have but lately learned that there are any gods," was the answer; "and we render homage unto them all. If we knew which one of them would bless our people with the richest gifts, that one should be our patron and guardian, and to that one we would rear a temple. But how shall we know?"

"Do but lead us into the presence of the king," said the strange man, "and the matter shall be decided at once."

It happened that at that very moment King Cecrops was seated in his chair of state at the gate of the market place, where he was wont every morning to listen to the petitions of his people and to dispense justice to rich and poor alike. When the two strangers were led into his presence he was so struck by their majestic appearance that he arose and received them standing, and in tones of humility and respect bade them make known their names and their errand.

"My name," said the stately woman, "is Athena; and it is I who give men wisdom and skill and teach them the arts of peace and instruct them in all manner of handicraft. Make me the patron and guardian of this beautiful new city that you have builded, and its fame and that of the people who dwell therein shall be remembered forever."

"Not so!" cried her companion. "I am Poseidon, the strong, the ruler of the sea, the shaker of the earth; and I claim this city for my own. Would you be rich and powerful, with fleet ships upon the sea and great armies upon the land? Would you make yourselves feared by all the nations of the earth? Then accept me as your patron, and build me a temple here upon your Acropolis!"

"Which shall it be, my people?" asked King Cecrops of the men that had gathered around. "Which shall we choose for our city's heritage, Wisdom or Strength?"

"Wisdom!" cried some. "Strength!" cried others; and there was great confusion. Finally, an old man with white hair and very long white beard made himself heard.

"It seems to me, O King," he said, "that we should choose that god for our patron and guardian who can give us the most substantial blessings. We are a new people, and as yet we know so little of either Wisdom or Strength that we are not qualified to judge which is best. But let Athena and Poseidon each give us something, at once, as a sample of the blessings which they promise us, and do you, O King, with your twelve councilors, then decide which has offered the better gift; and then we will choose that one to be the patron and guardian of our city, and to that one we will erect a temple here on our Acropolis."

"It is well!" cried the king.

"It is well!" said Athena and Poseidon.

"It is well!" echoed the people.

"And do you consent?" asked the king, addressing the rival claimants.

"We consent," said they both. "We submit to the trial at once; and do you and your councilors decide which of our gifts is more acceptable."

Then Athena touched the ground with her shield, and forthwith there sprang out two tiny green leaves; and to these two other leaves were added, and then others and others until a slender twig appeared. Then the twig grew into a spreading tree, with clusters of flowers and rich, oil-producing fruit; and birds built their nests among the branches, and the children ran to play in the shade beneath.

"Behold the olive tree!" said Athena. "It is my gift to you, and the emblem of the blessings that I will confer upon your city."

Then Poseidon strode haughtily forward, and smote the bare rock with his trident. So heavy was his stroke that the entire hill trembled beneath it, and a deep, narrow cleft was opened in the solid limestone. Then out of the fissure there leaped a snow-white horse with flashing eyes and arching neck and impatient feet. It was the most wonderful creature that the people had ever seen, and they were terribly frightened by his sudden appearance. Many of them ran to their houses and closed the doors behind them, while others climbed upon the walls or sought safety in the citadel.

"Behold the horse!" said Poseidon, "the noblest of all beasts, man's best friend, the emblem of power and strength, and of your own glorious future with me as your patron and protector!"

The king and his councilors sat for a long

time in silence, looking now upon the beautiful but terrible animal, and now upon the tree with its fruit and flowers and inviting shade. The horse was by far the most attractive object that they had ever seen, and the longer they looked upon him the more their wonder grew.



THE FLIGHT OF THE WHITE HORSE.

"What shall we do with him now that we have him?" asked one.

"Will he feed the hungry?" asked another.

"Truly, he will be but an expensive luxury to us," said a third, "and not nearly so great a blessing to our people as the olive tree."

And so they rendered their decision. Poseidon's gift, they said, was a noble one, a wonderful one; but Athena's was the better because it promised the most substantial blessings to all the people.

"Athena shall be our patron and protector!" cried they at last.

"And the name of our city shall be Athens, and we are henceforth Athenians!" cried all the people. And they forthwith began to clear the ground for the erection of that world-renowned temple to Athena, the Parthenon, the ruins of which still crown the summit of the Acropolis. And Athena took up her abode with them.

As for Poseidon, he strode out of the gates in great rage, and the hill shook again under his heavy footsteps, as he descended to the plain. He loosed all the winds and sent them hurtling against the walls of Athens; and for twelve days there were storms on sea and land, the fiercest that men had ever seen.

But what had those to fear who had chosen Wisdom to be their protector and friend?

The wonderful steed which Poseidon had brought out of the rock was a greater terror than the storm, and the good people were glad to open the great gate, and allow him to depart. Having descended into the open fields, he tossed his head proudly, kicked his heels high into the air, and set off at a great speed toward distant Thessaly and the vast pasture lands of the North. The men of Athens watched him in his course across the plain. Swift as the whirlwind, with his long mane floating gracefully over his back, he looked not unlike some white-sailed vessel scudding before the

wind across the ruffled surface of the sea. The people had been at a loss to find a name for the strange creature, but they caught eagerly at the suggestion that now offered itself.

"See!" cried one, "is he not a ship, a skiff with sails?"

"He is the Ship of the Plains!" said another.

"Yes, we will call him Skyphios, or the Ship of the Plains!" cried they all.

And the men of Athens afterward claimed that it was from Skyphios that the wild horses of the Scythian desert — nay, of all the world — were descended.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

By Rudolph F. Bunner.

Said Mr. Alphonse Buffon Spyke,
"I think that all the birds that fly
Should have bird-houses, if they like,
As well as wrens and such small fry."

And since he built this bird-house street
His feathered friends no longer roam,
But from their doors his presence greet
By singing sweetly, "Home, sweet home!"





HERO-TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

By Theodore Roosevelt.

V. "Remember the Alamo!"

"Thermopylæ had its messengers of death, but the Alamo had none!" In these words a United States Senator referred to one of the most resolute and effective fights ever waged by brave men against overwhelming odds in the face of certain death.

Soon after the close of the second war with Great Britain, parties of American settlers began to press forward into the rich, sparsely-settled territory of Texas, then a portion of Mexico. At first these immigrants were well received, but the Mexicans speedily grew jealous of them and oppressed them in various ways. In consequence, when the settlers felt themselves strong enough, they revolted against Mexican rule and declared Texas to be an independent republic. Immediately Santa Anna, the Dictator of Mexico, gathered a large army and invaded Texas. The slender forces of the settlers were unable to meet his hosts. They were pressed back by the Mexicans, and dreadful atrocities were committed by Santa Anna and his lieutenants.

In the United States there was great enthusiasm felt for the struggling Texans, and many bold backwoodsmen and Indian fighters swarmed to their help. Among these the two most famous were Sam Houston and David Crockett. Houston was the younger man, and had already led an extraordinary and varied career. When a mere lad he had run away from home and joined the Cherokees, living among them for some years; then he returned home. He had fought under Andrew Jackson in his campaigns against the Creeks, and had been severely wounded at the battle of the Horseshoe Bend. He had risen to the highest political honors in his State, becoming governor of Tennessee, and had then suddenly, in a fit of moody longing for the life of the wilderness, given up his governorship, left the States, and crossed the Mississippi, going to join his old comrades, the Cherokees, in their new home along the waters of the Arkansas. Here he dressed, lived, fought, hunted, and drank precisely like any Indian, becoming one of the chiefs.

David Crockett was born soon after the Revolutionary War. He, too, had taken part under Jackson in the campaigns against the Creeks, and had afterward become a man of mark in Tennessee and gone to Congress as a Whig; but he had quarreled with Jackson and been beaten for Congress, and in his disgust he left the State and decided to join the Texans. He was the most famous rifle-shot in all the United States and the most successful hunter, so that his skill was a proverb all along the border.

David Crockett journeyed south, by boat and horse, making his way steadily toward the distant plains where the Texans were waging their life and death fight. Texas was a wild place indeed in those days, and the old hunter had more than one hairbreadth escape from Indians, desperadoes, and wild beasts before he

got to the neighborhood of San Antonio, and joined another adventurer, a bee-hunter, bent on the same errand as himself. The two had been in ignorance of exactly what was the situation in Texas; but they soon found out that the Mexican army was marching toward San Antonio, whither they were going. Near the town was an old Spanish fort, the Alamo, in which the hundred and fifty American defenders of the place had gathered. Santa Anna had four thousand troops with him. The Alamo was a mere shell, utterly unable to withstand either a bombardment or a regular assault. It was evident, therefore, that those within it would be in the utmost jeopardy if the place were seriously assaulted; but old Crockett and his companion never wavered. They were fearless and resolute, and masters of woodcraft, and they managed to slip through the Mexican lines and join the defenders within the walls. The bravest, the hardiest, the most reckless men of the border were there: among them were Colonel Travis, the commander of the fort, and Bowie, the inventor of the famous bowie knife. They were a wild and ill-disciplined band, little used to constraint or control, but they were men of iron courage and great bodily powers, skilled in the use of their weapons, and ready to meet with stern and uncomplaining indifference whatever doom fate might have in store for them.

Soon Santa Anna approached with his army, took possession of the town, and invested the fort. The defenders knew there was scarcely a chance of rescue, and that it was hopeless to expect that 150 men, behind defenses so weak, could beat off 4000 trained soldiers well armed and provided with heavy artillery; but they had no thought of flinching, and made a desperate defense. The days went by and no help came, while Santa Anna got ready his lines and began a furious cannonade. His gunners were unskilled, however, and he had to serve the guns from a distance, for when they were posted nearer the American riflemen crept forward under cover and picked off the artillerymen. Old Crockett thus killed five men at one gun. But by degrees the bombardment told. The walls of the Alamo were battered and riddled; and when they had been breached so as to afford no obstacle to the rush of his soldiers, Santa Anna commanded that they be stormed.

The storming took place on March 6, 1836. The Mexican troops came on well and steadily, breaking through the outer defenses at every point, for the lines were too long to be manned by the few Americans. The frontiersmen then retreated to the inner building, and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict followed, the Mexicans thronging in, shooting at the Americans with their muskets, and thrusting at them with lance and bayonet; while the Americans, after firing their long rifles, clubbed them and fought desperately, one against many; and they also used their bowie knives and revolvers with deadly effect. The fight reeled to and fro between the shattered walls, each American the center of a group of foes; but for all their strength and their wild fighting courage the defenders were too few, and the struggle could have but one end. One by one the tall riflemen succumbed, after repeated thrusts with bayonet and lance, until but three or four were left. Then these fell, too, and the last man stood at bay. It was old Davy Crockett. Wounded in a dozen places, he faced his foes with his back to the wall, ringed around by the bodies of the men he had slain. So desperate was the fight he waged that the Mexicans who thronged round about him were beaten back for the moment, and no one dared to run in upon him. Accordingly, while the lancers held him where he was, for, weakened by wounds and loss of blood, he could not break out through them, the musketeers loaded their carbines and shot him down; for Santa Anna declined to show him mercy. Some say that when Crockett fell from his wounds he was taken alive and was then shot by Santa Anna's order; but his fate cannot be told with certainty, for not a single American was left alive. At any rate, after Crockett fell the fight was over. Every one of the hardy men who had held the Alamo lay still in death. Yet they died well avenged, for four times their number of foes fell at their hands in the battle.

Santa Anna had but a short while in which to exult over his bloody and hard-won victory. Already a rider from the rolling Texas plains, going north through the Indian Territory, had



DEATH OF DAVY CROCKETT, LAST SURVIVOR OF THE ALAMO GARRISON.

told Houston that the Texans were up and were striving for their liberty. At once in Houston's mind there was kindled a longing to return to the men of his race in the time of their need. Mounting his horse he rode by night and day, and was hailed by the Texans as a heaven-sent leader. He took command of their forces, 1100 stark riflemen, and at the battle of San Jacinto he and his men charged the Mexican hosts with the cry of "Remember the Alamo!" Almost immediately the Mexicans were overthrown with terrible slaughter. Santa Anna himself was captured, and the freedom of Texas was won at a blow.

TOMMY'S ALPHABET.

By Agnes Lee.

"Now this is A," mama would say;
"And this is Q, and this is U,
And this is I.
Now say them — try."
Oh! Tommy was a youngster yet
To learn to say his alphabet;
But, bless his heart! though he was small,
He knew his letters — *nearly* all.
So mother pointed, and her son
Began to name them, one by one.

"This one?" "It's B." "And this?" "It's C."
"And this?" "It's L; I know it well."
"Nay; try again!"
"It must be N."
"And this one?" — pointing to an I —
"That's YOU!" was Tommy's quick reply.
Mama, the error to undo,
Now pointed to the letter U.
Small Tommy pondered; then quoth he,
His face aglow with smiles, "That's ME!"

TEDDY AND CARROTS:

TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

By James Otis.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

Chapter IX.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

It seemed absolutely necessary for Carrots to talk at great length about the farm, before he was willing to settle down to business as his partner wished; and then the two made a hearty supper from a bologna sausage, some buns, and some seed-cakes, which the proprietor of the house had purchased in order to prepare "a parting feast."

"Well, now, let 's come down to the business that 's got to be settled, Carrots," Teddy said gravely, as he took from his pocket a collection of coins. "You want back the forty-three cents you paid inter the concern, an' then, of course, what you made to-day all goes to yourself. I don't have any interest in it."

"That ain't the right thing to do. I took in sixty-five cents, an' half of it belongs to you."

"There 's no need of dividin' it, 'cause I made fifty-two myself; so let each fellow keep his profits, an' it 'll be fair. Now here 's the rest of your money," and Teddy pushed toward him a small pile of nickels and pennies.

"I don't want to take it," Carrots objected, mournfully. "When I 'm away I 'd rather think some of my money was here, an', p'rhaps, when I come back on a vacation, I 'll need a little. Then you can let me have it."

Teddy would have preferred to settle the business at once; but Carrots appeared so anxious to have a pecuniary interest in the city, that he said in conclusion:

"Well, we 'll let it go your way, Carrots, an' when you come back I 'll be here, 'less somethin' happens to me."

Then the two talked further of the farm, and suddenly Carrots was reminded of a very important piece of business.

"Well, I 'll be jiggered! If I did n't forget all 'bout that lawyer! Now it would n't do to slip up on him, would it?"

"Of course not."

"Why could n't you go over every mornin' an' fix the thing?"

"I can, Carrots, an' I will. It 's no more 'n right, 'cause you made the debt on my account, an' I ought ter pay it. Say, I don't s'pose you 'd care if I should use your box while you 're gone, would you? I 've been thinkin', perhaps by carryin' the outfit with me I might get a chance to black boots when business was dull."

"Of course you can; but you must keep your eye peeled pretty slick, 'cause the fellows don't like to see a boy try to run both kinds of work, an' they 'll be apt to make a row."

"I 'll risk that part of it. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

"No; I b'lieve that 's all. Of course you 'll keep the house? Nobody knows of it but Teenie, an' p'rhaps he won't tell."

"I must take the chances of that; but I reckon Skip Jellison 's goin' to make it mighty hot for me. I 'll keep an eye out for him."

By this time the boys were sleepy; and until morning Carrots dreamed of the ideal life which he was to lead in the country.

At an early hour next day they betook themselves to the basement restaurant on Baxter street, where Carrots, who fancied he would always have plenty of money, now he had been engaged as a farmer, insisted on paying the entire cost of both breakfasts; and then the two separated with the promise of meeting at eleven o'clock at South Ferry.

During the forenoon Teddy was not interrupted in his labors, perhaps because he did not go near the City Hall, and business was so flourishing that he felt sorry when Carrots came to say it was time they started for the market to meet the farmer.

The young gentleman who was about to take up his residence in the country unslung his blacking-box from his shoulder as he said:

"I told that lawyer you 'd be there after this, an' he said, 'All right.' I don't s'pose he cares, so long 's he gets his boots blacked, who does it."

"I 'll 'tend to him in great shape, so you need n't worry."

Then the two walked briskly along the water-front until they were at the market, when Carrots pointed toward an old wagon drawn by two mules, as he exclaimed: "That team b'longs out to the farm where I 'm goin'. I tell you, I 'll have them mules lookin' better 'n they do now, before next week."

"Take care they don't kick you, Carrots; they 're great on showin' their heels," Teddy replied warningly.

"I 'd like to see the mule that could get away with me," Master Carrots said contemptuously; and just then the farmer came out of a neighboring shop, looking around as if in search of some one or something.

"He 's after you," Teddy said. "I reckon I 'd better say good-by now. You 'll find me in the packin'-cases, if you come after dark."

"It 'll be a good while before you see me," Carrots replied confidently, as he shook his friend's hand warmly; and then the two parted.

During the three days following Carrots's departure, Teddy succeeded in the work beyond his most sanguine expectations.

He had been careful to remain away from the places most frequented by Skip Jellison, but was forced to change his business location several times, owing to the trouble which he had with boys who, as Carrots had predicted, were jealous because he both blacked boots and sold newspapers.

Still, he had succeeded in saving two dollars and twenty-five cents, in addition to which he had quite a store of provisions packed snugly away in a box, and, as he said in a tone of satisfaction on this third night after counting his funds and examining the contents of the larder, "had been playin' in mighty big luck."

During all this time he had seen nothing of Teenie Massey, who, now that Carrots was away, was the only boy he knew well.

Neither had he met any of the party whom he saw on his introduction to the city, and it seemed as if they might not give him any further trouble.

"I reckon I can pick up what money I need to start the stand, by keepin' on the same way I 've begun," he said to himself. "It may be business is better 'round City Hall; but it does n't stand to reason I could earn so very much more up there than I 'm doin' now, an' shiftin' about so often I 'll have a better chance for findin' out where a stand ought ter be put."

It can thus be seen that Master Thurston was on very good terms with himself, and feeling perfectly satisfied with his attempt to earn a livelihood in the metropolis. As Carrots had dreamed of the farm, so Teddy had often pictured to himself how he would live and conduct his business when once the stand was an assured fact; and while in the midst of these pleasing anticipations he was startled, almost frightened, by a sound as of some person making his way across the litter with which the yard was strewn.

His first act was to extinguish the candle, lest the rays of light should betray his whereabouts, for he had no doubt that the intruder was Skip Jellison, with, probably, a number of followers.

With such thoughts in his mind it cannot be wondered at that he was startled beyond the power of speech when he heard the familiar voice of Carrots in a cautious tone:

"It 's only me! Don't get flustered!" and an instant later the would-be farmer was once more inside the packing-case dwelling.

"Good gracious! Where 'd you come from?" Teddy cried, after standing like a statue for several seconds.

"From the farm; that 's where I come from!" Carrots replied in an angry tone.

"Got through so soon as this, have you?"

"You can jest bet your sweet life I have! Why, I would n't stay out there a month if they 'd give me the whole place, an' all the animals there was on it! That man was a reg'lar old — old — he 's an old skeesicks, that 's what he is!"

"Sit down, so 's to tell me all 'bout it;" and Teddy relighted the candle in order to have a good look at the amateur farmer.

Carrots was disconsolate and discouraged,

and the dust on his boots told of a long walk over country roads.

"Got anything to eat?" he asked; and even his voice sounded hungry.

Teddy opened the cigar-box refrigerator, revealing to view a plentiful supply of provisions.

The newcomer did not need an invitation to begin the meal.

He attacked the food as if he had had nothing to eat since leaving the city, and Teddy refrained from asking any questions until his hunger should be appeased.

"Well," Carrots said, after an enormous meal, "what do you think of me now?"

"I 'd say you was hungry, an' I guess that comes pretty nigh bein' the truth."

"That 's a fact; an' I should n't be lyin' so very bad if I told you I had n't had anything to eat since I left. Talk 'bout good livin' in the country! Why, a fellow 'd starve to death there in a week! I never saw sich a place! 'Bout the time you go to sleep they call you to get up; an' I do b'lieve yesterday it was n't more 'n late in the evenin' when that farmer yelled for me to turn out an' feed the stock. Feed the stock! Well, now, I 'll tell you what — I wanted to feed myself, but did n't get the chance!"

"So you found out that livin' on a farm was n't so pleasant as you thought?" Teddy said laughingly; for he had a very good idea of what Carrots's experiences might have been.

"It 's a reg'lar swindle an' humbug; that 's what it is. An' if all farmers are like that old fellow I went out with, I don't see how they keep anybody with 'em."

"S'posin' you begin at the start, an' tell me all 'bout it?"

"Well, I will." And, arming himself with a few slices of bologna in case his appetite should get the best of him, Carrots began the story. "That man was sweeter than pie all the time I was ridin' home with him, an' you 'd thought he loved me 'most to death till we got to the farm. Then I helped unharness them plaguy old mules, an' one of 'em fetched me a kick with his heels that left a black-an'-blue spot on my leg bigger 'n the whole front of the City Hall. I up with a club, an' was goin' to knock the life out er him; but the farmer caught me by the collar, an' shook me till I thought my head would fly off."

"He wanted to sort of introduce you to the place, I s'pose."

"Well, I reckon he did it pretty well. My heels knocked together like a pair of clappers,



"'WHY, HE WAS ALL OVER THAT PASTURE QUICKER 'N YOU COULD WINK!'"

an' it seemed to me I could hear my head crack, the same way a whip does when you snap it. Well, after the old fellow got through paralyzin' me, an' I was kind er steady on my feet once more, he told me to go to work an' clean out the stable. Why, Teddy, the job he set me at would have taken three men a month; an' he 'lowed I was to have it all done before night! You see, I did n't have any dinner, an' had heard so much 'bout how they lived in the country that I thought I 'd kind er like to sample the cookin'. So I asked him if he did n't think it would be best to have some grub before I tackled sich a job as that. I don't know what he thought 'bout it, 'cause he did n't say a word; jest walked right away an' left me. Jiminy crickets! How I did sweat! But I thought to myself, I 'll do my level best so he 'll know he 's got a mighty good man.

An' I 'll be blamed if when that old duffer came out he did n't act as if he thought I must have been loafin'!"

"How long did he leave you workin'?"

"From the time we got there till pretty nigh night. Then he said I was to go down to the pasture an' bring up the cows. Well, now, I 'm a dandy to bring up cows! Never saw one before. I was n't goin' to let on that I did n't know the whole thing, so I walked down big as life. He told me where the pasture was, an' I cleaned her right out. Took every blamed thing in there an' drove 'em up. Well, you jest bet he was mad! He wanted to know why I did n't leave the oxen behind, an' what I was doin' with the sheep, an' how I ever expected to catch them two colts ag'in? I asked him to tell me how I was goin' to sort 'em out when they was runnin' all 'round. Said I was hungry, an' did n't have time for sich jobs. Why, Teddy, there was one of them sheep what had horns on; I could n't have got rid of it if I 'd stayed there a month. Knocked me down twice before I could even get the bars fixed. He acted like the goats you see up in Shantytown, an' looked a good deal like Skip Jellison in the face. I did n't figger on sheep bein' ugly. I was n't so awful scared at first, for I 'lowed he was playin', an' got up soon 's I could. The next thing I was down ag'in, like one of them babies at a fair what you throw balls at."

"It was an old ram, I s'pose. I should have thought you 'd looked out for him."

"You jest bet I did after that; but I had n't time then, you see. Why, he was all over that pasture quicker 'n you could wink. After a while I got 'round by the other side of the fence, let down the bars, an' then sneaked up through the bushes till I got the whole lot of 'em inter line. Then I kept clubs flyin' so they jest had to scoot, an' afterward — an' afterward, Teddy, what do you s'pose?"

"Why, how do I know?"

"That old skinflint said I had n't any business runnin' cows jest before they was milked! I s'pose he thought I ought to stood there and let that ram have fun with me. Well, it took him an' me pretty nigh an hour to get 'em untangled, an' then he told me to drive 'em back to the pasture. I told him I 'd go home before I 'd trust myself in the lane alone with that black-faced sheep of his ag'in. Then he said I could n't have any supper, so I started down once more, picked up plenty of rocks, an' after a while got 'em in. Then I came back to the house hungrier 'n a bear. He had the nerve, after all that, to tell me he was a man of his word, an' so long as he 'd promised I should n't have any supper, he 'd stick to it. I did n't get any, either! Why, I could have eaten a brick that night, if there 'd been butter on it."

"Did n't you have a thing to eat?"

"Not so much as a bite. I did n't want to come back an' say I 'd got tired in less 'n a day, so thought I 'd make the best of it, an', p'rhaps, in the mornin' things would be better."

"Of course then you got your breakfast."

"Oh, yes; then I got my breakfast! Want to know what I had? Well, if Mose Pearson flashed up sich grub, an' asked me to pay five cents for it, I 'd tell him to go off somewhere an' lose hisself. There was three slices of some kind er bread all full of hard lumps. It tasted bad when you got one of 'em in your mouth. I thought they was plums first, an' took four of 'em. You ought ter seen me when I found out my mistake! Then there was some fried pork, — an' jiminy crickets! was n't it salt?"

"Was that all they had?"

"There was a big dish of somethin' I called puddin'. I reckon it was made of apples smashed up, an' I guess there was *some* molasses in it, only I could n't taste any. I spread a little on the bread, an' had to eat it, of course. Then I put some on the pork, an' got sick. I was through breakfast, an' all hands went outdoors. Why, look here, Teddy; it was n't daylight, an' I 'd been up as much as three quarters of an hour! The farmer asked me if I could feed the calf. I told him if the calf did n't get any more to eat than I had since I 'd been there, I could feed him an' not half try. That made him kind er mad; but he did n't say much, an' showed me how to go to work. If I had to feed that calf for a week, I would n't have more 'n one hand left, an' not the whole of that."

"I know what it is," Teddy said sympathetically. "Well, what else did you do?"

"Little of 'most everything, till it seemed as if my legs an' arms would drop off. Got somethin' to eat at dinner, though, an' that helped along; but when I turned in last night — say, Teddy, I allers wanted to know what a bed was like; but when you tell 'bout gettin' comfort out er a blanket stretched over a lot of ropes, why, I ain't in it at all! When I went up-stairs last night it seemed as if I was goin' all to pieces, an' I thought of you jest as snug in here as a bug, takin' your comfort countin' the money; an' I says to myself, 'The farm 's no place for me, if my name is Carrots, so I 'll take a sneak.' I got out of the window after the folks was asleep, an' I 've walked ever since."

"How far was it?"

"A man said it was sixteen miles; but if it was n't fifty my name 's Dennis! Now I 'm here, an' I 'm goin' to stay. Say, ain't it time to go to bed?"

"I reckon it is for you, Carrots; so turn in, an' I 'll keep awake a little longer. See you in the mornin', old man."

"So long," Carrots replied sleepily; and almost before the words had been uttered his eyes were closed in slumber.

(To be continued.)

The Grumpity Man



Hoighty, toighty, grumpity man!
Finding fault since your life began!
Pity we have n't a comet or two
To carry off passengers such as you!

AN ONTEORA VISITOR.

By Candace Wheeler.

It was long past midnight, and yet I was leaning on the rough tree-rail of the high piazza, enjoying my garden. It is not often at that hour that one has opportunity to enjoy a flower-garden, and I certainly should not have had except for a little rankling needle of anxiety, that made its point felt in every inch of consciousness whenever I tried to sleep. The anxiety was about the boys, who had gone off on a bear-hunt, and the point that kept turning itself, so that I felt the prick every minute in a new place, was whether they had killed the bear or the bear had killed them.

We had all been sitting together quietly in the big family room, watching the little flashes and living tongues of flame which flickered out from the spent logs of our summer-evening fire, and thinking it was time to light the candles and go to bed, when the loose rattling of a country one-horse wagon had broken the quiet of our road-track, and coming to a stop in front of the door with a suddenness that had the effect of a bang, had been followed by a tremulous hammering of the knocker.

Generally we say, "Come in," when any one knocks, for that is received Onteora custom; but in this case Harry opened the door. When the upper square of it swung back, it seemed to open from a framed half-length portrait of a good-looking country boy, with a blue moonlit sky for a background, the face well lit up by our interior lamp- and fire-light.

The portrait looked relieved when it recognized Harry, and there was at once a low communication between them, of which we heard only an occasional word — "bear," "upper pasture," "half an hour"; and now there were three boys' heads together, for Dunham had joined the others.

Our boys are great hunters. Harry has killed his grizzly bear and mountain sheep in the Rocky Mountains during his college vacations, and Dunham can shoot almost as well as he. Consequently the armament of these boys, as well as their prowess, is a matter discussed in all the barns of all the farms along the side of the mountains. One corner of the family room is called "the armory"; for it is occupied entirely by guns and rifles, boxes of shells, and the things which hunters seem never to have enough of; and our hunters cannot understand why bottles of oil, and oily black rags, and steel rods with brushes on the ends are not legitimate garnishings of the dinner-table during the hours when meals are not served.

Of course the colloquy at the door ended by a rush to the armory corner, and a selection of certain things which were handed out to the portrait, while a three-at-a-time mounting of the stairs and back again effected a change into big boots and leather jackets with pockets into which shells and things were quickly stuffed.

The rattly wagon was turned around by this time. There was a little consultation about dogs, which ended in the two big staghounds, "Cooper" and "Hewitt," and horrid little "Snap," Harry's Rocky Mountain mongrel, being let out of the outside kitchen, and all prancing off together in the brilliant moonlight — the lean old farm-horse, the two country boys, who belonged on a wild farm a mile or so away, our two boys, and the trio of dogs.

The reason we all detested Snap was that one day, soon after Harry brought him to Onteora, he and Dunham had decided to drive over to Catskill Mountain House and interview Mr. Beech about the prospects of the season for game; and as Snap insisted upon being of the party, Harry had taken him up-stairs to his bedroom, and shut him in while he and Dunham drove away.

While the bedrooms were being "done up" we heard the most explosive and tremendous barking, then a slam of a door, and Mary came

half tumbling down the stairs, looking frightened and confused, and showing us a bleeding wrist with marks of teeth upon it. She had opened Harry's door, and the dog had tried to keep her out; and when she paid no attention to him, he had flown at her and bitten her on the wrist.

Of all possible elements of dismay to introduce into a houseful of women a mad dog is one of the worst, and we felt sure that Snap was mad. Everything was against him: his uncertain origin, his wild life in the far-off Rockies, his habits of subsistence upon the flesh of wild animals — we were sure that his sudden transference from that kind of life to civilization had driven him mad. And what could we do for Mary, with the only doctor in the two-mile-away village, and the boys off with the horses? What we did was to hunt up a razor, and try to bring her courage to the point of cross-slashing the tooth-prints, and to wash the wounds well with salt and water, and start her off on a long tramp to the village to be cauterized. And when a day of much anxiety was over, broken by occasional visits to Harry's door, every creak of the floor being greeted by loud barkings from within, Harry and Dunham returned, full of enjoyment from their excursion. "Harry! Harry!" I exclaimed as soon as his foot was on the piazza, "Snap has gone mad and bitten Mary!"

"Why, Gran, where is he? How do you know?"

"He is up in your room. He flew at her when she went in to make the bed, and he goes into perfect frenzies if one goes near the door."

A sudden red look of guilt appeared on Harry's face, and the anxiety and astonishment seemed to melt away.

"Why, Gran, he is n't *mad!* He thought he was *keeping camp!*"

"Keeping camp," said I slowly, while a perfect comprehension of the truth flashed into my mind. "What do you mean?"

"Why, you know when we went on long hunts away from camp we used to put Snap in charge, and neither man nor beast could come near it. We never had a pound of provision stolen while Snap was in charge." And under cover of this defense he disappeared up the stairs, bringing the wriggly, leaping, barking dog down with him.

But I would have none of him. "He bit Mary," I reiterated in answer to all Harry's excuses; and although I was inexpressibly relieved by the explanation, the incongruity of a camp-keeper of this character, and our well-bred and peaceful cabin in the Catskills, was always present in my mind.

About this time Mark Twain came to visit us, and he had a habit of making midday lunch his principal meal, so when six-o'clock dinner came he would walk up and down the room, crossing it diagonally, and telling us the most amusing stories while we ate our dinner. He always put on low-heeled slippers for this promenade, and something about the singularity of the proceeding as a whole inspired Snap with distrust. He followed Mr. Clemens up and down, up and down, the room, occasionally sniffing at the low-heeled slippers; and when a louder burst of laughter than usual greeted some of the delightful stories, Snap would growl and try to worry the peripatetic foot-gear, until Mr. Clemens became conscious of him, and slowly turned a wondering consideration upon him.

This was Snap, who had gone off, wriggling and prancing, with the stately great staghounds, without the slightest consciousness of his own vulgar plane of character in the dog world. Whenever I characterize Snap as a vulgar dog, Harry always says:

"Gran, you are very narrow and aristocratic in your notions. There *must* be grades of dogs and men in the world, or the different kinds of work would never be done." All the same, I cannot understand the good-natured tolerance of boys and men for dogs and people who are not up to the mark.

Now, all this was far enough away from my thoughts while I sat that late August night, leaning on the rough piazza rail, and looking out at my garden.

It was beautiful in the moonlight, but I noticed that you could not see the blue flowers. The great patch of larkspur which was so brilliantly, almost burningly, blue in the day-time was just a part of the night, and could not be

distinguished; and the yellow and orange nasturtiums did not show themselves nearly so bravely as by daylight. They quite melted into the shadow of the stone wall along which they grew, leaves and flowers and all. You might have thought all the flowers were leaves, and all the leaves were flowers; but the blossoms sent up a spicy odor into the moonlit air, which encircled the garden like an invisible wreath. You knew they were there by their breath, even if you could not distinguish them.

But the scarlet flowers you could see very well. There were three or four great double poppies, which seemed to burn faintly in the moonlight. It looked as if the garden had been stuck here and there with a smoldering torch; and all along the middle path, where the sweet-peas were growing thickly, there was a swarm of blossoms, white and pink, which was even more beautiful by night than by day. The little dots of color were just softened by the moonlight, and melted together, and you could almost see the odor. I fancied it rising in a thread-like spiral from each flower until at a certain height it began to spread into a little pink and pearly mist, and fuse itself with the odor of the others, and become an invisible cloud of fragrance which spread itself and blew hither and thither in the soft night air. Some part of it was constantly touching my face, little edges of it which floated now near me and now away. I had a fancy, since I could feel it melt along my lips, to stretch out my hands and waft it toward me, until I was enveloped in a cloud of heavenly sweetness. And why not? We know now that sound has shape, and shape means body, even if it is impalpable, and we perceive that odors must have cloud-like bodies, even although they are too ethereal for sight. I thought of it as the breath of the flowers, and felt a sense of living the night in company with all these breathing efforts of nature's beauty.

Oh, my dear garden! It is like living with cherubs and angels and birds of paradise to live neighbor to you, and breathe your breath, and enter into your beauty by day and by night. All the great solemn night bent over us, over the garden, and over me. I felt myself brooded by it, as if it cared for and was conscious of me.

Right at my hand, where I could put it out and touch their bluish bloom, rose up the tops of two slender young spruce-trees, and over near the great boulder-piled wall stood a fifteen-year-old apple-tree, with all the charm of youth upon it, although it was filled and clustered with ripe, red, sweet apples.

The youth of trees always has a peculiar charm for me — the charm of girlhood and boyhood. Some trees are like young athletes — you can almost fancy them throwing themselves into attitudes, and playing strong and graceful games together, like a field of college boys. And how feminine is my young, sweet apple-tree! — a smart young Hebe, bringing globes of solid wine, and offering them with outstretched fingers to all comers.

How heavenly gracious I feel it to be of all this beauty to live and flourish under my very house-eaves, to cluster next the family, to be a part of it! I am sure it makes us good; for who could be churlish, or ungrateful, or selfish, with a garden full of wonder-growing miracles in color and form and fragrance leaning against the family life.

Now, as I leaned over and enjoyed my garden, my beds of softly breathing pansies and gay young phlox, my two strong young spruces, with their slender steeples of blue bloom, my apple-tree, red in the moonlight with its overgrowing richness of fruit, I was suddenly conscious of something which intruded, something which seemed not quite harmonious with the blue and gold night, and the near beauty of the garden, and the far beauty of the hills.

Yes, there was something strong, and gross, and animal; a black and clumsy shape moving on softly padded feet, but with rustling and clumsy body, along the stone wall of the garden. It was chumping and mouthing my ripe, sweet apples, where they had fallen on the wet grass from the out-reaching branches. I felt my hair rise in a sort of antagonism at the musky grossness of the creature, even before I recognized it, and knew it for a bear.

My thoughts flew to the boys who were dragging through the rough, dew-wet woods miles away, looking for this very beast or its mate, and I felt a sort of indignation mingling with my surprise and dislike. Suddenly the

shape rose on its hind feet, and surveyed the garden; then, with a motion that seemed altogether too light for its great bulk, dropped over on the garden side, among my flowers, among my apples, and, worse than all, near to a bench spread with bowls of fresh, clear crab-apple jelly, left out to harden in the air.



BRUIN FINDS A FEAST.

I had made it, and I knew that it was the perfection of jelly, clear as spring water, pink as blossoms, and flavored with sprigs of lemon verbena. It was perfection when it was made, and my leaving it for twenty-four hours in the garden was a sentiment, a sort of charm, a baptism of sun and dew; and now it was in close view and neighborhood of this gross, moving compactness of animalism! All the poetry of my beautiful success at his mercy! But the very neighborhood of the creature was enough to destroy it, I thought angrily, and it might as well complete the destruction; and in a moment I saw the great hairy muzzle mouthing and slobbering over the bowls, rolling them around, and breaking them against one another, and all with a bestial enjoyment which was inexpressibly exasperating, and which made me almost frantic. Looking about for the form of words suited to the occasion, I laid hands first upon my heavy glass inkstand, of the kind warranted not to upset, and launched it at the creature. It must have grazed his ear, for, without stopping his slobberings, he wiped the ear with his paw, and paid no further attention. Then I explored my wood-box, and found a quantity of hard chunks of wood, which had

been chopped for my little bedroom stove. All these I carried out, and aimed one after another at this natural enemy, and sent them flying at him through the air.

They were to him like so many mosquitos. The bear never looked up until he had finished my ethereal food, and then he lifted his head, and regarded me stupidly and yet cunningly, exactly as a pig will look at you from his pen. He evidently took in the sense of the position perfectly, recognized my feelings, in short, and weighed the circumstances. It was not worth while to attempt to retaliate. The posts of the upper piazza were slender and high; he knew that this accounted for my attack, and with a grunt of derision and contempt he dropped himself over the wall, and seemed to melt at once into the woods, and was gone.

It was curious how all the harmony and beauty of the night seemed to have gone too — broken up and destroyed by his presence, by the aggressive animal power and influence. It was as if the better part of it — the spirit of it all — had flown off on unseen wings, and left a soulless beauty in its place; and while I sat discontentedly feeling this, there came up the road and along the air the unmistakable rattle of the one horse farm-wagon, and there were the boys again.

I unbolted the front door, and brought out a plate of sandwiches to them and their driver companions, and gave the limp, tired dogs each one, and waited until they were shut up, and the boys were in the house stripping off their jackets, before I said:

"Well, did you see the bear?"

"No; we followed it over the crest of North Mountain, but it was no good trying to get down the front, and the dogs got dead discouraged. They had two or three tussles with it, but it got away before we could get anywhere near, and finally we gave it up and came home."

"What a pity you went," said I, "for if you had been at home you might have shot one in my flower-garden."

This statement was received in silence, but with rather a puzzled look at each other, which seemed to say: "Well, we 'll have to stand the chaffing anyway."

And I let it rest there, for I knew those boys were capable of rousing out the dogs again, and following the bear over ledges and precipices into the East Kill Valley; but I had it all out at breakfast the next morning, and took them into the garden, and showed them the ruins of my jelly bowls and the prints of great padded feet on the flower-beds.

"Jee–whillikens!" said Harry.



"SAIL A BOAT!" AWAY THEY GO,
AND WHICH CAN SPIN THE LONGER — OH?

OUR MOOSE, ELK, AND DEER.

(Seventeenth paper of the series "North American Quadrupeds.")

By William T. Hornaday.



EXTREME FLATTENING OF MOOSE ANTLERS.

Hail to the great American giant of the forest! Behold his vast bulk towering into the air on legs like inverted lamp-posts, his sides covered with brown-black thatch, two immense snow-shovels for antlers, a ponderous overhanging nose like nothing else under the sun — and greet the Moose. In size and strength he is the greatest of all living deer, and when he is gone this world will never see his like again. Not only is he the largest living member of the Deer Family, but, in every respect save weight, he is also the most gigantic of all our land quadrupeds.

MOOSE.
(Al'ces A-mer-i-can'us.)

A very large male Moose stands six feet six inches in height at the shoulders, fair measurement; and the heaviest dressed carcass I ever heard of (shot by Mr. W. L. Miller) weighed one thousand one hundred and twenty-three pounds, indicating a live weight of about fifteen hundred. The largest pair of Moose antlers I ever saw are owned by Mr. Albert Bierstadt, and measure five feet five inches in width. Like the elk, caribou, and all other members of the Deer Family (*Cer'vi-dæ*), the Moose has solid, branching antlers (not "horns"), which are shed and renewed every year. His, however, are flattened out very broadly, or "palmated," into great concave shields of solid bone. The antelopes, sheep, and cattle have horns, consisting of a horny sheath growing over a bony core, and, except in one instance, they are never shed.

Bear in mind these simple facts, and you will have no more trouble in bringing together the members of the Deer Family.



MAP SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE MOOSE. IN THE DOTTED TERRITORY THE MOOSE STILL EXISTS; IN THE LINED TERRITORY THE MOOSE IS EXTINCT.

Truth compels the statement that, considered artistically, the Moose is a very homely creature; his legs and his head are too long, and his neck and body too short for beauty. He has a high and sharp crest on his shoulders, in the form of forest, swamp, or prairie, covered with snow, mud, or water. His favorite gait is a long, swinging trot, and his speed and endurance surpass those of any ordinary trotting-horse. In small lakes and ponds he strides



BULL MOOSE. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.

coarse, bristly hair, and not enough tail to speak of, even in a whisper; in short, he has no tail at all. His eyes are too small to match his immensity, but his voice is like that of a bull of Bashan.

But all these homely features have their uses. His overhanging nose is as useful as a tapir's snout in browsing on the twigs of the birch, maple, and poplar, and his keenness of scent is worth more to him than an accident insurance policy. His long and powerful legs simply annihilate distance, no matter whether it be about like a Colossus, feeding on lily-stems and bulbs, and swimming with ease and comfort whenever he thinks it necessary.

Thanks to the fact that the Moose is rather solitary in his habits, quick-witted, and keen of eye, ear, and nostril in detecting danger, he is not destined to be exterminated so easily as the more stupid bison, caribou, and elk. Rarely, indeed, does the hunter find more than a family of Moose together, even in the dead of winter, when they "yard up" in a given locality for days or weeks at a time.

By reason of his great size, his savory flesh, his much-prized head, and the difficulty of killing him, this animal has always been very attractive to sportsmen and naturalists, and pot-hunters also. As a result, our leading scientific museums now possess more and finer mounted specimens of this species than of any other large game animal of America except the bison. The museums of Washington, New York, and the University of Kansas possess magnificent groups that are lasting monuments to the greatness of *Alces Americanus,* and a credit to our country besides.

Four years ago, very suddenly and without warning, I became the owner of a live Moose calf, a month old. I bought it in the wood on the north shore of Georgian Bay, and of all the live animals I have ever owned, it was one of the drollest. It was mostly legs, with just enough body to couple them together at the top, and although the absurd little creature could not drink out of a pan placed on the ground without first kneeling down, it walked into the affections of the family as if it were a thing of beauty.

Thanks to the labors of Mr. Madison Grant in the preparation of the accompanying map (reproduced from his CENTURY paper on "The Vanishing Moose"), I am enabled to pass over the subject of the home of this animal. It must be stated, however, that it is nowhere abundant, is at all times hard to find, is difficult to kill when found, and that its final disappearance from the whole of North America, save the inaccessible regions of the far North, is only a question of a few years. As the reader will notice, the Moose is now found in the United States only in northern Maine, northern Minnesota (where the Indians are fast exterminating it), and along the Rocky Mountains as far south as the Yellowstone Park.

Strange to say, the Moose takes kindly to confinement and civilized life, and will sometimes even allow itself to be harnessed and driven like a horse.

As I have already indicated, this big animal lives by browsing on the small twigs of trees, instead of by eating grass.

The Moose may be the largest member of the Deer Family, but our ELK, or WAPITI, is

ELK, OR WAPITI.
(*Cervus Can-a-den'sis.*)

certainly the handsomest, and it also stands next to the first in size. Take an eight-year-old male Elk in November, when his sides and quarters are plumply rounded, the long black hair on his neck like a grizzly's winter overcoat, his nostrils distended, eyes flashing, neck swelled with vigor, and his fine, new antlers fairly spoiling for a fight — and then match him if you can! It is then that he goes about with a chip on his shoulder, feeling not only willing, but eager, to whip all creation. He is then at his finest. His coat is new and bright, he is the finest deer that ever stepped — and he knows it. If you have any old score to settle with him, better postpone it until February or March, when his antlers fall off and leave him meek and inoffensive.

It is by no means uncommon for captive Elk to commit murder, and to become so dangerous as to require summary execution. Not long ago a keeper in the Philadelphia Zoölogical Gardens was gored to death by one. Of all the difficult problems that perplex the superintendent of a zoo, the worst is that of keeping the Elk herd so that none of its weaker members shall be murdered. As to their food supply, they are easily kept, for they will eat almost anything that is fit for them; but between October 1 and February 1, I would rather keep a lion or tiger in my back yard than a full-grown Elk in good condition.

In appearance the adult male Elk is magnificent. There is nothing about him that is "out of drawing," as the artists say. His legs are small and shapely; his form is beautifully modeled; his head is far more finely modeled than the heads of our smaller deer; his eye is big and bright, his hair is luxuriant, and his "color scheme" is pleasing. He is built for strength, speed, and beauty combined, and he looks it.

But his antlers! They are his crowning glory. Even when you find a single one, where it has been dropped on a bleak hillside and lies all alone, you instinctively halt to admire it, for you know that it came from a grand animal. But let the king of the *Cervidæ* himself stand before you, with two big brown trees of solid bone rising from his forehead, thrusting

two branches forward, then sweeping backward and upward, branching grandly as they go, until the topmost prongs rise in the air above the wearer's loins, and if you have within you one spark of admiration for grand things in nature, you will surely exclaim with me, "What a magnificent animal!" Put him in a grassy mountain park, surrounded by his wives and children, with a background of pine timber and snowy peaks, and his majesty is undeniable.

The largest Elk of which I have an authentic record was formerly owned by Mr. G. R. McKenzie, of Sullivan County, New York, and kept in his park until it had to be killed for viciousness. It measured as follows: length of head and body, 7 feet 8 inches; tail, 6½ inches; height at the shoulders, 5 feet 4 inches. I am glad to be able to add that its skin is now in the possession of the American Museum of Natural History, and will soon be mounted by Mr. Rowley—which guarantees the quality of the finished specimen. The weight of that animal could scarcely have been less than one thousand pounds, but the weight of a full-grown cow Elk sometimes is as little as four hundred pounds. Like the young of deer generally, the calf is spotted; but the spots are large, and not so numerous as on the young of smaller deer.

But for the fact that the Elk is as much at home in pine forests and rugged mountains as it formerly was on the prairies, the species would now be as nearly extinct as our buffalo. With but slight variations, the range of the Elk was once almost identical with the original habitat of the buffalo, the difference being that it never inhabited Mexico or the great plains north of the Saskatchewan basin, but it did inhabit Arizona and California.



AN ELK FAMILY. DRAWN FROM LIFE STUDIES IN THE NATIONAL ZOÖLOGICAL PARK.

In more than nine tenths of this vast territory it has been exterminated, and at present it is found only at intervals along the Rocky Mountains from the Laird River to Southern Colorado, and in Northern California, Oregon, and Washington. Its preservation in the Yellowstone Park has been an unqualified success, and



HEAD OF A MULE-DEER.

it is now estimated that that little remnant of the wild West contains between 10,000 and 15,000 head of Elk, with the number still increasing. When Mr. E. Hough made his famous snow-shoe trip for the journal *Forest and Stream* through the Park, in the winter of 1893–94, to see where the big game was wintering, he saw, *in one day*, about 2000 Elk in the strip of country that the boomers of the proposed Cooke City railway are strenuously endeavoring to have cut off from the Park, and opened up to settlement. To this audacious proposition all lovers of nature and of our wild animals will reply emphatically, "Not much!"

Coming down to the members of the Deer Family that are universally known as Deer, we first meet a fine, lusty fellow who inhabits the wildest portions of the West. By the men who live in his country he is called the BLACK-TAILED DEER,— his pet name is "Billy Black-tail," — but naturalists call him the MULE-DEER, simply because he has large ears.

MULE-DEER.
(*Car-i-a'cus ma-cro'tis.*)

In the Canadian Northwest, this creature is called the JUMPING DEER, and a very appropriate name it is, too. I shall never forget my unbounded astonishment when I first saw a big antlered buck of this species go flying down the crest of a bare ridge in the bad-lands of the Musselshell. He bounded past my position, in full view for a quarter of a mile, and I had an excellent view of him. He did not gallop, as do all other deer, reaching far out with his fore feet, but he just jumped into the air, stiffened his legs, and went bounding forward as if the ground were an India-rubber cushion that threw him



THE BLACK-TAIL, OR MULE-DEER.

upward and forward every time he touched it with his feet. He did actually bend his knees a trifle, just as his feet touched, to throw his body upward again, while his strong hind legs shot him forward. It was all so easy, and so completely without effort, that he seemed to be almost flying along, like William Tell's eagle,

> By the sole act of his unlorded will
> That buoyed him proudly up.

I have lost my record of the length of his leap, but I think it was sixteen feet; and so I say "Jumping Deer" is a good name.

This handsome Deer is most abundant in the broken ravines and bad-lands so common along the creeks and rivers of the Rocky Mountain region, and in the rugged foot-hills and valleys of the mountains. Of late years it has largely abandoned the bad-lands that are without timber, and sought more perfect security in the timbered foot-hills. In winter, however, the deep snows always force them down into the more open country — about the same time that the December blizzards force the hunter to collect his shivering and hungry horses, and make a bee-line for the home ranch.

West of the Rocky Mountains, the Mule-Deer is found — or formerly was — along the whole Pacific slope, from Cape St. Lucas to British Columbia, although in Northern California it is almost replaced by the Columbian Black-tailed Deer. Its summer coat is dull yellow, but in winter it is dark gray, varied with areas of black and white underneath the body. The antlers are far handsomer than those of the Virginia Deer. They are larger, and better poised on the head; they spread more widely, and have a pair of branching tines on each antler. To my mind a really fine pair of Black-tailed Deer antlers are more imposing in appearance than a small pair of Elk antlers, even though the latter have the greater length.



VIRGINIA DEER.

The Mule-Deer is noticeably larger than the

more common Virginia Deer, and is more strongly built. The weight of the fully grown buck ranges from 250 to 300 pounds, and in rare instances may go as high as 325. The carriage of the head is more erect, it is not given to skulking, and while it is easier to kill than the other species, it is also finer game when killed. It is easy enough for pot-hunters to shoot does and fawns, but when it comes to bringing down a lordly buck in the prime of life, in October or November, when he is feeling first-rate — it requires a man.

The commonest and the best known of all our *Cervidæ* is our old friend the VIRGINIA DEER. It is the most persistent animal of its kind, politely but firmly resisting all attempts at complete extermination. Wherever there are large tracts of forest, and also in many places where there are not, it ranges all the way from Southern Florida to the Saskatchewan, and from New Brunswick to Idaho and the Mexican border. In Florida and Texas it is a small and insignificant creature in comparison with those found in the Virginia mountains and farther north.

VIRGINIA DEER.
(*Car-i-a'cus Vir-gin-i-an'us.*)

In the West and Northwest, this creature rejoices in a fine assortment of popular names. Here are a few of them, in the order of their preference: White-tailed Deer, Fan-tailed Deer, Flag-tailed Deer, Long-tailed Deer, Red Deer, and Fallow Deer. The two last mentioned are particularly objectionable, for they rightly belong to two well-known European species. It is no wonder that so many men are determined to name this creature from the appearance of its tail, for that member is so long, so bushy, so white underneath, and so very noticeable when its owner is running from you, that the provocation is very great.

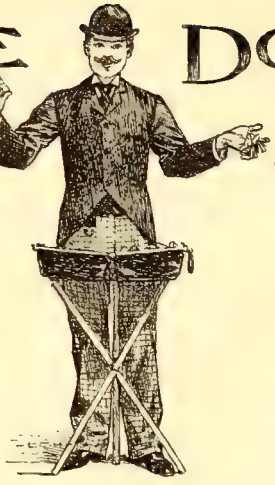
This Deer is next in size to the species previously described, but to my mind it is not so handsome. The antlers drop far forward in a way that to my eye always suggests misplacement; and in truth they are not well poised. But there is an evident purpose in the position of the beam of the antler. The tines rise from it straight up, one behind the other, so that when the buck gets angry and charges you, you suddenly find ten big sharp spears of solid bone diving straight at you, any one of which is sufficient to stab you to death. Personally I am more afraid of buck Deer than of all other animals I ever handled in captivity added together, for I have had several narrow escapes from their antlers and hoofs, and have known of a number of serious accidents, some of which were fatal. Every now and then an individual suddenly develops a desire to commit wanton murder, and the bucks should be treated at all times, save when their antlers are soft, as dangerous animals.

The Virginia or White-tailed Deer is a lover of thickets, and is a great skulker. In the willow copses or low brush of Western river-bottoms, where the high-headed Mule-Deer would betray himself in a moment, the White-tail crouches along out of sight, carrying its head low down, and generally gets safely away. In the Eastern United States it is now most abundant in the mountains of West Virginia, the Adirondacks, and Northern Michigan. In the latter State it existed until recent years in incredible numbers, but the market-hunters have slaughtered them without mercy, and now there is not one deer where formerly there were ten. It was calculated and estimated by a member of the Michigan State Sportsmen's Association that in one year (I think it was 1885) upward of *seventy thousand* were slaughtered in Northern Michigan, chiefly for the markets, and to feed lumbermen.

Besides the COLUMBIAN BLACK-TAILED DEER of the Pacific Coast, a smaller and darker counterpart of the Mule-Deer, there are in Mexico and Central America two or three smaller species of Deer which it is impossible to mention here.

COLUMBIAN BLACK-TAILED DEER.
(*Car-i-a'cus Col-um-bi-an'us.*)

TWELVE DOLLARS FOR ONE



By Victor Mapes.

Judson lived in Brooklyn, and his father and mother, like a great many other people in Brooklyn, were not very rich. In fact, at the time I am speaking of, Mr. Strong, Judson's father, had just lost in business nearly all his money, and it was necessary for the family to economize in every possible way. Mrs. Strong went without a new bonnet that winter, and Judson had to wear his old, worn-out brown overcoat, though it had grown so small that the sleeves seemed to reach down hardly past his elbows, and all the buttons in front had to be moved to the very edge. And when Christmas-time came, and Judson began to wonder what he was going to get, his father tried to explain how, that year, Santa Claus, like them, was very poor, and therefore, could afford to give only the smallest kind of a present.

But poor Judson had already set his heart on a printing-press — a particular kind of printing-press that inked itself. He had seen the picture of it in the back of St. Nicholas, and he knew that, with a font of type and a can of printer's ink, it cost five dollars. So his father's talk made him very despondent. He tried his best to give up longing for it, but alas, St. Nicholas somehow or other always seemed to come open at that page, and it was impossible for his eyes not to see the picture and get fastened there.

Judson admitted to himself that the printting-press was more than he had a right to ask for, and he never spoke to his father again about it. But in spite of all his efforts he could n't help feeling gloomy and sad.

Christmas morning came at last, and when Judson stepped into the room, there, on the table, surrounded by little packages, stood the printing-press, self-acting rollers and all, with a can of ink, a font of type, and a hundred cards.

This joyful Christmas morning has perhaps no immediate connection with the little adventure I have set out to tell. It shows, nevertheless, how much happiness a small amount of money could procure for Judson in those days. Indeed, even a five-cent piece seemed like quite a sum to him then, and it was a great thing for him when he could find a way of earning one. That is why his press was such a prize. After he got the knack of it,

and could print cards with the name exactly straight and in the middle, he bravely offered his services to the world as a regular card-printer.

At first he was kept very busy. His father and mother, and Maria the cook, and his uncle Waldron all gave him orders before a week had passed. But then he had to pay out fifteen cents for a hundred new cards, and after the family had all been supplied he found it much more difficult to get customers. Each five cents that he made, therefore, represented a great deal of labor, and he was not likely to go off and spend it for soda-water or candy, as boys of his age sometimes do. No; Judson saved up every cent he made. And when Mabel Tompkins refused to have her cards printed unless she could have her address in smaller type, he had all the more reason to save his money: he must have another font of type. The price was one dollar.

It was nearly a month after Christmas that the happy day arrived when the little business-man, by hook and by crook, by card-printing, tinfoil-collecting, errand-going, and what not, had finally made up the requisite amount. This fact he announced to his mother very joyously before setting out for school, and at the same time he told her he was going over to New York that afternoon with Joe Prentiss to buy the new font of type.

As soon as school was out he and Joe left their books at Joe's house, which was right on their way to the Brooklyn Bridge, and started off for the printer's store in New York. They walked across the bridge, and had almost reached their destination when they caught sight of a crowd collected on one of the street corners. The people seemed to be listening intently to some one who was in the middle of the group, and the two boys hurried up to see what was going on.

A man with a mustache had a medium-sized black bag which rested on a thin three-legged stand. The bag was lying open, and in one side of it were a number of little oblong packages wrapped in blue paper—packages that looked as if they might contain little blocks of chocolate or of candy. In the other side, of which they could catch a glimpse when the flap was lifted, were little cakes of soap—clean and white like Castile soap—and pieces of blue wrapping-paper cut square. The man was just taking out one of these cakes of soap and a piece of blue paper when Judson and Joe caught sight of him and elbowed their way into the crowd. But what surprised and interested them especially was a number of new, crisp two-dollar bills which the man held folded lengthwise between the fingers of his left hand.

When he had taken out the piece of soap and the blue paper, he unfolded one of the two-dollar bills and held it up for everybody to see. At the same time he began to address the crowd in a loud, hoarse voice somewhat as follows:

"Here, gentlemen, is as good a greenback as ever came from Uncle Sam's mint; and here are lots more of them, gentlemen,"—shaking the left hand with the bills in it,—"all as good as gold. I take this cake of soap, gentlemen,—the best soap to be found on this side of the water or anywhere in the world,—and that 's what I 'm here to tell you, gentlemen. I take the cake of soap, and wrap the two-dollar bill around it, as you now see me doing. There, gentlemen, is the greenback tightly wrapped around the cake of soap, as you can observe." And there was no mistake about it, either. Judson and Joe, who had now worked forward into the front row, could both see the bill plainly enough.

"And now, gentlemen," continued the man —"now I take this piece of blue paper, and wrap up the cake and the bank-note, thus. Now watch me, gentlemen. I take two of these cakes, here." He took two of the little packages from the bag, and holding the package he had just made in one hand and the two other packages between different fingers of the other hand, he made a quick motion, and let all three packages drop into the bag, saying as he did so:

"Now, gentlemen, let me tell you what I 'm here for. This soap is a new invention—the best soap made in the world; and I know if you would only try it, you would never use any other kind. So I want to get you to try it, and that 's the reason I 'm wrapping up two-dollar

bills in every package. All I want you to do is to promise that you 'll try the soap when you get home. Now, anybody that wants six packages can pick them out himself, if he 'll promise to give the soap a good trial, and let me have a dollar just to show he 's in earnest. Who 'll take six packages? Does anybody want six packages?"

"I see exactly where that package is. Don't you?" whispered Joe to Judson. Judson never took his eye off the package he had been looking at, and his heart beat violently. He could feel the dollar bill he had in his pocket, hot as a roasted potato. But that was no matter; he waited to see if somebody else did n't have sense enough to get two dollars for a dollar. And it was so absolutely certain, he said to himself, because any one could see where all three of the packages had dropped, and the right package *must* be one of them.

Still, as nobody came forward to buy, the man with the black mustache went on with his performance. He took out another cake of soap and piece of blue paper, and wrapped another crisp two-dollar bill into a blue package, which he let drop into the bag along with two others. In short, he repeated exactly what he had done before, and waited again for somebody to buy six packages. But each person seemed hesitating for somebody else to buy the first lot so as to make sure that everything was right.

"Well," called out the man, apparently disgusted with such stupid people, "if nobody 'll buy six packages, will some one just pick them out for me. Don't be afraid. Pick out six for me."

At this, a messenger-boy standing next to Judson stepped forward and immediately picked out two packages, which he handed to the man. Then he hesitated a minute.

"They 're the very ones," whispered Joe to Judson, excitedly. "I 've been looking right at them all the time."

"Two," bawled out the man with the black mustache. "Now, four more — any four, it does n't matter."

The messenger-boy handed four more to the man, who then held all six between his thumb and finger for the crowd to see.

"Now," he went on, "before I open these, won't anybody have them for a dollar?"

The dollar in Judson's pocket was struggling to get out; but he restrained himself and waited to see them opened.

"Well," said the man, "if nobody 'll take them, will somebody unwrap them for me? You, my little man, will you open them?"

And, by chance, he put all six packages into Judson's hands. Everybody pushed closer to watch, and Judson could n't help trembling a little as he started to open the first package. He carefully unwrapped the blue paper, and underneath it, sure enough, was a tightly rolled two-dollar bill. Judson unfolded it, and found it crisp and good. It would buy two fonts of type, or a font of type and all sorts of gilt-edge cards, printer's pins, and a new type-case. But, unfortunately, Judson had not given his dollar to the man; so he handed over the two-dollar bill along with the cake of soap and the blue paper, and started to unwrap the second package. Bless your soul! another two-dollar bill, crisp, and tightly wrapped as the first. And the next package contained another, and the fourth, fifth, and sixth packages each another — in all, six crisp two-dollar bills.

The man held them out in his hand, and, only a minute before, Judson could have bought them all for one dollar!

Meanwhile, everybody in the crowd was murmuring and marveling, and the man with the black mustache went on talking.

"You see, gentlemen, I 'm not trying to deceive you. The soap company I represent is rich, and the money 's theirs, not mine. All they want you to do is to give the soap a fair trial, and they 're sure to get back their money in no time. And now, gentlemen, I 'm going to give you another chance before I move on. I 'm going to wrap all these up again, as you see me doing, and put them back into the bag." And one by one he wrapped the bills in separate packages, and dropped them into the bag, just as he had done before.

"Now," he cried, when he had finished, "does anybody want to pick out six for a dollar?"

Judson's heart beat very fast, and he made a motion to get out his dollar, at the same time

whispering to Joe, "I 'm going to buy them. You 're almost sure to get one two-dollar bill anyhow. Would n't you?"

"Hold on a minute!" whispered Joe. "Don't pay him yet, or maybe he 'll cheat you. Wait and pick 'em out first."



"'NOW, GENTLEMEN, HERE 'S YOUR LAST CHANCE.'"

Of course the man might be a cheat, and Judson saw Joe was right; he would n't say a word till the last minute, and he 'd keep hold of his dollar up to the time he got the packages in his hands.

"Come," said the man, "who wants to pick out six?" Judson did n't move; but he was dreadfully nervous for fear somebody would buy them ahead of him. But no; nobody came forward, and so Judson congratulated himself that nobody else had a dollar.

"Don't be afraid, gentlemen," continued the man, appealingly. "Somebody pick me out six, anyhow."

Before anybody had a chance to move, Judson picked out three packages which he was absolutely sure had bills in them. Another boy picked out one, and a man with a beard picked out two; that made six.

"That 's right," whispered Joe; "four of them are dead sure. Don't let anybody get ahead of you."

A big lump was in Judson's throat, almost choking him. He had the dollar bill ready in his hand, and he never took his eyes off the six packages which the man was holding up between his thumb and finger.

"Now, gentlemen, here 's your last chance. Before I open these, won't somebody take them for a dollar?"

"I will," sang out Judson. He held up the dollar bill in his right hand, and reached forward with his left for the packages. And before the man had time to speak, Judson had clutched the packages tightly and given up his dollar.

"Good boy!" said Joe. "Hold 'em tight."

But there was no need of saying that. Judson was gripping with all his might, and he plunged his hand into his overcoat pocket to make doubly sure. Then he and Joe pushed back through the people, every one of whom was looking at them. And at that moment Jud-

son felt like the Count of Monte Cristo when he stood up on top of the rock, and shouted, "The world is mine!"

Just as they were getting out of the crowd, a man came up to them, and spoke in a whisper. "Don't open them here," said he. "That man 's got confederates, and they 'll take the money away from you."

"I won't," answered Judson, and the hand in his pocket closed itself all the tighter, as he and Joe hurried on as fast as they could.

"This is far enough — nobody 's following us," said Joe, after they had gone straight ahead for about two blocks without saying a word. "Let 's see how much you got."

So they stopped and opened the packages. How much do you suppose that little rascal of a boy had got for his one dollar? Well, there were six packages, and every one of them contained a crisp new — cake of soap, and nothing else!

"Come back and find the man, and tell him he 's a cheat!" exclaimed Joe.

They hurried back to the corner where the crowd had been; but not a soul was there — not even the little three-legged stool the bag had rested on.

Judson did n't cry, and he did n't find fault with Joe for advising him to buy the soap. He just looked at Joe for a moment, and then said quietly, "Let 's go home."



"AND EVERY ONE OF THEM CONTAINED A CRISP NEW—"

And, do you know, after all the man had said about the best soap in the world, Judson never brought back a single cake. He left them lying there in the street.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

ONE day, in huckleberry-time, when little Johnny Flails
And half a dozen other boys were starting with their pails
To gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking with him, said
That he could tell him how to pick so he 'd come out ahead.
"First find your bush," said Johnny's pa, "and then stick to it till
You 've picked it clean. Let those go chasing all about who will
In search of better bushes; but it 's *picking* tells, my son —
To look at fifty bushes does n't count like picking one."
And Johnny did as he was told; and, sure enough, he found,
By sticking to his bush while all the others chased around
In search of better picking, 't was as his father said;
For, while all the others *looked*, he *worked*, and so came out ahead.
And Johnny recollected this when he became a man;
And first of all he laid him out a well-determined plan.
So, while the brilliant triflers failed with all their brains and push,
Wise, steady-going Johnny won by "sticking to his bush."

Nixon Waterman.

FAIR PLAY.

By M. M. D.

I.

One twilight hour,— well, long ago,
Some Katydids —
Yes, Katydids —
Assembled in the linden row,
'Mid buzzing things of many kinds,
To ease their puzzled little minds.
Just Katydids?
Yes, Katydids.

Then one most gravely raised his head,
And to his nimble comrades said:
"Now, brothers, in this peaceful spot,
We 'll see if Katy did or not.
Let us take up each point with zest,
Decide the case, then let it rest.
No frank opinion need be hid;
And, as for me, *I* think she did."

Crescendo argument ensued,
Though none would willingly be rude.
Each an opinion firm expressed,
In strong yet simple language dressed:

"Katy did!"
"Katy did n't!"
"Katy did!"
"Katy did n't!"

The *pros* were pro; the *cons* were con;
So much one could rely upon.

II.

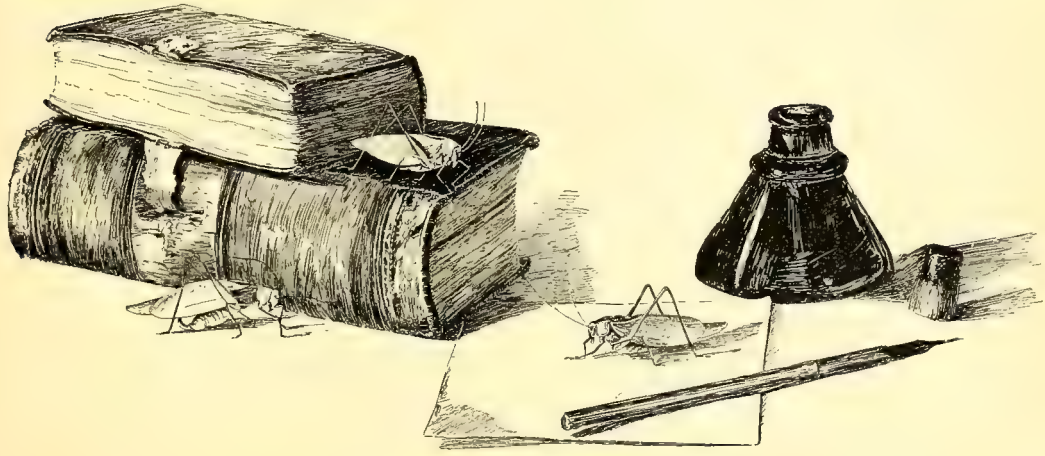
We threw our summer casement wide;
Nothing we saw (how well they hide!)
But softly through the listening night
Still came those arguments polite:

"Katy did!"
"Katy did n't!"
"Katy did!"
"Katy did n't!"

We felt through all the tumult fine
That sounding order: "Comrades mine!
Let each be heard. Speak freely, friends!
Debate, when honest, never ends.
No frank opinion need be hid;
And, as for me, *I* think she did."

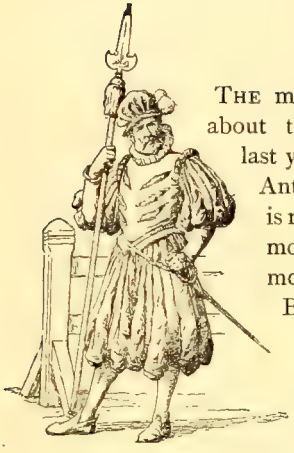
The breeze grew high, and starlight grew;
Our lighted casement blinked, we knew;
And still we smiled, and let it in —
That softly shrill, persistent din;
That undertone: "Speak freely, friends!
Debate, when honest, never ends."

Ah! was it so?
Not women? O-h!
Not men? Oh, no!
But Katydids —
Just Katydids!



ANTWERP AND "OLD ANTWERP."

By Jeannette L. Gilder.



The most interesting thing about the Exhibition held last year at Antwerp was Antwerp itself. There is nothing more quaint, more picturesque, and more delightful in all Belgium than this old town. Not only is it strange and curious because of its antiquity, but because of its streets and their scenes so novel to the American — the houses with their bulging gables, the market-places in the open squares, the dog-teams drawing the milk-carts filled with brass milk-cans, such as artists love to put into their pictures. And then there are the milkmaids themselves, in their pretty costumes, with now and then a peasant in wooden shoes clattering up the street.

The school-boys, too, would delight you. So far as legs go, they are clad as any American boys might be clad — in knickerbockers or long trousers; but around their shoulders they wear dark-blue capes with hoods, and on their heads such jolly caps! Rubens, the great painter, lived in Antwerp. He died there two hundred and fifty years ago; but the boys of Antwerp know as much about him as you do about Christopher Columbus or George Washington,— maybe more,— and they keep his memory green by the caps they wear. These are of the same style as those worn by Rubens, and for that reason they are much worn by art-students generally; and, therefore, in towns where Rubens is not so well known as he is in Antwerp, they are described as "painters' caps." They are much larger in circumference than the tam-o'-shanter, and instead of being knitted or crocheted they are made of dark-blue or black cloth, and have a cunning little pigtail on the top, not more than an inch in length, and smaller around than a lead-pencil. The boys wear these caps in all sorts of ways: pulled down over the eyes to keep the sun out, pulled entirely back from the forehead as is the fashion of Neapolitan fishermen, or worn rakishly on one side or the other, and hanging well down to the shoulder. Not one straw hat or one "Derby" did I see on the head of an Antwerp school-boy. The effect of these caps and the short cape was very picturesque, and I felt as if I was looking at so many little Rubenses when I saw them romping through the streets on their way to and from school.

Not only has Antwerp many interesting features in its every-day life, but it has some beautiful mementos of the past. First of all is the cathedral. The exterior cannot be seen very well, because so many little houses and shops snuggle up against its stately walls.

The cathedral stands first among Antwerp's attractions, but I must confess that I was more impressed by the Plantin Museum. This monument to the art of printing I will not attempt to describe, since that has already been done by Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, in *The Century Magazine*, much better than I could do it. I do not believe, however, that Mr. De Vinne was more charmed than I was with this ideal old printing-house, which, though built so many, many years ago, is so well preserved and so beautiful to-day. It seems, as you walk from room to room, that Plantin himself must be somewhere about the place. Everything is just as he left it: the type in the cases, the "copy" on the hooks, the proofs lying there for correction,— everything but the life that set all in motion. You look out upon the grass-grown court, upon the ivy-hung walls of the quadrangle, and you are not surprised that with



AN ANTWERP SCHOOLBOY.

such exquisite surroundings, away from the noise and bustle of the city, Plantin printed beautiful books.

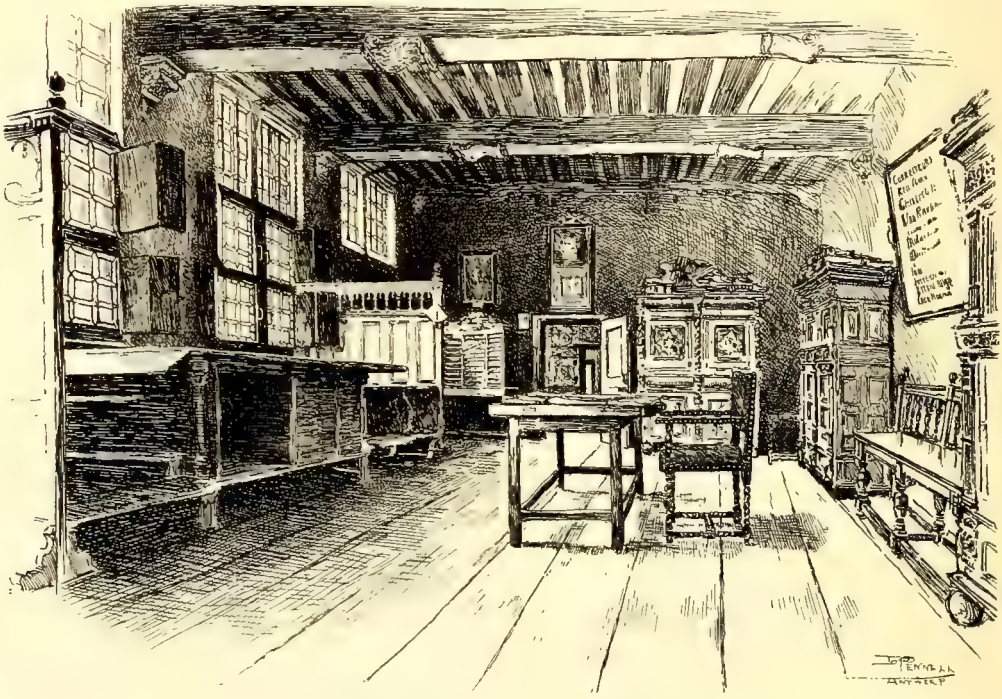
The grounds of the Antwerp Exposition were only a short distance from the hotel at which we stayed; a cab and a franc, and we were there in less than no time; another franc, and we were inside the gate.

Directly opposite the entrance gate was the main building — the one corresponding to the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building in Chicago. But it is fair to say that it was very ugly because it was too gaily colored and over-ornamented. The white beauty of the buildings at the World's Fair in Chicago has spoiled for us the garish architecture of most other expositions. After walking dutifully through its many aisles, I found out the way to the American, or United States, Building. There was nothing about this building to make us feel proud of our representation. It was big and ugly, utterly devoid of any attempt at beauty, and the exhibit within was as uninteresting as the architecture without. The



SCENE IN ANTWERP; NEAR THE CATHEDRAL, AT NIGHT.

Stars and Stripes waved from the roof; there were some of Edison's inventions, and portraits of Mr. Cleveland worked in yellow on a background of black fringed out along the edges. The American Building did not detain me long. I felt rather ashamed of it, to tell the truth.



THE PROOF-READERS' ROOM IN THE PLANTIN MUSEUM.

There was quite a good exhibition of pictures; and here America was well represented by two of Whistler's best, and some by Charles Sprague Pearce, McKnight, Dannat, and others. I felt better after seeing these paintings.

Of course there was a "Midway Plaisance," and there I found the greatest attraction of the whole Exposition. It was to the Belgian Exposition what Old Vienna was to our World's Fair; but it was much finer.

Once inside its gates, I was in another world. It was a city built, not of boards and canvas, but of wood and "staff" so cunningly wrought that to convince myself it was not stone and brick I rapped upon it with the handle of my umbrella. The illustrations give you a very good idea of the houses and buildings along the streets of this "Old Antwerp." They were so large and apparently so substantially built that you forgot for the time that you were not treading the streets of a real city. To keep up the illusion, all the people in the shops and restaurants wore the costumes of the time represented. As we were walking through one of the principal streets of this old city,—a friend from America was with me,—we saw four men and four women trudging along over the cobblestones in front of us. "Look! look!" said I, and we gave chase.

"Are n't they perfect!" exclaimed my friend. "How did they ever get themselves up to look so exactly like the real thing?"

The four women were of about the same size, which was enormous. Not one of them weighed less than 250 pounds. They wore short skirts and "hoops," and notwithstanding their size they were padded out at the hips. Their arms were bare, and so were their necks, and they were sunburned to the color of a boiled lobster. From their shoulders they wore wings of the same material as their gowns; in the V formed by the wings, and bordering their great necks, were bits of gaily colored embroidery. On their heads they wore white caps with



ENTRANCE GATE TO "OLD ANTWERP." *

long flaps, and from under the caps, hanging down to their eyes, were little curls or spirals of brass or gold, I don't know which. On the stout arm of each woman hung a basket. How



A STREET IN "OLD ANTWERP." *

* From the volume "Old Antwerp." By permission of E. Lyon-Claesen, art publisher, 8 Rue Berckmans, Brussels.

I wished that I had a camera with me to take a snap-shot at the picture! But, after all, the photograph would have been very unsatisfactory, as it would not have given the color of the costumes nor the peculiar roll of the women as they walked — a motion which was exaggerated by the swaying of their crinoline. We asked if they were a part of the show. To our surprise, we were told that they were veritable Hollanders of to-day, who had come across the border in their holiday attire to see the Exposition. I can never be too grateful to these women for choosing their time so that I had a chance to see them, for I shall not forget them.



A SHOEMAKER'S SHOP OF THE MIDDLE AGES, AS REPRODUCED IN "OLD ANTWERP."
From the volume "Old Antwerp." By permission of E. Lyon-Claesen, art publisher, 8 Rue Berckmans, Brussels.

Every detail of "Old Antwerp" was carried out with the greatest care. The iron and brass signs that hung in front of the shops were curious and often beautiful. And — I shall never understand how it was done — many of the houses were covered with vines, some of them with roots as thick as a man's arm. The interiors of the drinking-houses, or cabarets, would fill a lover of old furniture with envy. As I have said, "Old Antwerp" was the most satisfactory part of the Antwerp Exhibition, and it made one feel strange to come out of this sixteenth-century city into the glare of the "Plaisance" with its jabbering Zulus, its persistent peddlers from the Orient, its chattering mountebanks, and its placards announcing in plain English certain Wild Western performances of "Pawnee Bill."

To compare the Antwerp Exposition with the Great Fair at Chicago would be as foolish as to compare the little houses that huddle about the great cathedral with the cathedral itself. Taken for what it was, it was well worth seeing, and it had for an American the attraction of "foreignness."

THE SEA.

By Harriet F. Blodgett.



Beside the sea the children go
On white bare feet through the silver sand,
And the little waves run, laughing, up
As if to catch them where they stand.
And they build them houses of rainbow shells;
They dig in the sand the deepest of wells.
But always and ever — alack and a day! —
The waves wash houses and wells away.



A REAL AIR-CASTLE.

By Chas. B. Hudson.

Think of a home made of air-bubbles floating on the surface of the water, guarded by a fierce father some hundreds of times larger than his children, who, when they stray away, rushes out and gobbles them up in his cavernous mouth and hurls them back into their proper places! It sounds like an old-fashioned tale of water-sprites, but this time it is a true story.

In a cool corner of the great hatching-room of the Central Station of the United States Fish Commission at Washington, is an aquarium containing eight or ten specimens of the Paradise fish, or, as it is known to science, *Macropodus viridi-aurata.* The name sounds considerably larger than the fish looks, for the latter never grows to be more than six inches long, but it fits very well, nevertheless, for the reason that, like all scientific names, it describes the owner. The terms come from *makros*, a Greek word meaning large; from *pous*, also Greek, meaning a foot, or, in this case, a fin; and *viridi-aurata,* Latin words meaning green and golden. Several other colors would have to be named to fully describe its beauties, for it is a handsome fish. The male is especially brilliant, and on the approach of his mate she looks very plain and dingy by comparison.

But the Paradise fish, in addition to being ornamental, has some very interesting ways. The male builds the nest, which is quite right and proper, but he builds it of bubbles! Rather frail building-material, you may think, and not apt

to endure very long. It does very well, however, for the bubbles forming in the slime which surrounds the eggs are quite lasting, and by constantly adding fresh ones the fish keeps the nest in a fair state of repair. The young are nearly transparent, and floating beneath the bubbles they are quite invisible to their enemies above the water. From the time the eggs are laid, until the young fish are large enough to take care of themselves, their father guards them against their hundreds of enemies beneath the surface, among which is their own mother. This unnatural parent would devour her offspring as greedily as she would a wriggler, were it not for the vigilance of her mate, who takes very good care that she does not get an opportunity. Between guarding his children, which are numbered somewhere in the hundreds, and keeping his somewhat flimsy nest in repair, he is a very much occupied fish. With a very business-like air he flirts himself about, now rising to get a mouthful of air to release in bubbles below his nest to mend a break, now dashing after and seizing one of his runaway children, or rushing, with a degree of ferocity all out of proportion to his size, upon some finny raider. But he is utterly depraved himself, and if he gets the chance he will kidnap half a dozen of his neighbor's family to increase his own; so, when the nests are close together, there is a perpetual warfare going on between the proprietors. He is very pugnacious, and there is no discretion coupled with this quality, for he displays as much readiness to attack and devour me, sketching outfit and all, if I approach too closely, as he would a May-fly. But his disposition is not half as bad as that of one of his cousins; for there is a species of the same genus, called *Betta pugnax*, which is cultivated in Siam for its game and fighting qualities.

The Paradise fish has another distinguished relative, called the Climbing Perch, which has the power of moving about on dry land, and can even climb for a short distance up the inclined trunks of trees. But this is getting to sound like a regular fish story, so I will say no more about Macropodus viridi-auratus and his curious relative. Every word is true, though, however much they may sound like yarns.



A GUILTY CONSCIENCE: FIRST MR. COON. "NOW WALK AS FAST AS YOU CAN, FOR I 'M POSITIVE SOME ONE IS LOOKING AT US."

THE KITTENS' PICNIC.

A RHYME FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.



In her nest on the limb of an apple-tree a mother Robin sat,
When the father Robin came in haste to say, "I 've seen a cat!
A smallish cat — a kitten, in fact, that 's coming toward our tree.
He seems to be bringing a basket. What can the reason be?"

"A kitten?" she cried—"a crowd of them! For, see, there come some more!"
And she was right, for very soon the Robins counted a score—
Carrying baskets, cans, a net—a wagon-load, at least,
Of things that smelled so very good they surely meant a feast.
Robins don't love cats, you know, and so they flew away,
For they saw 't was a Kittens' Picnic that had come to stay all day.

The Kittens chose that very spot to spread their cloth so white,
But set up the lawn-tennis net where the sun shone warm and bright.
The youngsters then chased butterflies, or danced in a merry ring,
Or just beneath the Robins' nest enjoyed a lazy swing,
Until it was time to be hungry, when out came tiny dishes
With a toothsome pie, cool lemonade, sweet candy, jam, and fishes.

A little chap in a dotted shirt (a favorite, it would seem)
Was chosen by his comrades as the one to serve ice-cream.
He counted every kitten, dividing the cream with care,
So not one kitten had too much, while each one had his share.
This pleased them all, and they declared he was "a little brick!"
And all agreed that he deserved the ice-cream spoon to lick.
How prettily he purred his thanks for this reward unsought,
How glad he was that he had done as a kindly kitten ought!

Now when the lunch was eaten the sun had sunk so low
That all the older kittens announced 't was time to go.
The youngsters whined a little, but knew they must obey,
And packing up their things again the kittens went away.

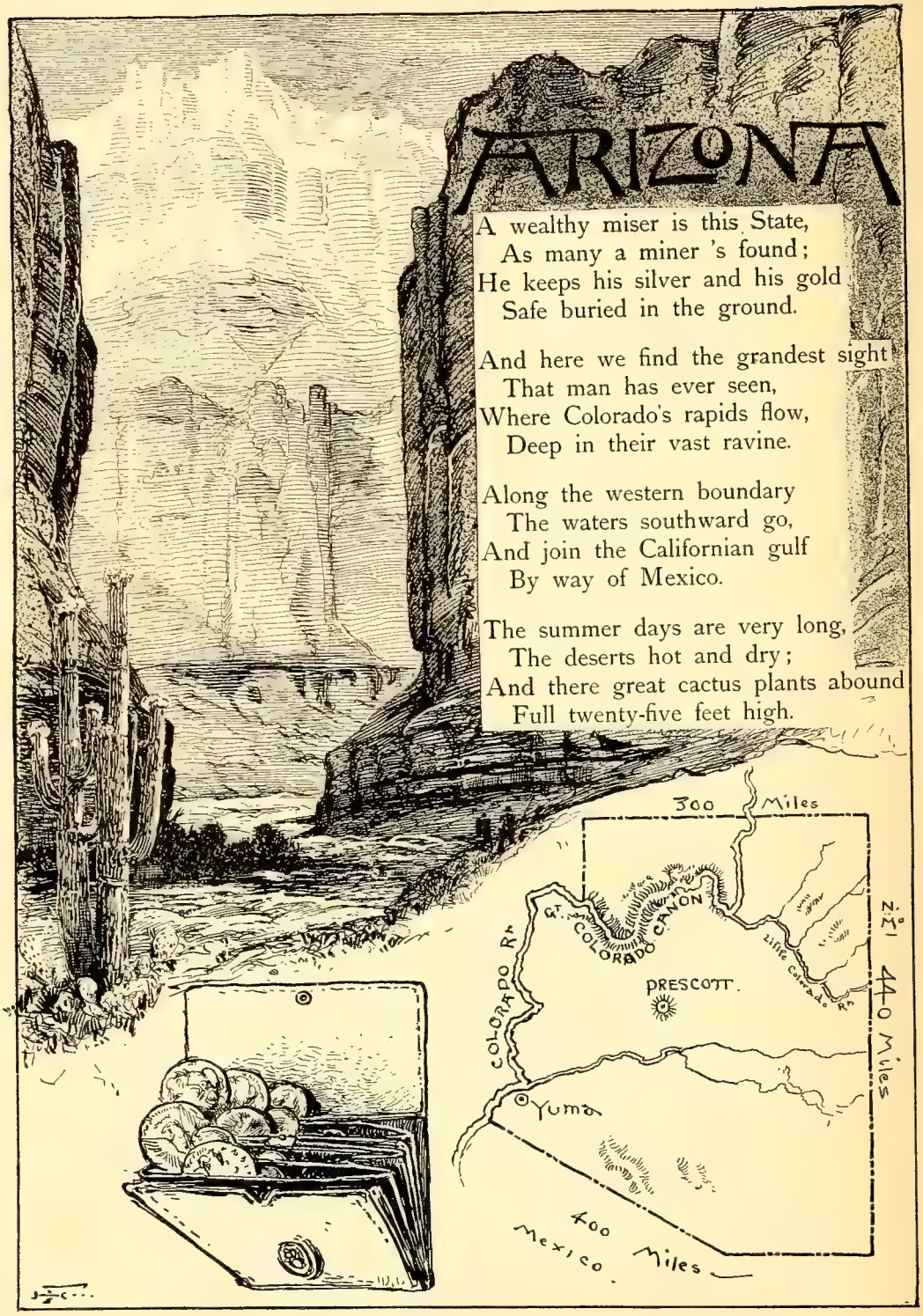
As soon as the last little furry tail was fairly out of sight
Back came the timid Robins to their nest to spend the night.
But, best of all, for many a day the happy Robins found
A feast for their nestlings in the crumbs of the Kittens' picnic-ground.

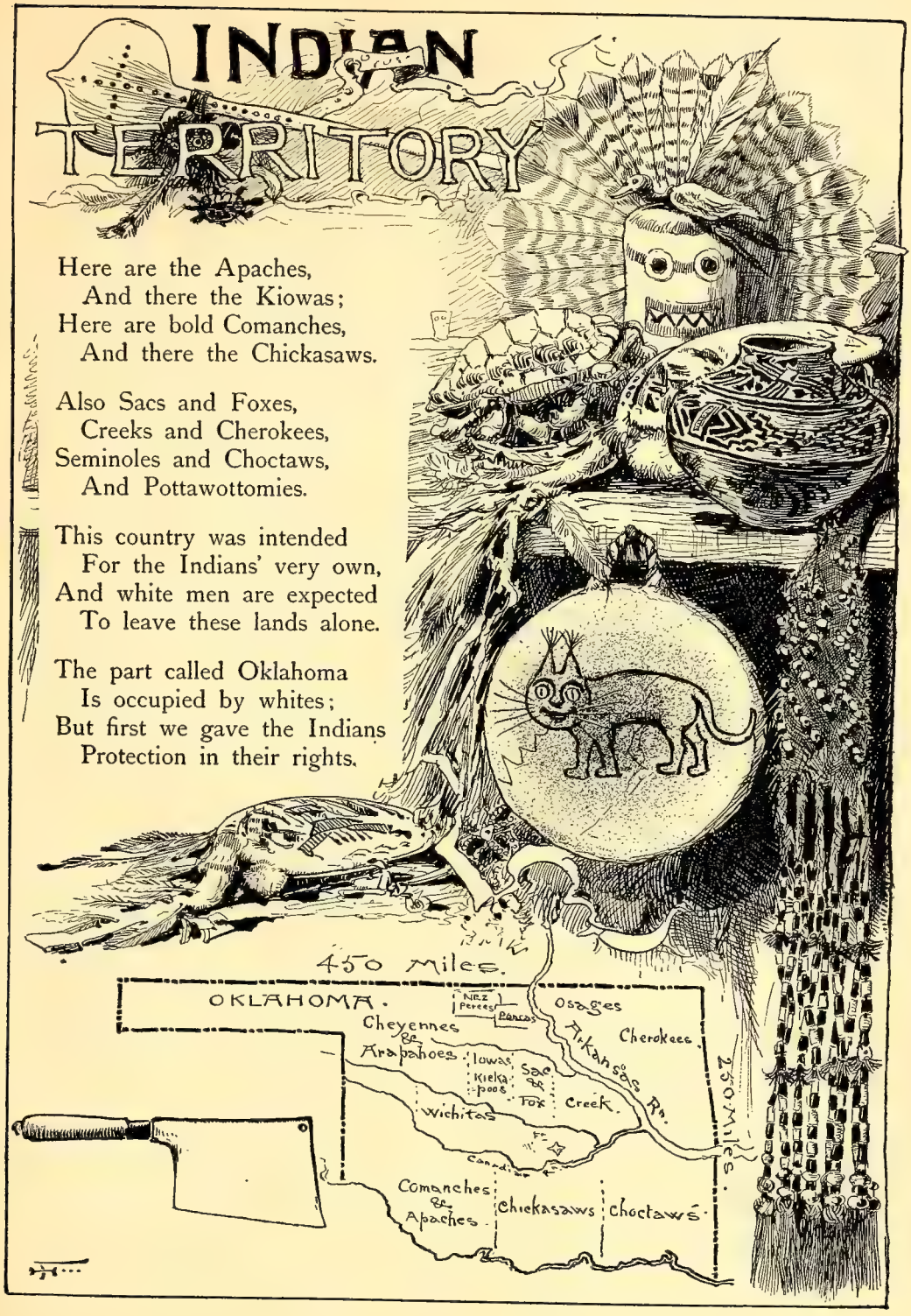
MORAL.

So many a present trouble, that seems but to annoy,
May bring you on a future day a pleasure to enjoy.

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By Garrett Newkirk.




INDIAN
TERRITORY
Here are the Apaches,
And there the Kiowas;
Here are bold Comanches,
And there the Chickasaws.
Also Sacs and Foxes,
Creeks and Cherokees,
Seminoles and Choctaws,
And Pottawottomies.
This country was intended
For the Indians' very own,
And white men are expected
To leave these lands alone.
The part called Oklahoma
Is occupied by whites;
But first we gave the Indians
Protection in their rights.
450 Miles.
OKLAHOMA.
Nez Perces
Pawnees
Osages
Cheyennes & Arapahoes
Arkansas Rv.
Cherokees
Iowas
Kiekapoos
Sac & Fox
Creek
Wichitas
Comanches & Apaches
Chickasaws
Choctaws
250 Miles.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

THE verses "Fair Play," by the Editor of this magazine, printed on page 951 of this number, were written for a bright little amateur paper entitled "Old Gold," issued in the winter of 1894 by Willie G. Morse of New York City. The verses are republished in ST. NICHOLAS by permission of the young editor of "Old Gold."

A correspondent, J. M. B., asks whether this sentence is perfectly correct:

"Bicycling is a very healthy exercise."

The CENTURY DICTIONARY recognizes the use of *healthy* in the sense of conducive to health, but says "in this sense *healthful* is generally preferred."

MARJORY WALKER: "Jack Ballister's Fortunes" is not a true story.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Manchester is situated on the banks of the Merrimac, where the river falls over the rocks and is very swift.

Along the banks there are several large mills for the manufacture of cotton goods. These are run by the water power, but we also have several shoe factories that are run by steam. The principal business street is Elm street, named because of the elms that grew along the sides. The city has several large commons. The most noted of these is Stark Park. This is directly in front of General John Stark's birthplace, and also on the banks of the river. It is his chosen spot for burial. His grave is marked by a simple granite obelisk. Other commons are Derryfield, Tremont, Concord, Hanover, and Merrimac. In the center of this last stands the Soldiers' Monument. In the winter these commons are flooded for the benefit of the children. In the northern part of the city, usually referred to as the "North End," there are some fine houses.

I have taken you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, for nine years, and enjoy you very much. After reading you I send you to another child.

Your devoted reader, B. J——.

FORT MEADE, S. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little Indian pony named "Wahpetak," which means "wolf" in Indian. There used to be a troop of Indian soldiers here, but it got smaller and smaller, as the Indians took their discharge as soon as they had served their time out, and went back to their semi-civilized habits. One winter night we went to an Indian dance held by some Indians camping near the post. They had come to visit their friends the Indians of "L" troop. The dance was held in the L-troop barracks; everything was cleared out, and chairs and benches were put around the wall for people to occupy. The officers and ladies did not stay very long, but the soldiers of other troops stayed until it was over, which was at about two or three o'clock in the morning. Some Indians sitting right across the room from us had a Japanese fan, and they would put it up before their faces and talk behind it, mimicking the white ladies they had seen. The squaws don't dance, but just sit and look on with their papooses on their laps, and probably wish they were men, so that they might dance too.

We have a cat, but the poor thing leads a hard life with my two little brothers.

Your interested reader,

GERTRUDE A. O'C——.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you a wonderful story. One evening our doctor was in a drug store, and he heard something moving the handle of the door. He thought it was a little child. He opened the door and let in a big bulldog, who looked up at him and then down at his own bloody foreleg. The doctor understood, and examined the leg, and found it had been badly bitten in a fight. He washed and bandaged the wounds, and asked the druggist to keep the dog for a few days, promising to come in every day and attend to the leg. In a few days the dog was well, and was gone nobody knew where. A year after, the doctor came to our house and said he had seen the dog again. The night before, in the same drug store, the bulldog walked in, and looking up at the doctor, showed an ear badly torn, and a badly scratched neck. He had been in another fight and had come back to be taken care of.

I hope you will put this in the Letter-Box, for it is all true. I am eight years old, and my name is

ARTHUR H——.

DINARD, SAINT-ENOGAT, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Dinard is a small town situated at the mouth of the Rance, a little river that flows into the English Channel. I am an American girl, and have got six sisters, but no brothers, which is rather unfortunate. Last year, I went with my father, mother, and two sisters to the Mont St. Michel, so was very much interested in your article termed "American Bicyclers at Mont Saint Michel," in the August number. Three of us went also some of the way on bicycles, and enjoyed it greatly. On arriving, I was besieged by a crowd of little boys who wished to take my bicycle, but I declined their numerous offers, and clung to it myself. I will not need to describe that wonderful place, as that has already been done much better than I could ever do it. It is really marvelous to see the tide come sweeping in, covering up the vast waste of sand so quickly that it almost makes one feel as if in a nightmare. We stayed one night, coming home the following day.

I remain your constant reader, M. C. F——.

PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I enjoy so much the letters you publish, I thought that I would write one. I have taken your magazine for over a year and like it very much. I was born in Switzerland, but came to America in 1889. I am now twelve years old, and I am in the sixth grade at school. I have not seen many letters from Switzerland, but I will tell you what it is like. Although a small country, it is a beautiful one. La Chaux-de-Fonds is my native place. It is a town of about thirty thousand inhabitants, most of whom are watchmakers. The French language is spoken there. I went through Bienne and Bern, and the latter has beautiful scenery. The Alps are seen very plainly from there. I have lived in Lausanne, which is situated on Lake Geneva. It is a summer

and winter resort, and English is spoken there as well as in any town in the United States. The Alps are the highest mountains and are very beautiful. From the Matterhorn you may see all the other peaks. It was a long time before any one made the ascent of this mountain, but at last it was made by Mr. Edward Whymper in the year 1865. The peasants once thought that goblins lived at the summit.

Your constant reader, ESTHER V——.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my tame scale quail, or Mexican partridge, named "Dick," the first one of its kind known to be in captivity. He is called a scale quail because his neck and breast are covered with feathers that look like scales. The Smithsonian Institution wants a picture of him standing on my hand. Dick will eat anything that he can get, and he has a little call which sounds something like *coo*, a little like *kettle*, but not quite like either of them. One day we got him a box of earth, and the dear little fellow enjoyed it, oh, so much! He lay down in it and tried to roll. Dick will not bathe in water, but oils his feathers from a little oil bag that grows under his wings. He has such a pretty little tuft of feathers on his head, which looks sometimes like one, and sometimes like two tufts. Dick has a mate in Camden, but he does not seem to miss her, though he does not like to be left alone. He has seemed very happy since he has been with us, and we all hope that he will stay so.

Truly yours, MARGARETTA B. A——.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Buffalo, N. Y., but am now traveling with my mother down South. Yesterday I went through the Capitol and heard some very funny echoes. There was a man showing us around, and he took us into a large room and told me to stand on a certain stone; then he went off about fifty feet, and whispered something quite low, and I could hear the echo right beside me very plainly; then he told us to go up to one side of the room and turn our faces to the wall, then he went to the other side of the room, about one hundred feet away, and we could hear just what he said in a whisper.

Your loving reader, FRANCES A. W——.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy five years old, and I have begged my mama to write you a letter for me.

I went hunting on the prairie this evening, with my papa and brother, to kill plover. My brother is ten years old and can shoot well, and he kills birds with a rifle. I have a sombrero that came from Mexico, and it has silver bands all around it.

Mama reads us all the stories in ST. NICHOLAS. I like "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," but my brother Frank likes "A Boy of the First Empire."

Your friend, MAX E——, JR.

ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days ago I went to a service in St. Peter's, where they sang a "Te Deum." The altar in the church was all lighted with candles, which made it very bright. At the top of the altar there was a glass-window with a dove in the middle of it, and when the sun was out it made it very pretty. Yesterday papa took my brother and sister and me to the dome of St. Peter's; but the view was not very good, as the day was not very clear. My sister and I were the only ones who went into the ball on top of the dome. To climb to the ball there is a steep little iron ladder which is hard to go up and down, because it is all in the dark, and when you are up there you can hear a very loud noise like thunder. The day before yesterday I went with papa to the Vatican Museum, where there were a great many marbles from tombs, and statues.

From your loving reader, HENRY L. W——.

BURNT OAK, CURRENCY CREEK,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There was a letter from a little Hungarian boy in your last number; he is fond of shooting, as I am, and I liked to hear about him. Papa let me have a gun when I was seven—I am nine now. I load my own cartridges and cases often, while papa reads to me in the evening. I have shot three wild goats, but it is not easy to get near them; they roam about the rocks and hillsides in the ranges here, but sometimes they come into the paddock where we keep our horses, and then I may get a shot. I have shot ten hares, and a great many rabbits, and a number of parrots, and other birds. I have a few sheep of my own, and papa allows me to have as pocket money the value of their wool. I bought myself a rifle, but had to wait a long time while it was sent for, for it came all the way from New York. Now that I have it, I like shooting with it better than with my other gun. I ride my sister's pony "Nulty" when I go out sometimes with papa, mustering sheep. This is a sheep station. In the creeks close by here there are numbers of crayfish; it is easy to catch them with a piece of string and a bait. We have a boat at Currency Creek, and I like going in it; but I hope to go with papa on a shooting expedition up the Murray river and lakes soon. I will write and tell you about it if I go.

I am collecting stamps, and if the little Hungarian boy would like to exchange, I would send him some of our Australian, and perhaps he would send me some of the stamps of his country. I will try to collect some beetles and butterflies for him too. My sisters, who love horses very much, were so pleased to hear of the little ponies.

I like the stories in ST. NICHOLAS, and mama often reads them to me. Sometimes, when we are taking a long drive, and cannot go fast in the hills, mama reads me a story out of ST. NICHOLAS; then I don't feel tired.

Your interested little friend,
HUGH W. D. W——.

WOOD ISLAND, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't think I have seen any letters from Alaska in your letter-box. I and my brother Harry used to take you when we were quite small, and papa used to read the stories to us. We liked "Juan and Juanita" very much, and we often speak of them now. I used to have a dog named "Amigo."

We have lived in Alaska nearly all our lives, so we are quite little Eskimos. The place we lived at before was called St. Michael's. It is much farther north than Wood Island.

There in the winter the salt water freezes four and five feet thick for miles and miles out to sea.

One winter my brother Harry and I made a snow house; we dug it out of a high snow drift. One day, while we were inside it, it caved in right on top of us. We were very much frightened, and we had quite a hard time to get out.

Once a man brought three little black bear cubs down from the Yukon River on a river steamer. He gave them to papa. Papa had to have a platform built on poles, and a house made on top of it for them, because the Eskimo dogs are so savage that they kill anything that

is not one of themselves. During the night some of the dogs broke loose from their chains and went after the bears. The bears must have tried to climb down the poles and hung themselves, for they were tied, and the dogs then killed them.

My brother had a tame raven which he called "Jim." Of course, nearly every tame crow or raven has to be named Jim.

We had two little tame squirrels from the woods on the banks of the Yukon River. We called them "Punch" and "Judy." They were so tame that they would go right inside papa's coat pockets to hunt for nuts and crackers, which they would always find; then they would run away and eat them. Your loving reader,

MARY M. G——.

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eight years old.

I have been very sick with a fever for five weeks, and as I am always on the sofa, I love to have you come, so that I can amuse myself with "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," and "The Boy of the First Empire." I am also interested in "Teddy and Carrots."

There are a number of interesting things in this city for strangers to see; among them the new capitol. It is not yet finished. The staircase is said to be the finest in the world.

In the State Library are the papers found in Major André's boots.

There are also relics of Washington and other generals.

The old Schuyler mansion is very interesting. It is now an orphan asylum. On the stairs are marks where the Indians struck with their tomahawks.

The Van Rensselaer mansion is the handsomest of all. It belonged to Stephen Van Rensselaer. The house is still standing, but the grounds have been sold for business purposes, and are now spoiled.

In Forbes's Manor, Greenbush, there is a beautiful marble staircase. I remain sincerely yours,

WHITNEY S——.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa gave me a dog the other day. The man he bought him from had taught the dog some tricks, but we did not know that until we had had him several days, when he surprised us all by taking his tail in his mouth and waltzing around, as "Sanch" did in Miss Alcott's book "Under the Lilacs."

I went East, to the sea-shore, last summer, and I learned how to swim a little; my mama taught me how. When I was just learning, I was nearly drowned, but my cousin saved me. I was afraid to go into the water for a long time after that.

Your loving friend, DAISY F——.

TROY, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I have been reading your magazine ever since I could read, and I enjoy it very much.

There are six children of us — two boys and four girls. I am the fourth. My papa is proprietor of the Riverside Pony Farm, and has a herd of sixty ponies, all of them Shetland.

My sister, ten years old, has a little pony named "Babe," and I a spotted one named "Joy." We drive them everywhere, to a pony-trap which will hold four. We often get our little friends and drive to the country and have picnics. BEATRICE S——.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and myself were thirteen years old yesterday. We live on a ranch in the western part of Wyoming, near Yellowstone National Park, and have both been through it three times; it is wonderful. This is our first trip to New York city. We are spending a week in New Rochelle with cousins, but return to the West in a few days, and shall be very glad to get back to our ponies and other pets. We have five hundred chickens, forty rabbits, and many others. We ride ten or fifteen miles every day before breakfast. There are no good schools near there, so mother has to teach us. We are on the lookout for you once a month, and when we hear father say, "I have something for my little girls," we run as hard as we can to see who can get you first, although we read you together.

We like "The Boy of the First Empire," the best story so far.

Wishing you a long life, from your little friends,

VALERIE C——. VIOLET C——.

PASADENA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear about a very interesting fight I saw the other day from my window, between an English setter and a blackbird. The bird was apparently trying to get a few hairs from the dog's tail, because, as the dog was walking down the street, a blackbird flew out of a tree and dived down alongside the dog's tail uttering queer little cries in doing so. It did this over and over again, sometimes hitting the dog on the tail and making him jump. At last, he was rewarded by a beakful of long hair and away he flew to his nest, only to return in a few moments and commence his little trick over again.

I have taken you ever since I can remember, and enjoy reading you very much.

I remain your loving reader, ELISE G——.

SPRING LAKE, MICH.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken the ST. NICHOLAS only a short time, but we are very fond of it already, especially of the "Letter-box," and we thought you would be interested to hear about the large fire that occurred here.

It began early in the morning and lasted till late in the afternoon. School was dismissed on account of the smoke, and soon after the building burned. Besides the school-house, two churches, several stores, and about fifty houses were burned. Soon after the old school-house was replaced by a much better one.

Long life to the ST. NICHOLAS!

Your loving friends,

ISABELLA S——. BESSIE G——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Trumbull Warren, Albert T. Coffin, Edith P. S., M. F., Anna P. C., Eleanor Gladys Sawyer, Florence Dunham, Mary M. Worthington, "Old Maid," Abbie C. and Dorothea A. M., Louis, Ruth H., Alice C. B., Jos. B. Townsend 3d, Davenport Hooker, Hally M.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE — HIDDEN CITIES.

Printed in "Through the Scissors," ST. NICHOLAS, for August.

1. Boston. 2. New Haven. 3. Connecticut. 4. New York. 5. Brooklyn. 6. Philadelphia. 7. Cleveland. 8. Washington. 9. Detroit. 10. Chicago. 11. Baltimore. 12. Atlanta. 13. New Orleans. 14. Nashville. 15. San Francisco. 16. Limerick. 17. St. Petersburg. 18. Cairo. 19. London. 20. Athens. 21. Edinburgh. 22. Venice. 23. Florence. 24. Milan. 25. United States.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. Sonnet. 1. Ha-s-te. 2. Sh-o-ut. 3. Li-n-en. 4. Bo-n-ny. 5. Dr-e-am. 6. Mi-t-re.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Leans. 2. Endow. 3. Adore. 4. Norse. 5. Sweet.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Amain. 2. Ardor. 3. Meter. 4. Sedan. 5. Datum. 6. Nenia.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Josephine; finals, Cleopatra. Cross-words: 1. Judaic. 2. Ordeal. 3. Sample. 4. Embryo. 5. Philip. 6. Hegira. 7. Insult. 8. Number. 9. Europa.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens."

RIDDLE. Castor—caster.

ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC. Shelley. 1. Books. 2. Coach. 3. Flame. 4. Gavel. 5. Newel. 6. Eagle. 7. Money.

A CONCEALED MENAGERIE. 1. Lemming. 2. Baboon. 3. Jackal. 4. Sable. 5. Stoat. 6. Yak. 7. Peccary. 8. Llama. 9. Sloth. 10. Ibex. 11. Ox. 12. Ape. 13. Gnu. 14. Ass. 15. Leopard. 16. Ai. 17. Camel. 18. Wapiti. 19. Otter. 20. Monkey. 21. Hind. 22. Buffalo. 23. Porcupine. 24. Chamois. 25. Armadillo. 26. Gorilla. 27. Ounce. 28. Goat. 29. Elk. 30. Lion. 31. Zebra. 32. Zebu. 33. Bear. 34. Tiger. 35. Ermine. 36. Cat. 37. Eland. 38. Wolf. 39. Bison. 40. Badger. 41. Tapir. 42. Hyena. 43. Antelope. 44. Ant-eater. 45. Rabbit. 46. Rat. 47. Hare. 48. Moose. 49. Orang-outang. 50. Agouti. 51. Dog.

CHARADE. Lowell.

CONNECTED SQUARES. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Acme. 2. Coat. 3. Mast. 4. Etta. MIDDLE SQUARE: 1. Stud. 2. Tape. 3. Upon. 4. Deny. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Once. 2. Nyas. 3. Carp. 4. Espy.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

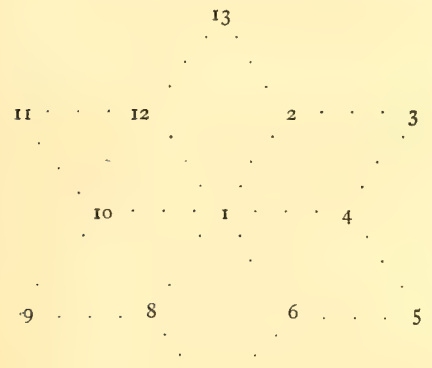
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from "Tod and Yam"—M. McG.—Josephine Sherwood—Arthur Gride—"Jimmy" and "Polly"—L. O. E.—Helen C. McCleary—Mary Lester and Harry—Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher—"Jersey Quartette"—G. B. Dyer—Clive—S. L. B.—Marjory Gane—Mabel, Marjorie and Henri—George Bancroft Fernald—Paul Rowley—Paul Reese—Helen Rogers—"Four Weeks of Kane"—Effie K. Talboys—G. B. D. and M.—Hubert L. Bingay—Kenyon N.—"Trenton Trio"—J. T. S. and W. L. S.—Blanche and Fred—"Brownie Band"—Isabel H. Noble—Clara A. Anthony—Franklyn Farnsworth—"Two Little Brothers"—Robert S. Clement—Hilda L. Feason—Sigourney Fay Nininger—Jo and I.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Bessie G., 1—Elsie C. Prindle, 1—"Bright People," 1—"Jack and Jill," 1—I. Malcolm B., 3—Francis B. Sayre, 1—Albert Smith Faught, 7—Jack Moore, 1—Sally B. Perry, 1—Helen Koerper, 2—"We Two and One," 3—Mary Louise Ely, 1—Elizabeth Chamberlin, 1—Florence S., 3—Eugene T. Walker, 1—"E. H. A. Club," 1—Harriet, Edward and Mama, 6—"She and I," 7—Marie L. Abbott, 1—George H. Seymour, 7—Adelaide M. Gaither, 1—Mama and Karl, 7—"The Butterflies," 8—"Duck," 8—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—V. B. and A. H. Jacobs, 8—"Merry and Co.," 6—Grace Busenbark, 1—Harlan, Bessie and Lucy, 4—Charles Travis, 7—David R. Pratt, 2d, 8—Bob Bright, 5—Laura M. Zinser, 7.

DIAMOND.

1. IN tablet. 2. A disorderly crowd. 3. To be in a state of grief or sadness. 4. A bunch of flowers. 5. The utmost violence of an onset. 6. Anything wrought or woven in meshes. 7. In tablet. BESSIE TAYLOR.

STAR PUZZLE.



FROM 2 to 1, requires; from 3 to 2, a measure of weight; from 3 to 4, to judge of at random; from 4 to 1, flies aloft; from 5 to 4, arranges in a methodical manner; from 5 to 6, an Oriental begging monk; from 6 to 1, tears asunder; from 7 to 6, to silence by a retort; from 7 to 8, dreads; from 8 to 1, heavenly bodies; from 9 to 8, certain precious stones; from 9 to 10, a musical drama; from 10 to 1, a collection of maps in a volume; from 11 to 10, an agreeable odor; from 11 to 12, to change in some respect; from 12 to 1, small streams; from 12 to 13, to relate; from 13 to 2, to mature.

PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES.

MAKE the following changes by prefixing and suffixing the same letter. Examples: Change a sound to rocks. Answer, s-tone-s. Change a feminine name to a title. Answer, m-ada-m.

1. Change a preposition to a twist.
2. Change a nobleman to annually.
3. Change equal value to parts of a ship.
4. Change airy to neglects.
5. Change a minute opening to seed-like bodies.
6. Change an old word meaning to know, to turn.
7. Change a span of horses to vapors.
8. Change a point of the compass to frothy.
9. Change tardy to writing-tablets.
10. Change a pinion to sways. ALICE I. H.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Any cause of ruin. 2. A volume. 3. The face of a watch. 4. Neat. 5. Close at hand. 6. To worry.

DOWNWARD: 1. In abaft. 2. A preposition. 3. To bend the head. 4. To send forth. 5. To acquire justly. 6. Willingly. 7. To deface. 8. The name of a musical note. 9. In abaft. "SAMUEL SYDNEY."

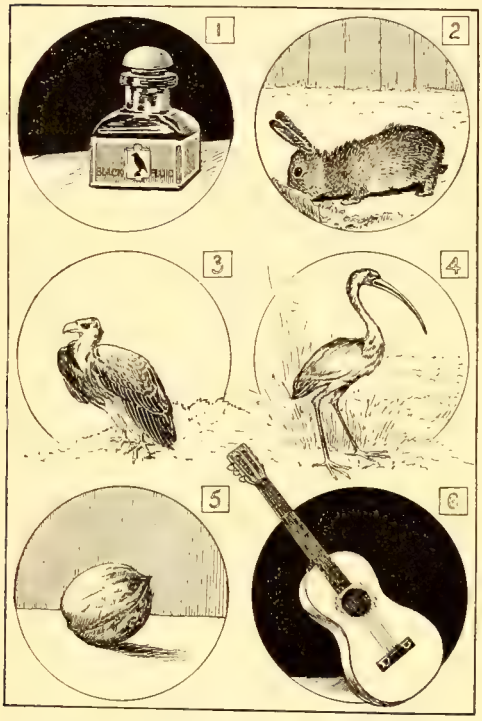
OCTAGONS.

I. 1. A CLUB. 2. To utter unadvisedly. 3. A soothsayer. 4. Accurately. 5. To attempt.

II. 1. A snare. 2. A feminine name. 3. To blot out. 4. Elegant. 5. An exclamation of joy.

"SAMUEL SYDNEY."

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the six small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of an American author.

MARY K. STONE.

WORD PUZZLE.

ONE word may be used to fill all of the following blanks:

The —— of the mountain is capped with snow,
And grandfather's —— is white, you know;
The —— of his cane is small and bright,
And his ——s of wheat are a pretty sight.
The —— of an army came one day,
With soldiers uniformed, bright and gay,
Who drove ten —— of cattle away
And broke the —— of a barrel of ale;
(It battered the —— of many a nail),
Then sat around the table with ease,
Eating cabbage ——s and good —— cheese.

MARY E. STONE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-two letters, and form a quotation from Thackeray's works.

My 21–70–56 is a useful insect. My 48–8–61 is an adversary. My 43–54–65 is to peruse. My 49–17–4 is accomplished. My 31–64–68–14 is crime. My 15–42–39–7 is "The Land of the White Elephant." My 1–67–58–28 is the animal whose antics suggested the word "caprice." My 19–33–23–72 was a famous city of ancient times. My 5–3–16–63–12 is white or gray with age. My 26–35–45–53–25 is excessively corpulent. My 37–47–60–30–40 is one who scatters seed. My 38–9–51–24–18 is general direction. My 71–2–57–46–69–59 is the ringing of a bell for the purpose of alarm. My 27–50–20–66–41–34 is having power to congeal water. My 29–6–10–13–44–36 is thinking lowly of one's self. My 62–32–55–22–11–52 was a Trojan prince, the son of Anchises.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Capable. 2. To bubble. 3. A connection. 4. Large quadrupeds.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A piece of pasteboard. 2. Absent. 3. To contend. 4. One who colors.

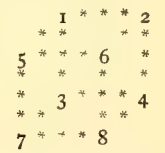
III. CENTRAL SQUARE. 1. Fine gravel. 2. At a great distance. 3. To entitle. 4. Pulled along.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Timber. 2. To view with side-glances. 3. A feminine name. 4. Beloved.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A small singing bird. 2. Ready for harvesting. 3. An heroic poem. 4. Part of the body.

"TIP-CAT."

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, a fish; from 1 to 3, cooked in an oven; from 2 to 4, to correspond; from 3 to 4, a trench; from 5 to 6, bare; from 5 to 7, the title of the native sovereigns of Hyderabad, in India; from 6 to 8, fixed the time of; from 7 to 8, impelled; from 1 to 5, to invoke evil upon; from 2 to 6, irate; from 4 to 8, a coal scuttle; from 3 to 7, indistinct.

SIGOURNEY FAY N.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the central letters will spell an emblem of good luck.

CROSS-WORDS; 1. An inferior kind of black tea. 2. Singly. 3. Vehicles. 4. A hollow dish. 5. A small stream of water. 6. To sew loosely. 7. An insect that infests plants. 8. Impedes. 9. To shade insensibly into each other, as colors.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



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"UNDER THE WEATHER."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXII. OCTOBER, 1895. NO. 12.

"THE CHILD-PAINTER"; J. G. BROWN.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

IT is a singular fact that one of the most American of painters should be an Englishman, with a slight "burr" in his speech which tells of a Scotch strain in him as well. From New York to San Francisco, and from St. Paul to New Orleans, everybody knows J. G. Brown's life-like pictures of the New York newsboy and bootblack. His vivid portraiture of this waif of the pavement — the humblest part in the great business life of America — is stamped by something which makes them his own. It is easy enough to discover the secret of Brown's success. His pictures are, above all, human, and nothing interests us so much as humanity.

One does not have to dive very deeply into the mysteries to know that every art-worker must put into his work something of himself. It is this putting of his character into the thing that he produces which gives it special charm or value. It would be reasonable, therefore, to conclude that since J. G. Brown's bootblacks and newsboys are such good, wholesome, light-hearted tatterdemalions, the artist himself must have a large share of these pleasant qualities.

He has; and his career is such a fine example of success, and of success in the face of obstacles, that it is well worth telling as an example and an encouragement. To-day, when he is sixty-three years old, Mr. Brown is hale, hearty, and shows no loss of interest over his work. And the very latest of his pictures shows more spirit, finer composition, and a keener sympathetic grasp of the healthy side of boy life than anything he has painted.

What he has done with his art is well enough known. Let us see what the man J. G. Brown has done with his life. It will really be more interesting than any of his pictures.

In Bensham, a little town of Durham, in the north of England, a lawyer of modest means became the father of a boy baby on November 11, 1831. That baby, it need scarcely be said, has become the hale, well-preserved artist, with a full, curly gray beard, who paints newsboys in the Studio Building at 51 West Tenth street in New York city.

As one of his recent critics asserted, John G. Brown is a "born artist." But proof of this artistic talent declares itself earlier in some than in others. John Brown could draw before he could read or write. His father would speak of the boy's skill with his pencil when he thought the youngster was asleep, and often

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took these first productions of his little boy to his office, and showed them to his clerks with evident pride. But in small country towns in the first half of this century parents were not apt to regard art as a desirable or paying field of labor. Mr. Brown was evidently this kind of a parent. For, when John was thirteen years old, and it was a question of his earning his living, he wanted to go into an engraving company. It was a regular money-making trade, but leaned to the side of art. His father would not consent to this, and as a result of his father's objection young Brown was bound for seven years to a glass-company at Newcastle-on-Tyne. His family had removed to that English city when he was a one-year-old baby.

Apropos of his babyhood, before telling of his glass-working apprenticeship, one incident should be recorded because it left a lasting result which, in some degree, was an obstacle to the boy's success in the field of art. It is needless to declare that the obstacle has been bravely overcome.



"STEADY!" (BY PERMISSION OF J. G. BROWN.)

He was just old enough to be able to walk a little. One morning he was pattering round in the kitchen in all the glory of a pair of new shoes. New shoes are slippery, while new walking legs are not absolutely sure. On the floor of the kitchen was a boiler, full of scalding hot water, and with the cover off. Of course, the time when the new shoes slipped and the baby legs gave way was when the child was near this caldron. Down he fell, his right arm went into the scalding water, and up went a prodigious howl of pain from the poor scalded baby. It was a frightful burn, and the doctor did not know how to treat it very well. "My mother says I cried from that burn for nineteen months," Mr. Brown says. That it was a serious one is evident

from the fact that his right hand has ever since been cramped and shortened, so that he can bend his fingers only very imperfectly. And that is the hand he has to use in painting. "In handling my brush I have to use it in one way rather than another on account of these contracted fingers," said Mr. Brown, "and that counts a little in the technic of my brush-work."

But if the boy's hand was almost crippled, nothing could cripple his pluck and determination. He was one of those boys with a "grip," who always make a success. And he had n't lost his taste for art, if he *was* an apprentice glass-worker in the grimy factory at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Happily his evenings were his own. So he attended the Government School of Design, as a persistent student in the night-class. The tuition was free. William B. Scott was his first teacher. Any illustrated London papers that he could secure he always greedily studied.



"A BROOMSTICK SOLO." (BY PERMISSION OF J. G. BROWN.)

When some picture specially pleased him he would go to work and copy it. Noel Paton and Frost — prominent contributors to the illustrated press of those days — were his special favorites. He kept up this sort of thing during his seven years' apprenticeship.

At the close of the seven years he was a master glass-worker, and also a man; for he completed his apprenticeship at the age of twenty-one. Then he went to Edinburgh, where he secured employment at his trade. But he also found his way (who could have doubted it?) to the Government Royal Academy Schools, and devoted his evenings to drawing. It hardly seems necessary to call attention to the way in which this earnest young man, while following the trade on which he depended for his living, also advanced himself in the career which his heart had chosen when he was in

short clothes. Here is a lesson to those who feel that they could succeed in some pursuit that they like, if circumstances did not fasten them to another task.

Look at the way Brown managed the thing: The evening classes at the Royal Academy Schools were from six to eight. His time at the factory was not up until six. Then he was tired after his day's work, grimy and moist from the sand and clay and sweat. He had to hurry home, wash himself, change his clothes, and walk a mile to the schools, as fast as he could, so as not to lose any more of the precious time of instruction than was necessary. And that is what he did night after night, for thirteen months. He used to go there in such a rush that for five or six minutes after he got into his place in the school, he could do no drawing—except of his breath. So he sat and panted, and listened eagerly to the instructor; and when the instructor, surprised that a pupil who was so attentive and earnest should always be a half hour or so late, inquired into the reason, his interest in the young glass-worker was increased.



"HE WANTS A BITE." (BY PERMISSION OF J. G. BROWN.)

Then came a proud and happy moment in Brown's life. One day he received an invitation to be present in the hall of the Art School at the giving of prizes. There were fifty or sixty glass-workers in the place where he was employed, and they began to chaff the young fellow, and tell him he must have won a prize. "Well, if I have," he said good-naturedly, "I 'll shy my hat in the air as soon as I come back, so that you 'll know it." An hour later the door of the factory was flung open, young Brown darted in with a fine honest smile of delight on his face, and he sent his hat whizzing into the air. They crowded round him, eager to hear. And they heard that their brother glass-worker, John Brown, had indeed won a prize of three pounds in the Art School competition!

When John Brown asks $5000 for a picture to-day and gets it, the sum does not seem as big or as gratifying as did that prize of fifteen dollars. It was a turning-point in his career, the new impulse given to his sturdy courage by that recognition and assistance. The workmen hurrahed till the glass-house echoed, patted him heartily on the back, and felt they all were honored by his success. The Edinburgh papers had it on the next day. "A glass-worker named John G. Brown has won a prize at the Government Royal Academy Schools." The bosses of the factory, who dealt with the workmen through the foremen, and hence knew little of them personally, dropped in and asked to have the prize-winner pointed out. Some of them invited the successful young workman to their houses. Oh, how sweet it was! Honor, money, social success, to him the glass-worker, for his own work in art, the first fruit of his dogged devotion to painting. What wonder that it keyed him up!

After thirteen months in Edinburgh he went to London. Every young man in the United Kingdom with a particularly brainy head, and a fine plucky confidence in his ability to hew out his fortunes, drifts to London, just as in America clever young fellows from all parts of the country come to New York.

There in the vast metropolis the young art-student made designs for a manufacturer of stained-glass windows, and also painted portraits. He was getting away from the glass-factory a little, and was taking a stronger hold on art. He was perfectly willing to paint a portrait for eight or ten dollars. He could finish two of them a week.

One night he heard Harry Russell sing some of his emigrant songs. Russell was a concert-singer of those days; he had a sympathetic voice, and sang popular songs. That settled it for young Brown. He would emigrate. He *must* "cross the wide blue sea." And he did. He arrived in New York on his twenty-second birthday, and he has been here ever since. As usual, when he made a change from one place to another, he at once sought for his art instruction in the new field. His three-pound prize, and his portrait-painting at ten dollars a portrait, had not yet enabled him to sink the artisan and be only the artist. So he got employment in a glass-factory, and went to the night-classes of the Academy of Design, then on the southwest corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street. Thomas S. Cummings had charge of these classes at that time.

So far young Brown's career had been very like that of the good young man in the story-books. Now, in the story-books, the good young man, as a rule, marries his employer's daughter. So that though this is always a most beautiful and delightful thing, it does not seem thrillingly novel or original on the part of the hero. Still, this is what J. G. Brown did, some two years after he arrived in America. He married Miss Owens, the daughter of his employer. They went to live in Brooklyn, where Mr. Brown took a studio on Atlantic and Clinton Streets. And after they had been one year married Mr. Owens died, and a year later came the panic of 1857, in which whatever property the Owens family had was lost. Mr. Brown is ever so much better able to endure these hard times, to-day when he is sixty-three, than he was then when he was twenty-six. But he went ahead, with the grit that has always marked him, painting portraits, and about this time he began to paint children, pictures of little boys and girls, with a "story" in them. His fondness for this class of subject brought it about that after a while he was spoken of as "The Child-painter." He is still entitled to this appellation, though his "tough" little newsboys and bootblacks are almost too bold and independent to be styled children. Most of them are little men.

One evening about this time Mr. S. P. Avery, the well-known art-dealer, invited Mr. Brown to his house. To this day the veteran artist recalls that evening as one of the pleasantest happenings in his career. He met a great number of artists, and he saw a house full of fine paintings. Later, Mr. Avery purchased one of Brown's pictures, and this was a great help and encouragement to the young artist.

In 1860, George Boughton, one of the best known of the American artists of a slightly older generation than this, gave up his New York studio to go to Europe for a year. Mr. Brown, then thirty years old, took the studio. Boughton is still in Europe, and Brown is still

in the studio, in the Studio Building, 51 West Tenth street, a tenant of thirty-five years' standing—the oldest in the place.

The next time Brown saw Boughton was thirty years later, when the latter was on a visit to this country, and was the guest of honor at a dinner given to him by the Lotos Club. He sat at Boughton's right, and had asked them not to let Boughton know who he was. He wanted to see if Boughton would recognize in the graybeard of sixty the black-haired fellow of thirty who had taken his studio.



"TOUGH CUSTOMERS." (AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN. BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER. COPYRIGHT, 1893.)

"Do you know who I am?" he asked. Boughton looked at him closely for half a minute. Then he said with decision: "You are John G. Brown." Not bad for Boughton!

About the time that Mr. Brown moved into the Tenth Street Studio Building, he got a little place at Fort Lee where he lived in the summer. This was after he was "The Child-painter." He loved to paint children playing in the bright country sunshine, finding the pure open air with the grass and flowers the best setting for their innocence. At this time John Sherwood, who built the Sherwood Studio Building at the corner of Fifty-seventh street and Sixth avenue, chanced to see some of these pictures of children by Brown, and said to him: "Brown, I like these. Paint me a boy. I 'll give you five hundred dollars for it."

This was a windfall to the young artist, to whom a sum like that still looked imposingly big. Through Mr. Sherwood he got several orders for pictures. Ever since that time Mr. Brown has been painting boys. It is not that he is fonder of little boys than of little girls, but the public seems to like pictures of the former better than of the latter. Possibly this is because little girls are not in the newspaper-selling line and do not black boots—and most of Mr. Brown's boys are shown as doing one or the other. Some of his own children, as well as his wife, have been models for his paintings. He has a family of several children, the youngest of whom is now eleven.

In 1862, Mr. Brown reaped another honor. He was made an Associate Member of the Academy of Design, at whose night-school he had studied nine years before. The following year he was made a full member. In 1887, he was elected President of the American Water Color Society for a term of eight years.

Mr. Brown enjoys painting his roguish bootblacks and newsboys, but although he has become well known for this class of subject, the thing he likes best to paint is something very different from these frolicsome youngsters. He likes painting old people, especially old women. And he likes to picture them in the surroundings of a country home, with all the simple homely objects about them. But when visitors come to his studio, and he shows them these pictures, they look at them, praise them, and then say: "But won't you let us see some of your *boys*, Mr. Brown?" And it is because the public like the boys best that the artist paints them oftener than anything else.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

PORTRAIT OF J. G. BROWN.

In nearly all of these paintings there is a story, or else a note of feeling—something more than the mere ragged boys themselves. Here are two or three bootblacks entirely busied over a canary which has escaped and which they have caught. Here they have stood a box on end, and are trying to teach a small fox-terrier to "stand up" and to "beg." In another, a bigger boy is keeping two smaller ones from fighting. And so on, through an endless variety.

These last two years have been bad ones for art. Art-workers are always the first to suffer

from hard times. Even people who have money to spend feel as if it would look wrong to buy pictures with it when there is so much suffering to be relieved. They don't think long enough to discover that if the artists don't sell their works in hard times artists have to suffer. Mr. Brown, aware of the "dull times" in art, used his brush on larger and more important compositions. One of these was his Academy picture recently, of a crowd of newsboys watching one of their number who is walking on his hands. Another is the "Sidewalk Dance." It is a common scene in New York streets. The newsboys and bootblacks seem to live in the open air most of the time, and so Mr. Brown's pictures of them are nearly always sidewalk scenes. But this canvas deals with little girls chiefly. In a tenement-house region let some organ-grinder sound the loud breezy notes of a waltz, and these tattered little girls suddenly clutch each other and whirl around on the hot pavement with a prim enjoyment that is marked. How in the world these small creatures of seven and eight know how to waltz is something to be explained! But some of them do waltz gracefully and in perfect time, as one may see for himself on any warm spring day. This painting is now on exhibition in Milwaukee.

Mr. Brown does all of his painting in the studio, and he does everything from life. If it is only a bit of orange-peel, a scrap of newspaper, a battered tin can, or what not, it is painted from the actual thing itself. There is a good strong light in his studio, and by increasing the effect in his painting, he makes his pictures look as if they were done out of doors.

He used to make sketches of things out of doors, with notes giving the color effects and positions, and so on, and then work on his paintings from the sketches. But a friend once said to him: "Brown, why don't you paint right from the model? The result is so much more natural." The remark struck Mr. Brown, and now he does everything from a model.

Mr. Brown used to get his models himself. He would seek them at Thirty-third street and Broadway, or around the Fifth Avenue Hotel, or in City Hall Square and Printing House Row. "And it was pretty hard to get them, sometimes," he said. "They naturally knew nothing about posing as models to an artist, and thought I was guying them when I said I would pay them to come and stand still while I painted them. But now, some boys who have served a long time as models for me, but who have got too big to fill the bill any more, are still useful in picking out other boys who can serve the purpose. They know what I want, and never bring me the wrong kind of boy."

These pictures by John G. Brown are so popular, and there is such a sale of them as reproductions, that he has all his paintings copyrighted. He sends two small photographs of the painting, with the title written underneath, to the Librarian of Congress at Washington, and incloses a one-dollar bill. In this way he secures his rightful profits from the sale of the copies. Otherwise anybody who chose might copy one of his works, and keep all the proceeds from its sale. Sometimes Mr. Brown sells a copyright for several hundred dollars.

It seems almost unnecessary, after this account of Mr. Brown's career, to say that he is a hard worker. In one day he will have a sketch of a dozen or more figures entirely drawn in; and as he is very careful in measuring to secure the perspective, this shows what a rapid worker he is with his pencil.

His models come at ten in the morning and stay until three in the afternoon. By half-past three or four his day's work is over; and if you drop into his studio then, you will probably be kindly received, and will discover that he is a big, thickset man, with a genial face, gray beard, and glasses.

In these days of success, this painter of the bright gamins of the New York streets is still simple and genial. He has a warm feeling for a lively boy. "I used to be one myself," he says heartily, with his rich "burry" voice.

Sometimes his models give him not a little trouble by their ignorance of what he desires for his pictures. After he has started painting a boy with hair that frowsily strays over his forehead, the boy appears some morning with his hair cut close to the roots. Or they "dress up" to come for the pose; and instead of being interesting ragged urchins, they are only poorly dressed little boys whom one would hardly care to see either in a picture or out of it. It is no



"DRESS PARADE." (BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER. COPYRIGHT, 1893.)

use to tell them what to do and what not to do. "They forget before they reach the landing on the way out," says Mr. Brown, with a laugh.

It is to be regretted that the early sketches and paintings of John G. Brown were destroyed by fire during his sojourn in London; but he has a number of sketches of children that were made over thirty years ago. One of them, a little girl in a skirt that stands out as if it belonged to the era of crinoline, is the present



"THE PASSING CIRCUS." (BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER. COPYRIGHT, 1883.)

wife of the artist. Those earlier child-pictures are sweeter, but not so strong as those of to-day. The titles that Mr. Brown gives to his paintings are perfectly in keeping with the subjects; and naming pictures is not easy.

"This is one of my models," Mr. Brown said one day to the writer, pointing to a ragged urchin, who looked as if he had walked out of the frame of one of the artist's pictures to take a rest in the armchair in which he was so comfortably curled up. "This is 'Pete.' The little rascal never took a bath in his life. When his hands and feet show in a picture he has to be washed up a little, as they are even too dirty to be picturesque." Pete grinned as if he was pleased with the distinction of being an absolute stranger to the bath. But he probably does wash his face and hands occasionally. His face was bright enough to deserve not to be hidden by dirt.

Mr. Brown is considerate of the boys, and does not make them pose too long at a time. Once he kept a boy for nearly an hour in a rather difficult pose, which he wanted to draw in so that he might go on with the work. Moreover, it was not one that was very tiring. But Mr. Brown was beginning to wonder if the lad could stand it any longer when he heard him carelessly humming a street air. The boy was "all right."



"CLEAR THE TRACK!" (AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN. BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER. COPYRIGHT, 1882.)

Although it is an artist's *work* that the public has to deal with, and his personality should not affect the judgment on this, one way or another, yet, as a matter of fact, interest in the artist creates an added interest in his work. It seems as if one who knows the career of John G. Brown, and the sturdy way in which he has made his own way in the world, must enjoy his bootblacks more than if he were ignorant of the hardy and amiable qualities which exist in him. There is certainly much in that career to admire, and much that deserves praise outside of his ability as an artist.

AUTUMN SONG.

By Frank Walcott Hutt.

A song of the reaping-time,
  Of the feast-days of the year;
A song of the grain and the well-filled wain,
  And the husking-time that 's near.
Here 's hey, for a merry romp
  In the brown old fields and vales!
And ho, for the mead where the cattle feed,
  And ho, for the autumn gales!
A hunt through the tall, dim woods
  For the fruit of the oak and vine;
A peep at the nest of the last redbreast,
  And a call where the chipmunks dine.
A smile in the morning skies,
  And a laugh in the streams that flow,
As they share their joy with the girl and boy
  That to-day may a-rambling go.



"SPEAK!"

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.



"'TO-MORROW YOU MAY BE SAFE UNDER THE AMFRICAN FLAG.'"

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XXIII.

HOW PHILIP PLAYED STOWAWAY.

It was a stubborn fight with fate that went on in the gilded Elysian Palace in the street of St. Honoré in those bright days of a Paris June. An emperor was trying the hard task of ruling his own spirit; a conqueror was set to the bitter struggle of conquering himself. Than this there is no harder task in all the world, whether for boy or emperor.

And, in this fight, allies were not to be depended upon; foes really were friends. For the first would have tempted the overpowered monarch to stand at bay against victorious Europe and distrusting France; the others were determined to drive him from France at all hazards. And, in his case, to go was his only safety; though had he died fighting for his lost crown, history would have given him even greater glory.

Then came the end, when his ministers set themselves up to be his masters; when those he had most richly rewarded became his keenest foes; when France refused to acknowledge as its

ruler a man twice overthrown; when from those to whom he looked for counsel came only lukewarm loyalty, false protestations, or unwelcome truth; when from anger at the unreliable Chamber of Deputies, whom he, like Cromwell, threatened to turn out "neck and heels," he would change to indecision, silence, even timidity, it was plain there was but one thing to do.

He did it. On the twenty-second of June, 1815, Napoleon signed a second abdication, proclaimed his little son, whom Austria had kidnapped, Emperor of the French, and three days later left Paris forever.

He drove to Malmaison, twelve miles from Paris, that beautiful estate, half palace, half villa, which had been the home of the Empress Josephine. Here Napoleon had spent many happy hours in his days of power and prosperity; here Josephine had died while he was at Elba; here the Emperor had planned out his greatest campaigns, his most glorious victories; and here Philip came to him.

Philip could not—he would not—renounce his loyalty, his devotion, his love. There are some natures which are truest when clouds are darkest and when days are most threatening. Such was the nature of Philip Desnouettes.

Such, indeed, were yet many of the people of France: old soldiers who had fought for the Emperor; old friends who had shared alike his pomp and his reverses, men and women who had sent their sons to die for France and the Emperor, and would not admit his weakness even now when fate seemed so set against him; boys who had been brought up to have faith in Napoleon's glory as in the sun, and would not believe there could be such a thing as an eclipse.

So Philip, loyal and hopeful still, followed the Emperor to Malmaison. He had almost had a falling-out with Citizen Daunou, because that stanch old republican had favored the removal of Napoleon and, with Lafayette, had cried for the restoration of the Republic.

Philip cared nothing for a republic. To him, knowing nothing of such a relief from tyranny, a government meant only the Emperor. So here he was, at Malmaison, ready to fight for the Emperor, if need be to die with him or for him, so constant was his loyalty, so deep his affection.

"Get me speech with the Emperor, young Desnouettes," a voice said at his elbow, as he was about to enter the palace; "I have something for his good."

Philip turned about. The speaker was Pierre the inspector of police.

"Is it you, Pierre?" Philip exclaimed; "what have you to say?"

"That is for his ear, yonder, my friend," Pierre replied. "Get me speech with him and quickly. Time presses both for him and me."

"So, my boy! it is you?" Napoleon exclaimed as Philip was ushered into his presence. "Ever faithful, you!" and he embraced the boy warmly.

The Emperor looked worn and oppressed, colorless and sad. Philip was almost startled at the change, but "My faith!" he said to himself; "think what he has gone through! Who would not look badly after such a strain?" And then he burst out with the feelings that were tugging at his heart.

"I had to come, Sire," he cried. "My place is by your side, if you will but permit me. Use me as you will. See; I am ready. I will work for you; I will follow you; I will die for you. Your enemies are afoot. They plot your ruin. Bid me remain by you. I swear to kill the first traitor who dares lay hand upon my sovereign!"

Napoleon's eyes filled with tears as he listened to the excited boy's pledges of devotion. His listlessness gave way to interest.

"Brave boy!" he said. "Were there others like you I might yet save France! But no. They are all the slaves of the allies — those sovereigns of Europe whom once I spared, and who now dishonor themselves in persecuting me. Imbeciles! they would give me up to-day to save France — so they say; to-morrow they will give up France to save their own precious heads. I alone could retrieve all."

Philip fired with enthusiasm. "You can, Sire. You will. Your army is gathering almost within call. It will rally around you. In your soldiers yet remain patriotism and the hope of glory. They are for France and the Emperor. With you to lead them, nothing is to be despaired of."

The Emperor reflected. He was a sick man.



PHILIP BECOMES A STOWAWAY. (SEE PAGE 988.)

Already action was becoming a task. "A divided nation and all Europe to face?" he said. "It is too desperate a chance. I dare not plunge France again into war. And yet — we must think of it carefully, my Philip."

Then Philip remembered that Pierre was waiting. He communicated the young inspector's request.

"What!—he who is one day to be Minister of Police?" said the Emperor with a smile. "Bid him enter."

Pierre came speedily.

"At great risk I am come, Sire," he said, "for things are not going your way at headquarters. But while a chance remains to aid him who gave me my step, I seize it. I bring

you word from friends. I am charged with an offer for safety. See; at Havre waits an American merchant-vessel; her captain stays for you in Paris. Horses are ready. Everything is prepared. At your orders the captain will sail. To-morrow you may be at sea, safe under the American flag, secure from enemies, free to go wherever you choose. Sire, will you accept?"

Napoleon sat silent, then he said: "You are a clever one, Monsieur the Inspector. And you will swear to me this is not a blind — a plot? I thank you and my friends. It might be well. I could go to America — get some land — be a farmer — end my days in peace. Or, if the land of Washington rejects me, I could go to Mexico; I could lead the Independents there; perhaps found a new Empire of the West. But no," he said, shaking his head; "flight I disdain. It is not for me to skulk in secret from my foes. I have no fear. It is the duty of France to protect me."

Philip, too, was in doubt. He could not bear to think of his hero flying secretly from France. To him, indeed, France without Napoleon was as day without the sun.

"But, Sire," said Pierre, "reflect! the allies are marching on Paris. They will surround Malmaison. Blücher swears your destruction. At any moment his cavalry may cross the Seine, capture you, and carry you off. Listen! do you hear that? It is the sound of the Prussian cannon." As he spoke the distant boom of cannon fell upon their ears. The enemy was, indeed, at Compiègne.

The guns of his foemen acted like a tonic upon the Emperor. His indecision flamed into action. "The enemy at Compiègne? he cried. "To-morrow he may be in Paris! It is time to act. Those people at Paris are fools and traitors. Boys; there are a hundred thousand of my soldiers behind the Loire. At their head I can conquer. Here, Philip; write! And you, Monsieur the Inspector, deliver the message I would send at once to those waverers at Paris. I may yet save France."

At the Emperor's dictation Philip wrote rapidly to the provisional government at Paris:

In abdicating power I have not renounced the noblest right of the citizen — the right of defending his country. The enemy's approach to the capital no longer leaves the least doubt as to their intentions or their bad faith. In these grave circumstances I offer my services as general. I ask to serve France for the last time, and I swear to save her.

"There, Monsieur the Inspector," said Napoleon, signing the note, "give this to Caulaincourt. He is my faithful friend. It need not compromise you. Assure him that when the enemy is driven from France I will myself retire. Go."

"And the American vessel, Sire?" queried Pierre.

"It must sail without me. Now it is for us to save France."

Philip caught the Emperor's flash of enthusiasm. He hurried Pierre from the palace.

"But it is to no purpose, my Philip," the inspector said. "Fouché and those others at Paris will listen to no such splendid scheme. Above all else, they wish to get the Emperor away, and to make their peace with the Bourbons. They fear Napoleon, and, now that they have him down, will keep him down. He should have accepted my offer."

Napoleon was pacing his room when Philip returned; he was issuing orders with his old-time energy. So sure was he of the call from Paris, so filled was he with the idea of action and leadership again, that he dressed in his famous chasseur uniform, called his aides about him, had his horses saddled and in readiness to mount, and waited anxiously for the summons.

He paced the room restlessly. "Why does no answer come?" he cried. "Perhaps Caulaincourt could not arrange it. Captain Desnouettes, go you. Take one of the horses — hasten to Paris. See Caulaincourt — Fouché — any one. Tell them I am ready; arrange for my coming."

Philip caught the spirit of his master. He was soon riding in haste to Paris. The first official he encountered at the Tuileries was Davout, Minister of War — Davout, whom Napoleon had raised from a lieutenancy to be Marshal, Duke, and Prince of the Empire.

To him Philip told the Emperor's desire. The "butcher of Hamburg," as the Prussians called Davout, fumed with rage.

"You are fools — you and your Emperor!" he cried. "Tell Bonaparte to get out. We do

not want him. We have had far too much of him. We can neither fight nor negotiate while he remains. If he thinks he can be chief and master again, he is mightily mistaken. Tell him to get out, and speedily, or I will have him arrested, even if I have to grab him by the collar myself!"

Philip was almost speechless at such brutal and vindictive words from one of Napoleon's old-time friends and followers. Then he assumed his most dignified bearing.

"Monsieur the Marshal," he said, "I have too much respect for the Emperor and for you to carry such a message."

The War Minister turned on him savagely. "Who are you, boy?" he said. "What are you? An officer of France. I am your superior. Get you to the station at Fontainebleau straight, and there await my orders."

"Sir," said plucky Philip, "I take no orders from any one save my master the Emperor. I, at least, will not desert the man to whom others, even more his debtors, deny their oath of loyalty."

"Puppy!" the enraged marshal cried. "Do you brave me? I will punish you for this!"

"You shall not! I will give you no chance," Philip returned, quite as hotly. "I resign my commission as captain in the army. I notify you of this, Monsieur the Marshal. Henceforth I obey only my honor."

Then, turning, he sprang to his horse and rode to Malmaison, leaving the War Minister fuming with rage. And thus Philip threw away his commission.

"What?" cried Napoleon, when, as Philip returned to Malmaison, he read failure in the young man's face. "They do not refuse, do they?"

"They do, Sire," Philip replied, and told of his reception.

At first Napoleon blazed out in wrath. "Arrest me? Me? Davout?" he cried. Then the reaction came. He flung off his uniform; he sank into a chair. "Well, let them come," he said resignedly. "I am ready, if necessary, to lay my head on the block. I will be a sacrifice for France."

Again he sank into lethargy. Again Philip, alarmed for the Emperor's safety, dashed out for news. He feared Davout might carry out his threat. But he learned of events even more serious.

"The enemy have surrounded Paris," he reported. "They have almost flanked Malmaison. Blücher swears to take you prisoner, and hang you in the sight of the invading armies. It is either fight here, or fly at once. Sire, which shall it be? We can defend you — we will — to the death! But it would be your death, too, for we could not long hold Malmaison against the enemy. Say but the word, though, and here we are, ready to shout, 'For France and the Emperor!' and die defending you."

Again Napoleon started to his feet. He drew his sword. "Let us defend ourselves, my friends," he cried. "Let us die for France. Alas!" he said, changing from energy to sadness, "it is of no avail. It would be but a useless sacrifice. The people at Paris have no patriotism. They have no energy. All is over. Let us go into exile."

Swiftly the orders were given. The Emperor assumed citizen's dress. He said good-by to his mother, his brothers, his household, little thinking he would never see them again. And that same evening two carriages drove from Malmaison, carrying Napoleon and his few personal friends to the sea-coast, where, it was said, a French frigate waited at Rochefort, to carry the discrowned Emperor to a place of safety.

Philip rode on the coachman's box, as in his palmy days of pagedom. He would not desert his hero.

The journey into exile was full of exciting adventures. Wherever he was recognized Napoleon was greeted with the hail that had ever been to him both incense and inspiration, "Long live the Emperor!" His exile was almost a triumph. Philip felt that if the Emperor would only rally his friends around him and make a stand, the return from Elba might be repeated. But it was too late. The old fire smoldered; its flaming up was only momentary. He still hoped against hope for a recall to Paris.

At last he reached Rochefort. He had delayed too long. Escape was impossible. The harbor was blockaded by the English fleet.

Then Napoleon, ever ready with devices, and quick with surprises, outdid himself in surprising. "I will board one of the English vessels," he said. "I will throw myself on the hospitality of England. General Gourgaud, you and Captain Desnouettes shall go to London for me. I will send a request to the Prince Regent."

Protests were unavailing. Napoleon had made up his mind. And then it was that he wrote to the Prince Regent of England the famous letter which Lamartine called "the appeal of a great soul struggling with the extremities of fate":

ROYAL HIGHNESS: A victim to the factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the great powers of Europe, I have ended my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to sit down beside the hearths of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies. NAPOLEON.

This was the letter which, accompanying General Gourgaud, Philip bore to London. The boy was well-nigh dazed with this unexpected decision of the badgered Emperor. The two officers sailed on a small vessel, which the English permitted to pass their blockade, and were soon in London.

Then Napoleon, bidding adieu to France,— to France which had once exulted in him, and now cast him out,— went on board the English frigate "Bellerophon," a guest, and not a prisoner, and sailed for England.

But England feared its dethroned rival too greatly to be magnanimous; it feared him too much to be hospitable. The ministers of the Prince Regent refused Napoleon's request. They had "the Corsican ogre" at last in their power. They would punish and imprison him.

So Philip's mission proved a failure; and when by the side of brave General Gourgaud, he rode into Plymouth, he felt that there was now neither safety, salvation, nor the hope of rescue for his Emperor. Already he knew the decree had gone forth that consigned the most marvelous man of modern times, the conqueror of Europe, the terror of England, to a lifelong captivity at St. Helena — that prison-rock across five thousand miles of sea.

Napoleon was transferred to the frigate "Northumberland." His protest was recorded: He wrote:

I am not the prisoner, I am the guest of England. . . I appeal to history. It will say that an enemy, who for twenty years had fought the English people, went of his own accord, in the hour of misfortune, to seek an asylum under the protection of their laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and confidence? But how did England reply? It pretended to hold out a hospitable hand to its enemy; and when he had taken it, with confidence, England immolated him.

The Emperor's protest was of no avail. England was determined. Napoleon must go.

The farewells were said with all the accompaniment of tears and embraces that are a part of the impulsive French nature. "Farewell, my friends," said the Emperor. "Be happy. My thoughts will never leave you nor any of those who have served me. Tell France that I pray for her."

But where was Philip? Included among those who had been permitted to come on board the Northumberland to say good-by to Napoleon, he had no sooner felt the warm embrace of the Emperor than he had disappeared.

Half crazed with the defeat of all his high hopes; unable, yet, to feel that his Emperor's "star" had set; cast down by the refusal of the English to let him accompany his master into exile; tenderly commanded by Napoleon to go back to his sister and his home in Paris, Philip had taken a sudden and desperate resolve.

What were sister and home to him if this man he had so long served, reverenced, and followed was to be consigned to so monstrous a fate? He would go with the Emperor. They should not drive him away.

In the confusion of farewells and departure, while the calm, dignified, and imperial figure of the vanquished conqueror was the center of all eyes, Philip had slipped from sight.

Diving down into the hold of the great frigate, swiftly and unobserved, the boy hid himself among the orderly array of stores for the voyage that filled the vessel's hold. Good luck — the usual "Philip's luck"—favored his choice of a hiding-place. He had blundered upon a "snuggery" flanked on one side with chests of sea-biscuit and on the other by casks of water.

"Now, let them find me if they can!" Philip said. "Good-by, France."

Philip, still with the Emperor, was bound for St. Helena as a stowaway.

At least, that was his intention. But as with the Emperor, so with Philip. His "luck" had changed. When but a few hours at sea a prying seaman—"Bah! that imbecile!" Philip always said in parenthesis when he was telling this story, "what business had he to blunder upon my retreat?"—had discovered the stowaway, ignominiously dragged him from his hiding-place and marched him, like a criminal, before the officer of the deck.

There was scant time for explanations. A Dutch hoy was passing within hail and the next instant, as it seemed to Philip, he was unceremoniously flung over the side despite his frantic protest and his impassioned appeals to say farewell to his Emperor.

"But I did get one last glimpse of him in spite of those perfidious English and those pigs of Dutchmen," Philip said, in reciting his adventures. "It was after I had been tumbled neck and heels into the Dutch hoy. We were just casting off from the big Northumberland frigate. I lifted my eyes in despair. Just then my Emperor came on deck. In the distance the headland of Cape La Hogue rose dimly through the mist. The Emperor recognized the shore; he knew it was his last look at France. He stretched out both hands toward that misty coast-line as if in farewell. Oh, Mademoiselle, my sister, shall I ever forget that look, shall I ever lose the sound of that voice I loved so well! I could hear him plainly as he cried, 'Adieu, land of heroes! Adieu, dear France! A few less traitors and you would be mistress of the world!' Alas! it was my last sight of his face, my last hearing of his voice. For even as I would have cried out my farewell, those pigs of Dutchmen hustled me below, and my Emperor was gone from me forever!"

With this last glimpse of the Emperor, our story of Philip Desnouettes comes to an end. His later adventures are full of interest, but they have no bearing upon the great historic character with whom thus far his boy-life had been so closely associated.

When "the White Terror," that fanatic revenge of the royalists, ran its short career of proscription and death in France, Philip and his sister, with Citizen Daunou, fled to America. There they joined certain of their exiled compatriots in founding in Texas one of those French refugee communities known as the "City of Refuge." One after another, these attempts in the New World at military republics sacred to Napoleon failed of success, and Philip and his sister drifted first to New Orleans and



"'I WILL PUNISH YOU FOR THIS!' THE ENRAGED MARSHAL CRIED."

then to Philadelphia. Citizen Daunou returned to France; Mademoiselle married one of the many friends she had met and made in the Crescent City, and lived and died a lady of New Orleans.

Pierre the Inspector became a royalist, and wore the white cockade, not from patriotism but from policy. "He who turns his coat has still a coat to wear," was his philosophic conclusion, in spite of Philip's indignant protests. And Babette—she too accepted the inevitable; and when Pierre rose to high honors, and became—not the Minister of Police as the Emperor prophesied, but chief and prefect—what do you think? He married Babette, and they were both of them loyal to the White Cockade of the Bourbons until the tricolor came in once more with the third Napoleon.

As for Philip, he became a merchant of Philadelphia; he changed his unhandy French name, "Desnouettes," which baffled everyone, into its Yankee equivalent, "Tyler"; he married an American girl, and lived a loyal and devoted citizen of his adopted country.

But, though he learned to look at things differently as he grew older, he never forgot his Emperor. Good American citizen though he became, the stirring experiences of his youth, when he was a lively young page of the palace in the days of the splendid First Empire, were never forgotten by him.

In a small room in his big Philadelphia home, Philip kept what he called his sanctuary. In the center stood a bronze bust of Napoleon, draped with the tricolor, and surrounded with trophies of the days that were gone—not the least interesting of these trophies being the green-and-crimson suit of a Page of the Palace, and the light-blue uniform of a Lieutenant of Ordonnance.

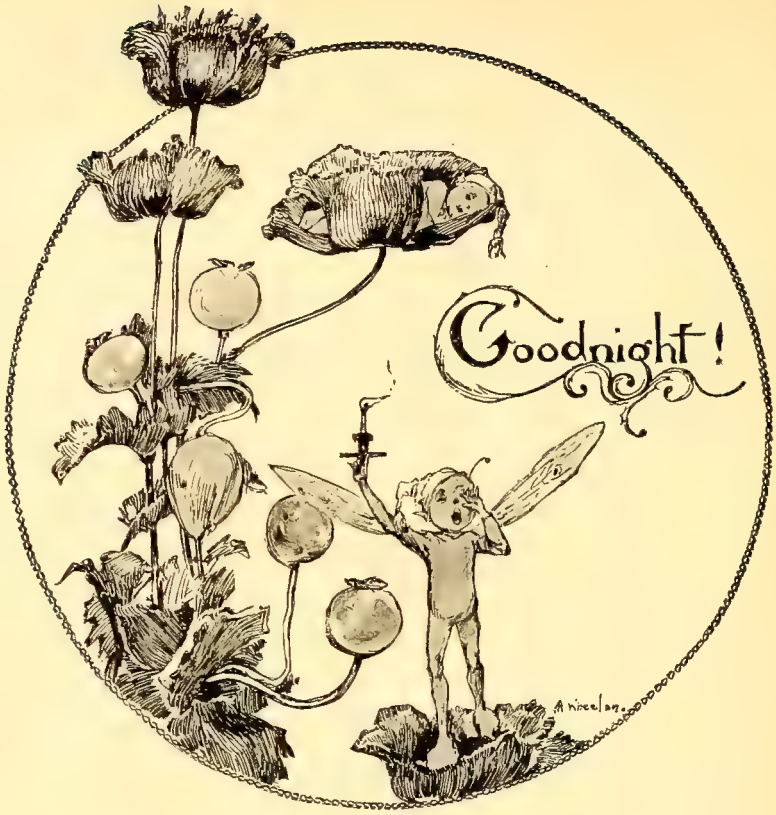
Philip mourned the death of Napoleon, and treasured for years an unquenchable hatred against "perfidious Albion," as he persisted in calling the great English nation which he declared to be "his Emperor's murderer."

Though his preference was for a republic, he still did not conceal his joy when, by a questionable method, in the middle year of the century, the Bonapartist power came again to France.

"It is but retribution," he said; and old memories came crowding upon his mind when at the head of the Second Empire reigned, as Napoleon the Third, the brother to that same bright little fellow for whom, in days long gone, Philip had danced "zig-zag" on that never-forgotten June morning when, beneath the chestnuts of St. Cloud, the ragged boy of the Street of the Washerwomen first met "Uncle Bibiche."



THE END.



AN ANCIENT TABLE.

By Zitella Cocke.

"I HAVE a table,"
Said Arthur to Mabel,
"Three thousand years old;
And though it has stood
So long, 't is as good
As the finest of gold!"

"O, Arthur, your table,
I fear, is a fable,
And you are its knight.
Of course it is round,
But where was it found?
Now tell,—honor bright!"

"'T was found, they say, Mabel,
In the great tower of Babel;
And learned folk say
That wise old Hindoos
This table could use
Before Egypt's day!"

"Why, Arthur," said Mabel,
"Do show us this table
That 's older than Egypt—as old
as creation!"

"My table is square,
Not round:—to be fair,
But why should I show
What all the girls know,—
This very old table, called
Multiplication?"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

By Brander Matthews.

The Lowells hold an honored place in the local history of New England. One member of the family introduced cotton-spinning into the United States; and for him the town of Lowell is named. Another left money to found in Boston the course of lectures known as the Lowell Institute. The most famous of them all was James Russell Lowell, born in 1819, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on February 22, also the birthday of the most distinguished of all Americans.

The father of James Russell Lowell was a Boston clergyman of high character and fine training; and his mother, who was descended from an Orkney family, had an ardent appreciation of poetry and romance, which she was able to transmit to her children. The boy grew to manhood in Cambridge, then little more than a straggling village.

At the age of eight or nine he was sent as a day-scholar to a boarding-school in Cambridge, where the boys were made to work hard. To the training and to the instruction received at this school Lowell owed much in after life. It happens that two or three of the letters he wrote then to a brother away from home have been kept, and they show that he was already fond of books, often thinking about them, and always glad to get them. In one letter written before he was ten, he tells his brother that their mother has just given him the three volumes of Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," and he declares, "I have got quite a library."

At the age of fifteen he entered Harvard. This was in 1834, and in 1836 Longfellow came to the college to teach literature, succeeding Ticknor, as Lowell was to succeed Longfellow a score of years later. At Harvard, Lowell was not a diligent student; he liked better to read what interested him than to master the tasks set for him in the college books. Spenser was already a favorite poet of his, and he seems early to have entered on the study of Dante, which was to be a life-long pleasure to him. He began to rhyme for himself, and in his junior year he wrote the anniversary poem. He was made editor of the college magazine in his senior year. He seems to have been popular with his classmates, and he was chosen to write the class poem. But he had so neglected certain of the prescribed studies of the college, that he was suspended for several months; and as the term of suspension extended over class-day, he was not able himself to deliver the poem he had written. He had it printed for his companions, although he held it in too slight esteem ever to include it among the poems which he published in later years.

After his graduation he thought of entering the Divinity School; but he decided at last to study law. Although he was on the very verge of giving it up twenty times, he persevered, and received his degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1840. He opened an office in Boston, but it is doubtful whether he ever had even that "First Client" whom he was afterward to describe in a humorous sketch. Not liking the law as a means of livelihood, he finally abandoned it, as Holmes had done only a few years earlier.

Lowell had become engaged to Miss Maria White, who greatly influenced his life. In 1841 came the publication of a volume of poems, some of which had been printed already in the magazines, while others were hasty and crude rhymes which he kept out of later editions of his poems—just as Whittier rejected his own early verses. Lowell was barely twenty-two when his book appeared; but there was more than one poem in it which gave high promise of his future. In addition to his ability, he had a deep love for letters; and this it was which led him, a year later, to start a monthly magazine. But the magazine soon came to an end, leaving its proprietors in debt.

Until he met Miss White, Lowell's interests and his ambitions were almost wholly literary. Under her influence he came to have a strong sympathy for the slaves. He swiftly saw that in real life there were causes to be fought far better worth the struggle than any mere craving for personal fame. His love for letters never lessened, but it was linked thereafter to the love for human freedom. He was married at last in 1844, in which year he brought out a revised edition of his poems. A few months later he gathered from the magazines certain prose criticisms, chiefly about the older English poets — criticisms which he thought so lightly of in later years that he did not allow them to be included in his collected works. And about this time he was a frequent contributor to the Philadelphia *Freeman*, the anti-slavery journal formerly edited by Whittier.

Settled at Cambridge, in "Elmwood" (the house where he had been born), happily married, supporting himself by his writings, and enlisted in the service of a cause which he had taken to heart, Lowell undertook to contribute every week, either in prose or in verse, to one of the ablest of the anti-slavery journals; and he kept this agreement for nearly four years — from 1846 to 1850. These were four years of unrest and excitement throughout the world, and here in the United States the discussion over slavery became more and more serious. The slaveholders were aggressive, and the abolitionists were striving hard to arouse the conscience of the nation against the buying and selling of human beings.

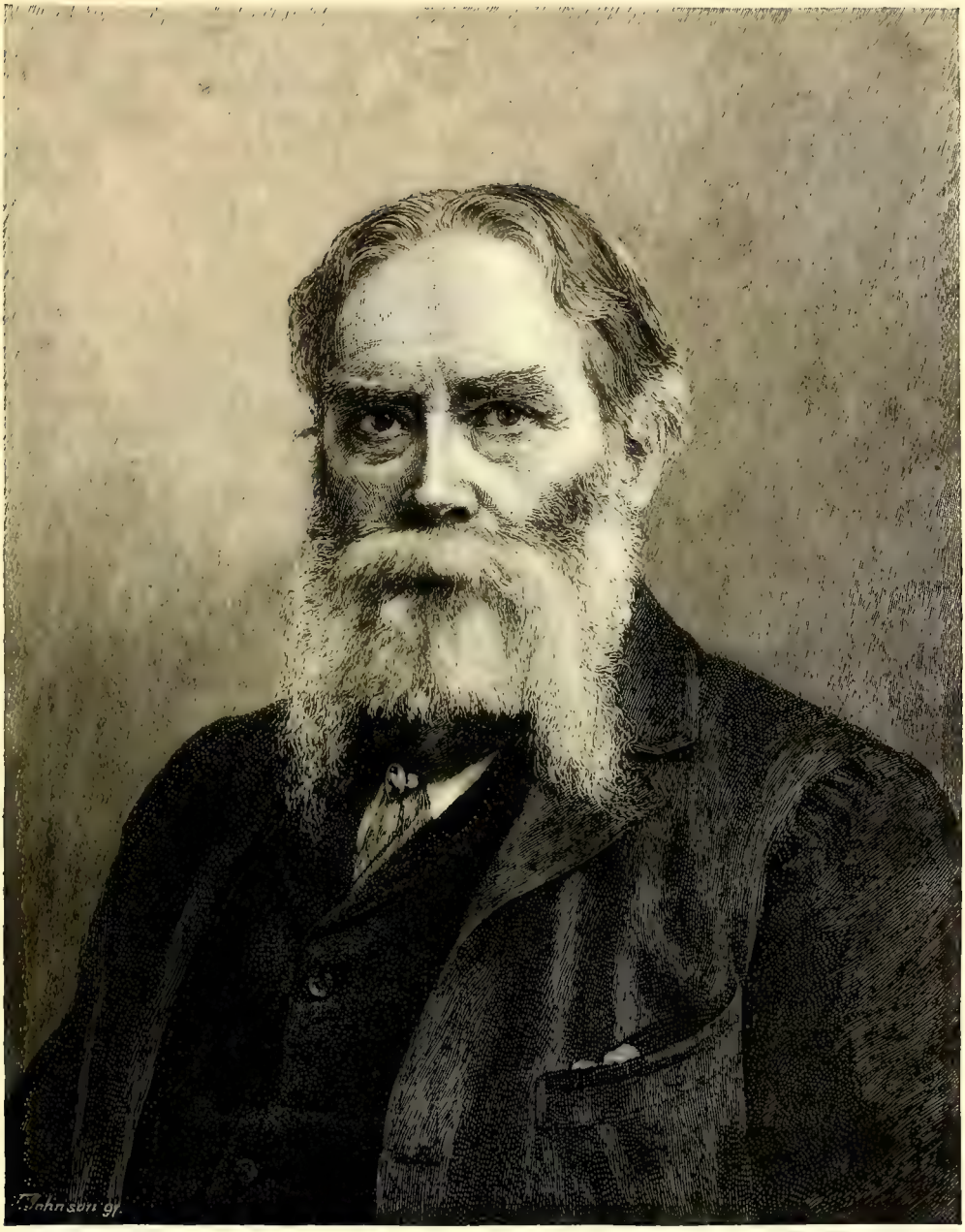
Chiefly to gain an increase of territory for the spread of slavery, this country became involved in a war with Mexico over the admission of Texas. Although it is easy enough now to see that we needed the new lands we were to gain by force of arms, and that without them the proper growth of the United States was not possible, it was hard to foresee this then. What was plain at that time was that both the motives and the methods of those who were urging us into the Mexican War were alike unworthy. This is what Lowell discerned with his usual keenness; and no one attacked those responsible for the Mexican War more sharply than he, or more effectively.

The famous "Biglow Papers" were written in verse and in the homely dialect of the New England farmer. With pungent humor, and in stanzas that had a sharp flavor of the soil, Hosea Biglow made fun of the attempts to rouse his fellow-citizens to military fervor. His stinging lines, which scorched themselves into the memory, were accompanied by the prose comments of Parson Wilbur, who represented the other side of the New England character. While the clergyman was glad to air his culture and his learning, he served admirably to set off the simple frankness of the Yankee youth. That the lyrics of Hosea should linger in the ears of those who heard them, Lowell took care to give to each a swinging rhythm, and often also a catching refrain. When at last the scattered "Biglow Papers" were collected into a volume in 1848, the author, just to show that the New England dialect could be used for other things than satire, added to the book a Yankee idyl, "The Courtin'," one of the most charming and natural love-episodes in all English poetry.

The poem is a favorite with American youth, and is frequently recited in schools. Perhaps these two stanzas are especial favorites:

> Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
> An' peeked in thru' the winder,
> An' there sot Huldy all alone,
> 'Ith no one nigh to hender.
> . . .
> He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
> Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
> His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
> But hern went pity Zekle.

While he was writing the "Biglow Papers" one after another, Lowell was also at work on a satire of a very different kind — "The Fable for Critics," which also was published in 1848. It was a review in verse of the state of American literature at the end of the first half of the nineteenth century. It contained a gallery of portraits of the American authors then well known and in every portrait the striking features of the original were seized with swift insight and with sharp vigor. The spirited lines of the poem are as readable now as when they were first written, with their scattering fire of verbal jokes, of ingenious rhymes, and of per-



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH BROS.



sonal witticisms. As the "Biglow Papers" is the finest political satire yet written in the United States, so "A Fable for Critics" is the clearest and most truthful literary satire.

Nor did these two satires withdraw him wholly from the higher poetry on which his heart was set; and in this same year, 1848, he sent forth also "The Vision of Sir Launfal," his first attempt at telling a story in verse. Perhaps it is the best of all his serious poems — loftiest in conception and most careful in execution. His habit then, as always, was to brood over the subject he wished to treat in verse, to fill himself with it, and finally to write it out at a single sitting if possible. He rarely rewrote, and his verse lacked finish and polish, though it never wanted force. It was at this time that he told Longfellow he meant to give up poetry because he could "not write slowly enough."

His poetry also suffered from another failing of his. He was not content to set forth beauty only, and to let the reader discover a moral for himself. Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell all insisted too much at times on the lesson of the song. And Lowell knew his own defect, and wrote later in life, "I shall never be a poet till I get out of the pulpit, and New England was all meeting-house when I was growing up." And, in the "Fable for Critics" (which was published without his own name as author, and in which he thought it best to include himself among the poets satirized), he thus judges his own efforts:

> There is Lowell, who 's striving Parnassus to climb —
> With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme;
> He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
> But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders;
> The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching,
> Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;
> His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
> But he 'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
> And rattle away till he 's old as Methusalem,
> At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem.

But while these years were bringing to Lowell success as a poet, the health of his wife was slowly fading. For her sake they went to Europe in 1851, returning the following year. In spite of all that could be done for her, she died in October, 1853.

In the fall of 1854 Lowell delivered a series of lectures on the English poets. These addresses, given at Lowell Institute in Boston, showed all the richness and strength of his culture, and displayed the full power of his critical faculty. They proved that he was the American critic who had at once the keenest insight and the widest knowledge. Almost immediately afterward the professorship of modern languages at Harvard was offered to Lowell, Longfellow having resigned it. He accepted the honorable position, and was allowed two years' leave of absence, to spend in Europe in study. It was in the spring of 1857 that Lowell became a professor of Harvard — just ten years after Dr. Holmes had joined the faculty of the same college.

With Dr. Holmes he was soon brought into closer contact. A new American magazine was planned, to contain writings more particularly from the New England group of writers; and the editorship was offered to Lowell. He accepted on condition that Dr. Holmes would promise to contribute; and, therefore, when the first number of the *Atlantic* appeared in 1857, it contained the opening paper of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." For four years Lowell edited this magazine, toiling faithfully, writing abundantly himself, generally on political subjects, and encouraging new writers of ability. After he resigned the editorship of the *Atlantic* he became for a while one of the conductors of the *North American Review*. Under the title of "Fireside Travels," he published, in 1864, a volume of his prose papers, collected chiefly from the magazines.

But long before this peaceful prose appeared, Lowell had been moved again to express in verse his feelings and his thoughts on the times. Hosea Biglow had spoken out strongly during the Mexican War; and it was the Civil War which aroused him once more. Love of country was the core of Lowell's character; and the outbreak of the rebellion stirred his nature to its depths. The second series of the "Biglow Papers," written at intervals during the war, met with even wider popular approval than the first series; and certainly the stinging stanzas of "Jonathan to John" are unsurpassed in all English satire. When this second series of the

"Biglow Papers" were collected into a volume in 1866, Lowell wrote for it a consideration of the past, the present, and the future of the English language in America — a paper which had scholarship equal to its humor, and a sweetness of temper equal to both — a paper to be read by all who want to understand how it is that we Americans own a full half of the English language.

In 1869 Lowell made a collection of his essays in criticism. The year after, another volume appeared, called "My Study Windows," and a few years later came yet another, the second series of "Among my Books."

As these volumes proved, Lowell was the greatest of all American critics of literature. He had knowledge and wisdom, culture and sagacity. His writing has the leisurely fullness of the scholar, and the sharp thrust of the wit. The gift of the wingèd phrase was his,



"ELMWOOD," JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE.

graver verse, "Under the Willows," in which he included his more serious poems of the war. Among them were the thrilling lines of "The Washers of the Shroud," and the noble and lofty ode recited at the Harvard Commemoration of those of her students who had fallen in battle for the right — the ode in which the poet set forth in imperishable phrase the true character of Abraham Lincoln. And in this same year Lowell also put forth the longest of his single poems, "The Cathedral."

From the many critical papers he had written, chiefly for the periodicals he had edited, and often founded on courses of college lectures, Lowell made a first choice in 1870, and published "Among my Books," a volume of prose and no man of our time could better pack truth into a single sentence. He had, also, the wide and deep acquaintance with literature which is the best foundation of learning.

He had enjoyed heartily his own frequent reading of the works of the great authors he wrote about, and he was able to convey some of this enjoyment to his own readers, and to explain to them the reasons for his liking. His favorite of all was the mighty Florentine poet, Dante, whom Lowell steadily studied from early life. Indeed, the advice he gave to young men seeking culture was to find the great writer whom they most appreciated, and to give themselves to the constant perusal of this great writer, growing up to him slowly, and dis-

covering gradually that to understand him adequately would force them sooner or later to learn many of the things best worth learning.

At the time of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the chief events of the Revolution, Lowell was the poet to whom the American people turned to have their thoughts and their sentiments voiced for them in verse; and Lowell delivered an ode at the centenary of the fight at Concord Bridge, and another at the centenary of Washington's taking command of the American army at Cambridge, just before the siege of Boston, and a third on the Fourth of July, 1876. In the same year these "Three Memorial Poems" were published together in a single volume.

The next year he was called to the service of the country whose foundation he had been celebrating in song. He was sent in 1877 as American minister to Spain, where another man of letters, Washington Irving, had preceded him half a century before. In 1880 he was transferred from Madrid to London. No American minister ever made himself more welcome among a foreign people than Lowell was among the British. And his popularity was not due to any attempts to please their prejudices; Lowell never gave up any of his Americanism — rather on occasion did he affirm it. Nowhere more plainly than in England was Lowell's Americanism seen to be ingrained. With him patriotism was almost a passion. In sending him to Great Britain the United States put its best foot forward, and our kin across the sea were quick to understand the opportunity offered to them; and by their request Lowell delivered in England many public addresses — formal orations some of them, while others were but off-hand speeches after dinner. But whatever the occasion, Lowell was equal to it.

He remained in England three years, and upon his home-coming, Dr. Holmes greeted him with a set of verses, including these lines:

> By what enchantments, what alluring arts,
> Our truthful James led captive British hearts,—
> Whether his shrewdness made their statesmen halt,
> Or if his learning found their dons at fault,
> Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,
> Or if his wit flung sawdust in their eyes,—
> Like honest Yankees we can simply guess;
> But that he did it, all must needs confess.
> England herself without a blush may claim
> Her only conqueror since the Norman came.

After his return to his native land, Lowell revised the most important of the many addresses he had delivered in England; and in 1886 he published them in a volume entitled "Democracy." Here at home Lowell never hesitated to point out the shortcomings of his countrymen, their errors and their blunders; but when he was abroad it was on their merits only that he was willing to dwell.

He delivered a notable speech on the "Independent in Politics," and this address was included in a volume of "Political Essays," published in 1889.

In the same year appeared also his last volume of poetry, "Heartsease and Rue." In verse as in prose, Lowell often worked too hastily for perfection of finish. The "Biglow Papers" have a tunefulness and a rhythmic swing lacking to most of his more serious poems. Some of these later verses have lightness and ease; and they have also their share of the humorous shrewdness and the witty pith for which the "Biglow Papers" are not surpassed in all English literature.

As Lowell drew near to the allotted limit of three-score years and ten, he was everywhere recognized as one of the foremost citizens of the republic, a type of the character most needed in American public life — the man of broad culture, having a solid understanding of his fellow-man, and a deep love of his country. Probably the later years of his life were made pleasant by this atmosphere of appreciation; but at last his health failed, and he died on August 12, 1891, being then seventy-two years old.

Of the New England group of American authors, of which Lowell was the youngest (although both Whittier and Holmes survived him), all except Hawthorne were poets; and the fame of Longfellow and Whittier may be said to be due wholly to their poetry. Lowell, like Emerson, was a poet also, but his work in prose was at least equal in value to his work in verse. He was the one great literary critic of the group, as Hawthorne was the one great story-teller.



SHADOWS FROM THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

BAYARD.

By James Baldwin.

Above the door of a small country inn near the village of St. Renaud, in southern France, there hangs a quaint old signboard, dingy with age and battered with the storms of many winters. The paint upon it, which was doubtless of the brightest colors when first laid on, has been almost entirely worn away, yet enough remains to reveal the figure of a long-backed charger, with flowing mane and tail, astride of whom are four doughty knights, fully armed. The legend beneath the picture is very indistinct, but if one has good eyes and a lively imagination, he may make out the three words, *Quatre Fils Aymon*. If the keeper of the inn should see you examining his signboard, he will give you no peace until he has told you its meaning and history. "That sign," he will say, "has hung above this door for hundreds of years — for a thousand years, for all anybody knows. It was there when my grandfather's grandfather kept the inn, in the days of Louis the Great; and I have heard it said that it was an old sign even then. The great Louis himself once stopped in the middle of the road there, to admire it, while my ancestor fetched him a cup of cold water."

And then he will make you sit down on the bench beside the door and listen to this story:

In the days of Charlemagne there lived for a time in the forest of Ardennes a rebel chieftain, Aymon the Duke of Dordon, with his four sons, Richard, Adelhart, Guichard, and Reinold. At one time the duke had stood high in the favor of the king, and had held from him many castles and great estates. Indeed, it had not been long since he was able to muster ten thousand fighting men under his own banner, and there were few names in all France that were feared more than his. But he was proud and selfish, and cruel not only to his enemies but to his dependents. The noblemen who supported him could not endure his tyranny, and, one by one, they attached themselves to other leaders. One by one, also, his castles, with the broad lands surrounding them, became the property of his rivals. Finally he rebelled against the king, and became an outlaw, hiding in the forest and with a small band of desperate men making unexpected forays into the neighboring villages.

It was in vain that rewards were offered for his capture; in vain that the king's soldiers continually patrolled the country in search of him. He always appeared where he was least expected. If he was seen one day in the direction of Liége, the next day he would be hovering about Châlons, a hundred miles away. So swiftly, indeed, did he pass from one place to another, and so skilful was he in evading his enemies, that no one could account for it until it was discovered that he rode a fairy horse, that was gifted with the speed of lightning and the wisdom of a man. The name of this horse was "Bayard"; and those who had seen him declared that in beauty and strength and swiftness he had not his equal in all the world. With Aymon, also, was a cunning dwarf, named Malagis, who was skilled in the power of magic, and who advised him with reference to all his enterprises. It was believed that if either the horse or the dwarf could be captured, it would not be hard to bring the rebellious outlaw to terms.

A blacksmith who had a smithy in a cavern among the mountains, and who was himself somewhat of a magician, contrived one night, by disguising himself as the duke's old groom, to steal the horse from the stable which the outlaws had built for him in the forest. Having muffled Bayard's feet in leathern bags half filled with feathers, he led him out of the wood, and then mounting him, rode with all speed to his smithy. He had little trouble in leading the horse into the cavern, and in placing him

in a well-hidden nook at the rear. Then he piled his forge with fuel, and, plying his bellows with all his might, he soon had the smithy so full of smoke that the sharpest eyes could not have seen the spot where Bayard stood.

When Aymon went out in the morning to saddle his good steed for another foray, he was astonished to find the stable empty. He called, "Bayard! Bayard!" but there was no response. He fancied that some one in the forest was mocking him, and he sat down on a stone and bewailed his hard fortune. He was tired of the long contest he had waged with the king, and he felt ready to give himself up and suffer whatever punishment might be imposed. While he was thus grieving and pondering, some one at his elbow pronounced his name, and looking around, he saw the ugly visage of Malagis the magician.

"What is the matter, my lord?" asked the dwarf.

"Matter enough," answered Aymon. "They have gotten Bayard at last, and now there is nothing left for us to do but to give ourselves up to our enemies."

"Nonsense!" said Malagis, picking up a horseshoe-nail from the ground. "I know who has the good steed. Wait a little while and he shall be yours again."

Then without another word he turned and walked away. At the hut of a forester whom he knew, he disguised himself as a country lad, and then set out by the nearest route to the blacksmith's cavern. The horseshoe-nail which had fallen from the thief's pocket had told the whole secret. But the journey into the mountains was a longer one than the dwarf had supposed, and, magician though he was, he lost his way more than once. It was not until the evening of the second day that he arrived in front of the smithy. The smith, who was sitting in the door of his cavern, was a most pitiable object to see. A bloody handkerchief bound about his head half concealed an ugly wound in his forehead. His face was swollen, and there were black and blue marks beneath his eyes, the lids of which he could scarcely separate. One of his arms was broken and tied up awkwardly in a sling, and his right foot was bruised and bleeding. When he saw Malagis approaching he fetched a deep sigh of relief and cried out, "Ah, my dear boy, how glad I am that you have come! I knew that my prayers would be answered. But I had to wait a long time, and had you delayed until morning I surely would have died!"

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Malagis.

"I have met with a great accident," answered the smith. "Only see my head and my arm and my foot. Yesterday morning — and yet it seems much longer ago — I was trying to shoe a horse that a strange knight had brought to me. I have shod many horses, but never such a one as this. Oh, how vicious he was, and how strong! He fairly leaped upon me, and I escaped, as you see, only with my life."

"But where was the knight, the owner?"

"The knight? Ah, the cowardly fellow! He ran away as fast as his legs would carry him. And not a soul has been near the smithy since, and I have sat here helpless and prayed to the saints that they would send help."

"Where is the horse?"

"The horse? Ah, he is in here — tethered to the iron ring, at the farther end of the cavern. It was lucky I put him there, otherwise he would have overturned my forge and broken my anvil and ruined me entirely."

"I have heard," said Malagis, "that you want to employ an apprentice, and I have come to see if you will take me. There is nothing in the world that I would like so well as to learn the trade of a smith."

"Certainly, I 'll take you," cried the smith impatiently. "And the first thing that you do you must help me to bed; and when you have dressed my wounds then you must get me some food, for I am almost starved."

Malagis hasténed to relieve the necessities of the poor man, and so skilfully did he do it all that the smith was filled with astonishment that a mere country lad could know so much. Yet he kept his thoughts to himself, and after he had eaten heartily of some broth he dropped asleep. Only once during the night did he rouse himself from slumber, and then merely to exclaim: "A horse? Ah, yes, and what teeth he has, and what heels! Don't go near him, for your life!"

At the break of day Malagis built a fire

in the forge and heaped dry sticks upon it until the flames leaped up almost to the roof. But the smith still slept soundly, nor seemed to be in the least disturbed. When every corner of the cavern was lighted up so that the smallest object could be plainly seen, the dwarf went to the farther end to look at the horse. It was indeed Bayard, but he did not know Malagis in his disguise. The animal leaped at the magician in great fury, and would have torn him in pieces if he could. But when the disguised dwarf spoke, and said, "Bayard, good Bayard! Let us hasten to your master," all the creature's anger vanished, and he became as gentle as a lamb. He suffered Malagis to untie the halter that held him, and to lead him out of the smithy.

An hour later the smith awoke and looked around him. The sunlight was streaming in through the wide-open door; some flickering flames were still leaping up from the forge: and his eyes, no longer swollen and painful, took in the whole cavern at a glance.

"A horse!" he exclaimed. "Ah, yes; and I am so glad that he is gone, and the boy with him!"

Duke Aymon was overjoyed when Malagis returned to him with Bayard. He caressed the horse fondly, and called him many endearing names. But he was heartily tired of living as an outlaw, and when Charlemagne soon afterward offered on certain conditions to pardon him and his four sons, he accepted the pardon and renewed his allegiance to the king. His restless disposition, however, would not allow him to tarry about the court; and so, after spending some time in Spain, fighting the Moors, he retired to his former home in Dordon.



AYMON, THE DUKE OF DORDON WITH HIS HORSE, BAYARD, AND THE DWARF, MALAGIS.

Aymon's four sons remained for a long time in the neighborhood of the Ardennes, and with them stayed Bayard. Sometimes the young men were loyal to the king and were among the staunchest and bravest of all his warriors. Then, at the slightest provocation, they would act rashly, turn against all their old friends, and again be exiled to lead a life of outlawry in the forest. Through these changes of fortune their most faithful ally was the horse Bayard. They needed no other steed, for he was large enough and strong enough to carry them all. It was even said of him that, like our modern dinner-tables, his back could be adjusted to suit circumstances. Whether one of the brothers or all four wished to mount him, he was always just the right size to accommodate them. And then he could be kept when necessary without any expense; for he would thrive and grow fat on leaves as readily as other horses would on corn.

At length the four brothers, leaving the Ardennes, made their way into southern France and visited their father's castle of Dordon. A sorrier set of outlaws were probably never seen than they when they presented themselves barefooted and wholly wretched at their mother's door, and begged her, for the love of God, to give them food and clothing. But all this has little to do with Bayard, who was still with them, and the most contented of the whole company. They were next heard of at Tarascon, where they joined forces with Ivo, the feudal lord of that territory, against a band of Moorish invaders who had crossed over the mountains. And here it was that Bayard first distinguished himself in battle. Reinold had ridden him to the field, and had dismounted in order to engage in a hand-to-hand fight with the Moorish chieftain, who had challenged him to single combat. The horse remained quietly in his place, and all went well until he saw signs of treachery on the part of the Moors. Then Bayard, with a shrill neigh, leaped forward and ran with great speed into the thickest ranks of the enemy. Men and beasts were overthrown by the fury of his onset, and such was the surprise and fright which it caused among the Moors that they were easily and quickly put to flight. Duke Ivo was so highly pleased with this exploit that he gave Reinold a beautiful mountain-castle, which he called Montalban.

There Reinold, after he had married the daughter of Duke Ivo, took up his abode; and there, with Bayard as one of his family, he lived in peace for many years. But as he grew older, he longed to become reconciled to King Charlemagne and to know that the wicked follies of his youth had been forgiven. Embassy after embassy was sent to Charlemagne begging that he would pardon the four sons of Aymon. Then their mother, the Duchess Aya, who was the king's own sister, journeyed to Paris and besought her brother to have mercy on her children. But at first the king refused to listen to her entreaties and bade her return to Dordon. Finally, however, he said to her:

"There is one condition, and only one, upon which I will consent. If Reinold will give Bayard to me to be drowned, then I will not only pardon your four sons, but I will restore to them all the fiefs and possessions which would have been theirs had they never rebelled against me. But I cannot pardon the beast Bayard, for he has done me more harm than all the others."

When Aya returned to Montalban and told Reinold the conditions upon which the king would pardon him, he was furious.

"Better remain an outlaw," he cried, "than betray my dearest and most faithful friend! Tell Charlemagne that I will not accept his conditions."

But his mother and his wife pleaded with him to consider the consequences that would follow. They said to him that so long as he remained unreconciled with the king, not only he himself, but all his family, would be considered as outlaws. "And for such outlaws," they said, "the gallows of Montfaucon are ready—and the inscription which future generations will read thereon is: 'Here Reinold gave up his wife and children to die a shameful death for the sake of a dumb animal.'"

"Mother! Wife!" cried Reinold. "You shall have your will. But when Bayard is slain, I too shall die."

At that moment, Bayard, who had heard all

that was said, whinnied softly and came and laid his head upon his master's arm. The warrior burst into tears and turned away.

On a dark day in autumn the long bridge across the Seine at Paris was crowded with foot-soldiers and horsemen; and on the banks of the river gathered a rabble of citizens who had heard that the great Bayard was that day to be drowned. It is even said that Charlemagne and his peers were there to see the execution of the poor animal, but of the truth of this statement there are many doubts. The noble horse was led to the middle of the bridge, where iron weights were attached to his feet. It would seem, indeed, that the animal's strength as well as his marvelous wisdom had deserted him; for we are told that at a given signal a party of men pushed him suddenly over the edge, whereupon he fell with a great splash into the Seine. But, notwithstanding the immense weights that were hung to his feet, he rose three times to the surface, each time mutely fixing his sorrowful eyes upon Reinold, who stood weeping upon the bank. When he saw this Charlemagne was beside himself with anger.

"The horse is bewitched!" he cried. "He is no mere animal, but a fiend. Beware, Count Reinold! He is looking to you for aid. If you are keeping him alive by any tricks of enchantment, I will refuse my pardon."

Reinold's mother, terrified at the words of the king, threw her arms around her son's neck and covered his eyes with her hand so that he could not see Bayard's appealing gaze as the horse rose for the fourth and last time. The count freed himself from his mother's embrace, and breaking his sword in two threw it into the river.

"Lie there, good blade, trusted friend and companion!" he cried. "Lie there with my Bayard, the faithfulest comrade that any man ever yet had! Never more, so long as I live, will I mount a horse or draw a sword!"

Then he turned and fled out of Paris, and paused not nor took any rest until he had left the city far behind him. Coming, toward evening, into a wild forest, he sank down upon the ground, where he lay for two days overwhelmed with grief and distress. After this he made his way painfully on foot to Montalban. To a pilgrim whom he met on the way he gave his golden spurs in exchange for the man's gray robes, for he was resolved to become a pilgrim himself and to seek in the Holy Land forgiveness and peace.

"Who will teach our sons to be true knights and noble men," cried his wife, "if you go and leave them thus?"

But Reinold turned away and departed on his long and toilsome journey, while his family wept for both him and Bayard. It is said that after he reached the Holy Land he remembered his vow and neither wielded a sword nor mounted a horse. Nevertheless, in the contest then going on between the Christians and Saracens he was no mere looker-on; but, armed with a mighty club, he fought like a hero in the Christian ranks.

And there are those who say that Bayard was not drowned in the Seine, after all. For when he saw, upon rising the fourth time, that there was no hope of aid from Reinold, he freed himself by a mighty effort from the weights fastened to his feet and, concealed by a fog which had risen upon the river, swam far down the stream. Then, making for the shore, he escaped into the Ardennes, where on still moonlight nights he may yet sometimes be heard galloping from point to point among the old haunts in the woodland which he loved when he was alive.

Such is the story which the innkeeper at St. Renaud will tell you. And when you ask him what connection it has with the old sign that swings over his door, he will tell you that half the country inns in France were once named after the four sons of Aymon, and that his sign is the last evidence of the once general admiration for the horse Bayard.

BASE-BALL SKETCHES.

By E. W. Kemble.



SOME "FANCY CATCHES" INDULGED IN BY THE MEMBERS OF OUR HOME NINE.



YAMOUD.

(A Story from the Desert.)

By Henry Willard French.

"PRAYER is better than sleep. Prayer is better than sleep. Rise up —and—pray!" rang the muezzin's morning call to prayer from the glistening white clay tower by the little mosque of Mutah, when the hooded priest in the nest of the Moorish minaret saw the red disk throw off the sand of the great Sahara.

"*La illa il Allah, Mahamoud rusol il Allah!*" (There is one God and Mahomet is his prophet!) he muttered, and gave the morning call: "Prayer is better than sleep. Rise up — and — pray."

Full of soft but penetrating music, it fell about the little mosque and the silver-gray mud huts of Mutah, huddled together in a small oasis upon the border of the great desert, surrounded by gardens where dates and grapes and melons and gourds were raised for trade with the caravans crossing the sand. Their custom was all that kept Mutah alive.

The music of the call stole in upon the ears of those who were still asleep, through the lattice windows of the little Arab village, waking them from good dreams and bad; and, because they all knew that prayer was better than sleep, they all rose up to pray.

Little Yamoud's mother, Umda, roused her fatherless boy a little rudely, perhaps, but not unkindly. She was only enforcing, as every good Mohammedan mother should, the vital importance of prompt response to the muezzin's morning call.

Their hut was upon the outskirts of the village, and the garden about it was none of the best,—even among those poor, sandy gardens,—or it would doubtless have been taken away from them when Yamoud's father died, some months before.

It is true there were none of his brothers living about Mutah to seize the property; but even if there had been, the hut and the garden were hardly worth seizing, considering the obligations which such an act would have imposed upon the ones who took them. So Umda was allowed to live on there with Yamoud; and, as she had always done most of the work, which is the common custom of her people, there was very little change when her husband died, except that she no longer had any one to protect and defend her.

This was a very sad condition; and Yamoud, young as he was, longed to be old enough and strong enough to stand between his widowed mother and the world.

The muezzin did not leave the minaret at once, that morning, but stood, shading his eyes from the red glare, looking away over the endless sand; for, far in the distance, writhing and squirming over the glistening surface, he saw a twisting line of black, looking like a gigantic serpent trailing its long body over the sea of sand.

It was no uncommon sight. He knew at once that it was a caravan coming in: coming in from days and weeks of plodding over those parched and burning plains, parched and burning in the day, but cold—almost cold enough to freeze—at night just before daylight.

It was the length and the size of the caravan that attracted the hooded priest's attention. It meant that there would be a ready sale that day for all of the products which the people of Mutah could offer at the khan, or market; which meant, again, more generous donations to the mosque, on account of the good fortune of the Faithful. So the muezzin was glad, and

smiled as he watched the long caravan, while the people below were repeating their morning prayers.

Then he went down and announced the good news, and all the villagers seemed suddenly to come to life. The torpid stillness of Mutah disappeared. The village rang with shouts, and every one hurried to gather into bamboo bags — rather more like baskets than bags, perhaps — all of the fruit that was anywhere near ripe enough and not altogether too much decayed to sell when there was a great demand. And every one who could carry a basket on his head prepared for a visit to the khan.

It required the old, wise heads to select and pack the fruit, and the children, as usual, slipped away, whether they would have been of assistance or not, and ran to the point where the trail passed closest to the village, to lie half hidden in the sand as near as they dared to go, and watch the caravan go by.

It was a privilege which was always considered the children's right, for it was all that they ever saw of the great world. They were never taken to the khan till they were old enough to carry baskets and sell fruit — except Yamoud, who always went with his mother now, having no one with whom he could remain at home.

The caravans never came within a mile of Mutah, for there were only four or five little springs in the village, which, by the most economical system of irrigation, just managed to keep the date-palms and the gardens bearing; while at the khan, two miles away, there was a great walled space, out of which the camels could not wander, with a deep well and a great trough in the middle of it, and a walled town surrounding it.

It was not much of a town, but it lived because a kind of caravan supply-and-exchange market was needed there. It was there where the caravans rested for a day before making their final plunge into the desert, and there where they rested for a day to "shake off the desert" when coming out again with their precious burdens from the heart of Africa.

Often the children did not get back again till long after the caravan had passed, and then came full of news of what they had seen and heard. This time, however, they came hurrying home, shivering and silent.

They spoke only in whispers to one another; and their great eyes, and the terrified way in which they shrank into dark corners and tried to hide themselves, would quickly have warned their parents that something was wrong, if they had not been quite too busy to notice anything.

They had surely seen or heard something which thoroughly frightened them, though Arab children are not very easily frightened, but they kept it to themselves.

It was not so much because they did n't wish to tell, as in response to the universal Oriental habit of refraining from speaking abruptly upon any subject that is of importance.

They only shivered and crouched about and hid themselves, and from the shaded corners watched with something like awe as, one by one, when their baskets were filled, the villagers lifted them upon their heads and started away toward the khan.

Yamoud's mother was among the very last, as she had no one to help her fill her basket;



YAMOUD AND HIS MOTHER ON THE WAY TO THE KHAN.

and the boy cast a timid glance toward his companions as he caught the corner of his mother's *sarai*, or long scarf, in his hand and reluctantly followed her away.

Some of the children crept on after them a little way, in a kind of mute sympathy, and whenever Yamoud looked back he saw their great, sad eyes solemnly staring at him, saying so plainly that they knew very well that they were taking their last look, and the gloom behind him only made the horror ahead the more dreadful; but none of them spoke a word.

At last, when they were all alone upon the sand, and Yamoud was walking very close to his mother, he looked up and said, "Hold me fast with your hand, mama, when we enter the khan, for I am afraid."

II.

Umda turned sharply upon him, exclaiming, as she did so:

"You?—Yamoud ebno'l [that is, son of] Ahmad afraid? Afraid of what?"

It was too direct a question for any Arab to attempt to answer it, and Umda doubtless meant it more as an exclamation than interrogation. She stood staring at the boy, her only child, confessing that he was afraid, in that land where men, and boys too, were measured and valued solely according to personal courage.

Yamoud was only ten years old, but he did not seem like one who would be much afraid of anything. He was looking calmly up into his mother's eyes, and curling his bare toes about in the hot sand.

At last she cried, angrily, "Allah forbid it. Yamoud cannot be a coward."

Slowly and thoughtfully the boy asked:

"Is he always a coward, mama, who is afraid?"

Umda gave a short grunt, half closing her eyes,—an Arab's way of saying yes.

"Then, mama, I am a coward, for I am afraid," Yamoud replied; and his mother almost dropped the basket from her head, she trembled so with rage and mortification, as she looked scornfully down upon her boy.

She could not speak; but she cast one quick glance back toward their village, almost hidden in the green of the oasis, then away toward the khan, and thanked fortune that no one was near enough to hear her son confess that he was a coward.

"Papa is not coming back to us again, is he, mama?" Yamoud asked; and his mother answered, sharply:

"Never. He has taken the long journey. But he was brave. He is where the Prophet promised eternal happiness to the brave. No coward can ever follow him."

"I do not want to follow him while you live, mama," Yamoud said; and, touching his forehead with his finger, added, "Hast thou not told me how it is written here, that when I grow large and strong I shall be your help and strength?"

Umda did not pay much attention to what the boy was saying. She only shuddered, and repeated with a groan,

"Shall I, the wife of Ahmad the brave, be the mother of ebno'l Ahmad the coward?"

Yamoud's lips quivered, and his eyes were bright with tears, but he clung to his thought, and continued: "If the famine comes again, mama, what can you do without papa?"

"I can sell these," she replied, indifferently, shaking the bracelets on her arm, and pointing to the silver bands upon her ankles.

"But if the famine lasted longer than they did, mama, could n't I help you then?"

"What is the help of a coward?" Umda muttered, fiercely. "It is the help of the south wind, bringing sand instead of rain."

"I might not be a coward, then, mama," Yamoud pleaded. "But if I am carried away and sold as a slave, then who will help you? It is for that I am afraid, mama; for I heard men say that the caravan that passed was led by Abu'l Hasham."

"Abu'l Hasham!" the mother gasped, catching him by the shoulder, and staring wildly at him as though to make sure he was still there. "Come back with me quickly to Mutah."

"No, no, mama," Yamoud cried, struggling and tugging against her so vigorously that his little feet sank into the hard sand. "I will not go back like a coward. Only hold me with your hand. Then he cannot steal me for a slave. No; I will not go back."

After what she had been saying about bravery, Umda did not dare to let him see how thoroughly she, too, was frightened, and she turned again reluctantly toward the khan, keeping her trembling hand upon his shoulder. It

was just what he had asked of her, and Yamoud was entirely satisfied.

Abu'l Hasham was not a mere nursery bugbear, created to frighten children from disobedience. He was the living terror of every tribe and village for hundreds of miles. He was a powerful brigand slave-collector.

Yamoud chattered fearlessly enough, but Umda was silent now, as they approached the mud walls of the miserable town.

There were only two gates in the wall — one at each side of the town. In the arch, over each, an inscription was set in great black letters,— over one, "Gate of the Desert," and over the other, "Gate of the Sea."

Umda's face grew still more anxious and stern as they entered the town, and the bedlam of voices greeted them from the khan.

Men, women, and children, in the inevitable fashion of a great caravan coming to rest, were shouting and wrangling in many languages, and camels and dromedaries were grunting and groaning as they went through the laborious task of lying down.

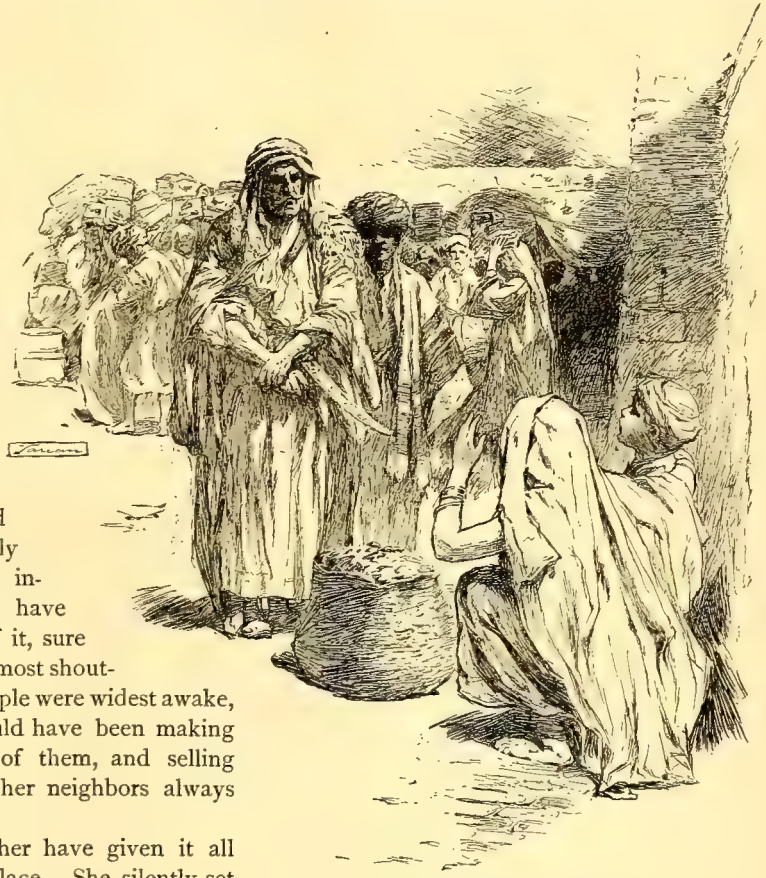
It was not the confusion which disturbed Umda, however. Ordinarily it would have been an inspiration. She would have hurried into the thick of it, sure that where there was the most shouting and wrangling the people were widest awake, and in a moment she would have been making as much noise as any of them, and selling her fruit in a way that her neighbors always envied.

To-day she would rather have given it all away than go near the place. She silently set her basket down the moment they were inside the khan, and sitting on the ground beside it, with her back against the wall, she clasped her arm nervously about Yamoud.

"Why don't you shout, mama?" he asked; but receiving no reply was soon lost in watching the great caravan settling itself for the day's rest.

It was an intensely interesting sight, especially as there were many children in the throng, and he had never before had such an opportunity to watch from a safe distance, always having been hustled and jostled about, while clinging to his mother's sarai, among the wranglers.

He wholly forgot Abu'l Hasham, nor did it once occur to him that the children he was watching were slaves, stolen by this Terror of the Desert, for he had entirely thrown off his fear when he felt his mother's hand, and knew



"'WHAT IS THE PRICE FOR THE WHOLE OF IT?' ASKED THE MOOR."

that she would guard him; but his attention was suddenly recalled by a tightening grip of the arm about him, and, looking up, he saw

a tall and powerful Moor, with a deep scar on one cheek, slowly approaching them.

"A comely widow and a comely child and fine fruit in the basket. What is the price for the whole of it?" the Moor asked, pausing directly in front of them.

Yamoud had never heard his mother's voice sound so strange as when she replied,

"Take it without money. It has no price."

She pushed the basket toward him with her foot.

It was the same form which the prophet Isaiah used, when he called,—"Ho, every one that thirsteth . . . come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." It is the same form which one still hears, every day, wherever there are Arab venders crying their goods.

In the common acceptance of trade to-day, however, it is more apt really to mean that the purchaser is expected to be particularly liberal; but for once a vender would have been glad to be taken at her word.

Umda was trembling from head to foot, and would have given her fruit, and her bracelets, too, to have been well out of the khan.

The Moor motioned to a servant who was following him to take the fruit away, and asked:

"Where shall the money and the empty basket be delivered?"

"At the house beside the Desert Gate," Umda replied, in a faint trembling voice, and rising she caught Yamoud's arm, whispering,

"Come quickly. We must hurry."

They hurried in a way that was most uncomfortable for the boy. Umda walked faster and faster till he was running beside her, and faster yet till she was literally dragging him along.

They did not stop at the house beside the Gate of the Desert or anywhere else; but as they hurried over the sand it gradually became clear in Yamoud's mind why it was that his mother had not told the Moor truly where she lived, or had not waited for her money and basket, which he knew were so important to her.

Having thought out the puzzle, he looked up, while he ran, and asked, "Mama, was that Abu'l Hasham?"

Umda did not answer; for in truth no one had told her that it was the stealer of slaves, and how should she know?

How should Yamoud know, when she did not answer? He did know, however, and he shuddered as he thought how he had sat and with his own living eyes looked up into the face of the terrible slave-collector. Yet it did not seem to him anything so fearful, after all, so long as his mother's hand was on him; and he understood his mother as little, on the way back to Mutah, as she had understood him on the way to the khan.

If he had realized the double meaning in the sentences spoken by the Moor, as his mother understood them, it would have been different.

A circumstance which troubled Yamoud much more was a stranger from the khan whom he saw following them when he once looked back, and whom he saw again in the village, during the afternoon; but he did not speak of it to his mother, lest she should think again that he was only a coward and like the south wind.

III.

All through the day Umda's eyes followed her son wherever he went, and Yamoud, well aware of it, kept himself carefully where she should not find this difficult. He was quite too well satisfied to object to her watchfulness, for like all the children of the desert he had heard no end of stories — wonderful fancies, most of them — concerning the mysterious means by which Abu'l Hasham secured the children and carried them away into slavery.

On the southern side of the desert it was not infrequent for the slave-thief to carry off an entire village, taking the men and women too; leaving only the old and infirm. It was not often, however, that such a bold stroke had been attempted on the north of the desert. It was too near the British authority, that was then working so vigorously to crush out the slave-trade. So the people of Mutah had only learned to tremble for their children, and the children to tremble for themselves when it was whispered that Abu'l Hasham came their way.

Yamoud did not at all like to be a coward, and upon his mother's definition he tried very hard to convince himself that he was not afraid; but he was afraid. Especially when he caught sight of the stranger who followed them from the khan, was he afraid.

He always slept on a mat beside his mother, on the earth floor of the one little room in their hut. But just under the roof his father had constructed a low, dark loft, where they stored their fruit when it was ripening too fast in the sun or not fast enough in the rain; for there was one season of the year when, for a little time, it rained, even out there on the desert. When it did rain it rained almost incessantly; and the people collected the water in tanks to help out the springs.

This loft was not a particularly comfortable place to sleep, but Yamoud willingly obeyed when his mother told him to take his mat up there for one night.

Still, Yamoud began to think that he was not going to fall asleep during the night. The moment he shut his eyes he seemed to be looking right up into the face of Abu'l Hasham. When he put that fancy out of his head he was sure that the stranger was creeping up to him, and if he opened his eyes again, in the darkness, he thought that he could see all the evil spirits he had ever heard about, winking and blinking and grinning at him, just as they did in the stories.

The result was that when he did fall asleep he slept very soundly, and overslept, for the first time since he had been taught to say the morning prayer. He did not hear the morning call of the muezzin at all; but that was not so



YAMOUD JOINS THE CARAVAN. (SEE PAGE 1012.)

remarkable, for neither did any one else hear it. The muezzin did not climb the white tower that day. The sun came up without his aid. Another caravan came out of the desert without his seeing it. It came and passed and entered the khan without a soul in all Mutah seeing it; and not a basket of fruit was carried to the khan that day. Such an occurrence was unheard of, but it is true.

When Yamoud opened his eyes he saw through a crack in the mud and straw roof that it must be broad daylight; and he knew from the heat in the loft that the sun had been beating on it for some time. He wondered how it was possible that his mother had not called him, and creeping to the opening he looked down into the little room.

At first he could hardly breathe, everything was so strange down there — everything was in such confusion. His mother's sleeping-mat was torn in shreds. Nothing was as it should be. Umda was not there. He called, but she did not answer; and, in spite of the fact that his heart was thumping terribly, he dropped to the floor, and ran across the room to the open door.

His mother was nowhere to be seen, either outside, about the village, or in the garden; but looking toward the nearest huts he instantly knew that something very serious had happened. A few old men and women were sitting about the doors, wailing and moaning and shouting, as they always did at funerals.

At first Yamoud thought that his mother must be dead; though, if so, the mourners would naturally be at his own door. Yet, if his mother were alive, he knew very well that she would be among the mourners, for there was no one in Mutah who could wail and moan at funerals so acceptably as Umda.

What could have become of her? He called again and again, but she did not answer; neither did any of the mourners pay the slightest attention to his cries.

At last, while he still stood there trembling and choking with dread, he caught a word which the mourners pronounced more frequently and louder than the rest,— it was "Abu'l Hasham,"— and then he knew it all.

He sat down on the ground right beside his own door, with his back against the mud wall of his hut, and, all alone, Yamoud began to wail and moan like the rest.

It would not have been different if his mother had really been dead, except that if she had been the only one dead in the village, many of the people would have joined him, and moaned and wailed with him; he would not have been left alone.

All that were left had misery enough of their own to wail about that day, not to bear another's burden; and they mourned for the lost precisely as if they were dead. Indeed they were, dead, so far as Mutah and those left behind were concerned. They had been carried away



YAMOUD WAILING FOR HIS MOTHER.

to be sold as slaves in distant countries. They would never return to Mutah — not one of them.

In the spontaneous poetry to which the Arabic is so easily adaptable, Yamoud put his thoughts into words, and sang his sorrow in a low, sad chant, often closing a line with a prolonged, wild wail, such as he remembered so

well, when it told of his mother's suffering after his father died.

It was the accepted mode of mourning, and a great deal more real and relief-bringing than some modern, more civilized methods.

"Oh, Abu'l Hasham the terrible, the wicked thief of men, came into my home last night," Yamoud moaned. "Oh, my mother feared his coming, but my mother thought only of me; yes, she hid me away from him that I might be safe; but he came — yes, he came. While I slept and never knew it, he came! — oh, he came! — and no hand was lifted for my mother. O Light of my Eyes, O Breath of my Body, O my Sun and my Moon, thou art gone! he has carried thee away! and I slept — oh, I slept. He will sell thee for a slave, far, far away, and I cannot help thee — I, thy Yamoud ebno'l Ahmad. O my mother, why did I sleep? Why did I not—"

Here he stopped suddenly, and for some time sat in silence, watching his little fingers as they slowly clasped and unclasped and twisted about each other, continuing the sad story which his lips had ceased — ceased for a little while — to tell; for his mind was busy with a theme which caused him, all but the mute refrain of the fingers, to forget even his sorrow.

By and by he whispered slowly, "Is Yamoud ebno'l Ahmad really a coward? Is he nothing but a south wind, bringing sand and no rain? His mother is not dead. She needs him; but he cannot help her, for he is not near her. He can never help her unless he knows where she is, and unless he is beside her. If it is written in his forehead that he shall be her strength and shield, it is written in his forehead that he shall find her and be near her."

He sprang to his feet and entered the hut. No one noticed him, or would have thought or cared if they had; for there were too many sorrows in Mutah that morning for people to think or care about one another's griefs.

Presently he came out again with one of his mother's long white mourning sarais wrapped about him. It fell, something like a skirt, almost to his feet. At the waist it was twisted in a girdle, then it was carried up over his shoulders and head, leaving only a narrow slit through which he could see, and effectually covering every inch of him except his feet.

From five to ten the children spend all day in the charge of their mothers, often helping them in their work, and then they wear short skirts and girdles. After that the boys are supposed to begin to be men — warriors; and thenceforward they decorate themselves with more and more clothing, according to their wealth and occupations, till the yards and yards of superfluous cloth which some of the desert Arabs twist about themselves are simply astonishing. So that, even in ordinary times, there would have been nothing remarkable enough to attract much attention in the way Yamoud dressed himself.

Truly, it would have been hard to determine whether he was a boy or girl, or a woman, or even a man who, by some freak of nature, had been stunted in his natural growth; but many a wanderer disguises himself in much the same way, upon the desert, and the kind of curiosity which would pry into it, simply for the sake of curiosity, is very much lacking among the Arabs.

No one saw the little figure emerge from the door; and, as the hut lay on the outskirts of Mutah, there were no more to pass, for Yamoud turned directly out upon the sand, without so much as looking back where the people were still moaning and wailing.

He walked so fast that he almost ran, on and on, toward the mud-walled town about the khan. Who could have thought it the same little fellow who, yesterday, in that path had said, "Hold me fast with your hand, mama, when we enter the khan, for I am afraid."

He was quite too young for any deep-laid plan — almost for any plan at all; but the one thought which had come to him was enough. He had just one purpose in view, and he had the courage to take the only step which, so far as he could see, would help him to accomplish it.

IV.

As Yamoud passed the Gate of the Desert he shuddered; but it was more, even then, from thinking of his mother than of himself; for he did not hesitate an instant in turning toward the khan. He saw at once that it was another

and much smaller caravan there, and wandered slowly about, asking a question here and there, judging more by appearances and comparisons than by the words actually spoken in answer.

It was precisely what an older Arab would have done, no matter how simple the subject upon which he sought information, or how important. But this was surely some racial instinct in him more than any knowledge of the ways of the world. He was too young to be worldly wise.

After he felt sure that the caravan really entered that morning by the Desert Gate, and would leave before sunset by the Gate of the Sea, he wandered out of the latter gate, a little way, and along the trail.

No child born to the desert ever failed to learn to read the shifting sands as early and as easily as other children to read a printed book; and Yamoud had not wandered far before he knew that Abu'l Hasham's caravan left the khan in two parts, and that the part leaving last, with most of the unmounted, did not pass over the sand till nearly daylight. So the caravan in the khan would be less than twelve hours behind.

There was only one way, and that they both must take. They might come to the Desert Gate from several different directions; but going out at the Gate of the Sea meant always to cross another narrow belt of desert, then a slowly rising plain, with more and more straggling green, then through bare and rugged mountain passes, and down through the beautiful tropical valley bordering on the great inland sea to the seaport city — the city to which Abu'l Hasham must take his captives.

That was enough. Being all that could be learned or done at present, it had to be enough, and, with the undemonstrative submission to the inexorable which is in every drop of Arab blood, as soon as Yamoud had come to this conclusion he returned to the khan, wandered about indifferently for a time, till he found a solitary, sleeping camel, under whose shadow he could curl himself up, and soon he was as sound asleep as any one in the caravan.

The patient endurance of hunger and thirst is something to which the Arab is very early trained; and another most excellent quality is his power to sleep at will the moment that there is nothing else to do. Many a pang of hunger and gasp for water has been stifled and forgotten in that way. Yamoud had even greater troubles, which, for the time, he was ready to forget.

He knew that when the camel was aroused, the sun would wake him, which was all that was necessary.

The sun was setting when the caravan wound slowly out through the Gate of the Sea, leaving the town to sink into darkness and silence behind it; and among the throng of unmounted followers,— so often forming an important part of the long-journey caravans, especially as they near their destination,— there moved along the little atom of humanity wrapped in the mourning sarai. The figure attracted now and then a glance from some one, chiefly because it was so small and so alone, but otherwise was unnoticed.

(To be concluded.)

QUALITY, NOT PLACE.

By Mrs. H. M. Greenleaf.

Said A, "Whene'er I stand between
The letters B and D,
I 'm in the midst of all that 's BaD,
As you may plainly see."

"How strange!" said merry, laughing E;
"When *I* between them am,
I 'm tucked up comfortably in BeD,
And happy as a clam."

"It 's quality within ourselves,"
Then mused the letter A,
"And not the place we occupy,
That makes us sad or gay."

HERO-TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

By Theodore Roosevelt.



THE BLOWING UP OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

VI. Lieutenant Cushing and the Ram "Albemarle."

The great Civil War was remarkable in many ways, but in no way more remarkable than for the extraordinary mixture of inventive mechanical genius and of resolute daring shown by the combatants. After the first year, when the contestants had settled down to real fighting, and the preliminary mob-work was over, the battles were marked by their extraordinary obstinacy and heavy losses. In no European conflict since the close of the Napoleonic wars has the fighting been anything like so obstinate and so bloody as was the fighting in our own Civil War. Hundreds of regiments, both Northern and Southern, suffered each in some one engagement far more heavily than either the Light Brigade at Balaclava, or the Guards at Inkerman, or than any German regiment in the Franco-Prussian war; and yet they have gone entirely unnoticed by the poet, and dismissed with but a scant line or two by the historian. In addition to this fierce and dogged courage, this splendid fighting capacity, the contest also

brought out the skilled inventive power of engineer and mechanician in a way that few other contests have ever done.

This was especially true in the navy. The fighting under and against Farragut and his fellow admirals revolutionized naval warfare. The Civil War marks the break between the old style and the new. The ships with which Decatur and Perry and Hull and Porter won glory in 1812 were essentially like those with which Drake and Hawkins and Frobisher had harried the Spanish armadas two centuries and a half earlier. They were essentially like the ships that made up the fleets of Tromp and De Ruyter, as of Collingwood and Nelson. But, in the Civil War, steam, iron armor, and entirely new weapons, worked such a revolution that the fleets of to-day differ as widely from those of Nelson as did his ships-of-the-line from the galleys of Alcibiades twenty-two hundred years before. The steam-frigate, the ironclad, the ram, and the torpedo in all its forms — the practical use of all these dates from the Civil War. Terrible encounters took place when these engines of war were brought into action for the first time, and one of these encounters has given an example which, for heroic daring combined with cool intelligence, is unsurpassed in all time.

The Confederates showed the same skill and energy in building their great iron-clad rams as the men of the Union did in building the monitors which were so often pitted against them. Both sides, but especially the Confederates, also used stationary torpedoes, and on a number of occasions torpedo-boats likewise. These torpedo-boats were sometimes built to go under the water. One such, after repeated failures, was employed by the Confederates, with equal gallantry and success, in sinking a Union sloop-of-war off Charleston harbor. The torpedo-boat itself went to the bottom with its victim, all on board being drowned. The other type of torpedo-boat was simply a swift, ordinary steam-launch operated on the surface.

It was this last type of boat which Lieutenant W. B. Cushing brought down to Albemarle Sound to use against the great Confederate ram "Albemarle." The ram had been built for the purpose of destroying the Union blockading forces. Steaming down the river, she had twice attacked the Federal gunboats, and in each case had sunk or disabled one or more of them, with little injury to herself. She had retired up the river again to lie at her wharf and refit.

The gunboats had suffered so severely as to make it a certainty that when the ram came out



COMMANDER W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N.

again, thoroughly fitted up, to renew the attack, the wooden vessels would be destroyed; and while she was in existence the Union vessels could not attack and reduce the forts and coast towns. Just at this time Cushing came down from the North with his swift little torpedo-boat — an open launch with a spar rigged to push out in front, the torpedo being placed at the end. The crew of the launch consisted of fifteen men, Cushing being in command. He not only guided his craft, but himself handled the torpedo by means of two small ropes, one of which put it in place, while the other exploded it. The action of the torpedo was complicated, and it could not have been operated in a time of tremendous excitement save by a man of the utmost nerve and self-command. But Cushing had both; he possessed precisely that combination of reckless courage, presence of mind, and high mental capacity

necessary to the man who leads a forlorn hope under peculiarly difficult circumstances.

On the night of October 27, 1864, Cushing slipped away from the blockading fleet, and steamed up the river toward the wharf, a dozen miles distant, where the great ram lay. The Confederates were watchful to guard against surprise, for they feared lest their foes should try to destroy the ram before she got a chance to come down and attack them again in the Sound. She lay under the guns of a fort, with a regiment of troops ready at a moment's notice to turn out and defend her. Her own guns were kept always clear for action, and she was protected by a great boom of logs thrown out roundabout, of which last defense the Federals knew nothing.

Cushing went up-stream with the utmost caution, and by good luck passed, unnoticed, a Confederate lookout below the ram.

About midnight he made his assault. Steaming quietly on through the black water, and feeling his way cautiously toward where he knew the town to be, he finally made out the loom of the Albemarle through the night, and at once drove at her. He was almost upon her before he was discovered; then the crew and the soldiers on the wharf opened fire, and at the same moment he was brought to by the boom, the existence of which he had not known. The rifle-balls were singing about him as he stood erect guiding his launch, and he heard the bustle of the men aboard the ram, and the noise of the great guns as they were got ready. Backing off, he again went all steam ahead, and actually surged over the slippery log of the boom.

Meanwhile, on the deck of the Albemarle the sailors were running to quarters, and the soldiers were swarming down to aid in her defense. And the droning bullets came always thicker through the dark night. Cushing still stood upright in his little craft, guiding and controlling her by voice and signal, while in his hands he kept the ropes which led to the torpedo. As the boat slid forward over the boom, he brought the torpedo full against the somber side of the huge ram, and instantly exploded it, almost at the same time that the pivot-gun of the ram, loaded with grape, was fired point-blank at him, not ten yards off.

At once the ram settled, the launch sinking at the same moment, while Cushing and his men swam for their lives. Most of them sank or were captured; but Cushing reached mid-stream. Hearing something splashing in the darkness, he swam toward it, and found that it was one of his crew. He went to his rescue, and they kept together for some time, but the sailor's strength gave out, and he finally sank. In the pitch darkness Cushing could form no idea where he was; and when, chilled through, and too exhausted to rise to his feet, he finally reached shore, shortly before dawn, he found that he had swum back, and landed but a few hundred feet below the sunken ram. All that day he remained within easy musket-shot of where his foes were swarming about the fort and the great drowned ironclad. He hardly dared move, and until the afternoon, he lay without food and without protection from the heat or insects. Then he managed to slip unobserved into a dense swamp, and began to make his way toward the fleet. Toward evening he came out on a small stream, near a camp of Confederate soldiers. They had moored to the bank a small skiff, and with equal stealth and daring he managed to steal this, and began to paddle down-stream. Hour after hour he paddled on through the fading light, and then through the darkness. At last, utterly worn out, he found the squadron, and was picked up.

At once the ships weighed their anchors, and they speedily captured every coast town and fort, now that their dreaded enemy was no longer in the way.

The fame of Cushing's deed went all over the land, and his name will stand forever among the highest on the honor-roll of the American Navy.

Hans the Otherwise.





By John Bennett.

Very old people may remember hearing their grandfathers say that a great many years ago the Baron of the Land of Nod asked two questions of his three wise men which none of them could answer. If they do not remember, it will not matter at all: a great many things have happened that history has found it convenient to forget.

But that is neither here nor there. The Baron offered great rewards for any answer to his questions; but although all the wisest men in the world tried, no one succeeded; and the questions remained unanswered year after year, until "to answer the Baron of Nod" became a common saying among the people, meaning simply neither more nor less than to do the impossible. And, what was more, the whole story had grown so old that it had been made over into a popular song, so that it must have been very old indeed; and this was the song:

If you seek to find a fortune
  By your wit, do not delay:
To the Land of Nod betake you—
  If your wit can find the way.
There 's a rose-bush by the roadside,
  And two shrubs beside the stream,
With three little hills behind them,
  And a castle white as cream,
Where, if you can answer questions
  At the hazard of your neck,
You will find both fame and fortune,
  And have money by the peck!

Now it so happened that in the little village of Narrheit there lived a lad whose name nobody knew. The floods had left him in the rye-field when he was but a baby, and his parents were past all finding out. Johann Barthel, the woodman, found him, and took him home to grow up with the little Barthels. Johann's wife cut down her husband's old clothes to fit the little fellow; and Johann himself cut down his grown-up name from Johann to "Hans" to give to the youngster who had lost his own.

As the lad grew up, he was not at all like



"Johann's wife cut down her husband's old clothes to fit the little fellow."

the small Barthels, whose noses all turned up like little red buttons, for his turned down like a hawk's beak; and while they were one and

all as stumpy as their noses, he shot up like a young tree. And, too, while the little Barthels chattered all day long without ever saying a thing worth listening to, Hans, when not at work, sat still in the corner, thinking; and when questioned as to his thoughts by the meddlesome villagers, always gave answers that left them even more puzzled than they were before.

This was something that the good, thick-headed people of Narrheit could not understand; and like all such good, thick-headed people the world over, they believed that there could be nothing worth understanding in what they could not understand themselves. So, like all good, thick-headed folk, the dull villagers, believing themselves to be most undoubtedly wise, called the lad, not "Hans the Wise," but "Hans the Otherwise," and thought him neither more nor less than a blockhead.

Hans cared little for that, and bearing no grudge, went quietly about his business, helping Johann with the fagots, saying little, and thinking much — which was more than all the rest of the villagers could have done together.

At last, however, the bench beside the Barthel family porridge-pot grew overcrowded; and one day, when Hans came home from the forest, there was not an inch left at his end.

"Why don't you sit down?" growled Johann, his heavy voice making little waves dance all round the rim of the big blue bowl.

"There is no room," faltered Hans, hanging his head.



"HELPING JOHANN WITH THE FAGOTS."

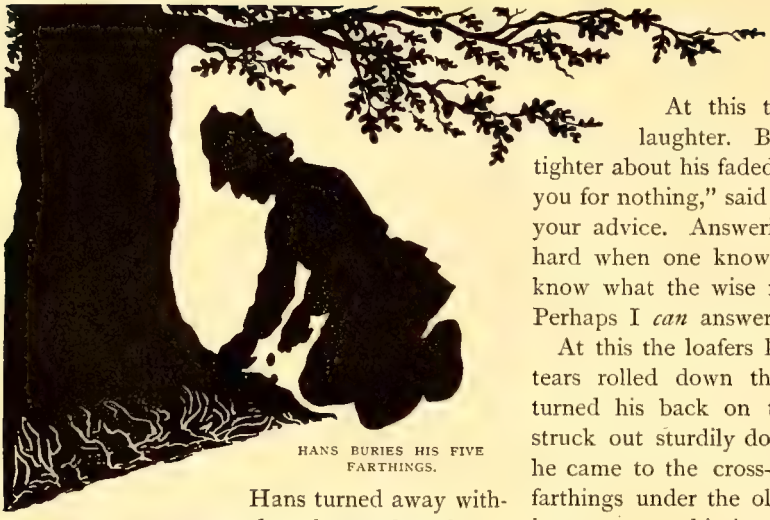
"What! No room?" cried the father, counting upon his thick red fingers: "One, two, three, four — four on the bench, and there is no room? Elsa, Elsa!" he called to his wife, who was frying the sausages out in the kitchen, "there are only four boys sitting down; yet there is no room for Hans the Otherwise."

"Then Hans the Otherwise must find room for himself somewhere else!" replied the shrill voice of the mother.

There was no help for it.



"'OHO, HANS THE OTHERWISE, GO THINK FOR A LIVING.'"



HANS BURIES HIS FIVE FARTHINGS.

Hans turned away without a word, and went from house to house through the village, seeking shelter. The butcher gave him to eat, the baker gave him to drink, and the candlestick-maker gave him five farthings for good luck; but "There is no room!" said all the rest, and closed the door in his face — so that he came to the end of the village homeless and hopeless. And there the idlers mocked him as he leaned against a post by the way.

"Oho, Hans the Otherwise," cried one, "go think for a living!"

"Oho!" jeered another. "Go set the river on fire with your answers that nobody understands!"

And "Oho!" sneered still another. "Go answer the Baron of Nod!"

At this the crowd shouted with laughter. But Hans pulled his belt tighter about his faded gabardine; and "Thank you for nothing," said he, curtly. "I will take your advice. Answering questions is not so hard when one knows how; and a fool may know what the wise men have n't found out. Perhaps I *can* answer the Baron."

At this the loafers laughed so hard that the tears rolled down their cheeks. But Hans turned his back on the village and all, and struck out sturdily down the highway. When he came to the cross-roads he buried his five farthings under the old oak there, and set out in earnest on his journey.

He wandered over land and sea, through strange countries and among strange people; and it was a long, long while before he found the Land of Nod. And when he did come to it at last, he did not know it at all. For so many years had passed that the two little shrubs beside the stream had sprung up into a great forest, in which the trees stood so close together that the birds had to turn their mouths edgewise to sing; the rosebush had become a vast jungle of briers under which the road was lost to sight; and the three little hills had



"'HERE, MY FINE FELLOW, WHERE ARE YOU GOING SO FAST.'"

grown into huge mountains so black and so high that even on the brightest summer mornings the sun never rose above them until eleven o'clock next day.

"Well," said Hans, as he drew a long breath, "I don't know where in the world I am, but Get-There never sits down!" So he fell upon his hands and knees to follow the road under the rose-bush. He had crawled only a little way, however, when he was challenged by the guard. "Here, my fine fellow," cried the Captain, "where are you going so fast?"



THE THREE WISE MEN.

Hans rubbed his knees. "You don't call this fast, do you?" said he.

"Well, so slow, then," bellowed the Captain. "Where are you going?"

"I wish I knew!" replied Hans.

"Oh, pshaw! let him go," cried one. "He is a fool."

"Not so," interposed another. "Not so; for any fool would know where he was going. Where do you come from?"

"From Narrheit," said Hans.

"What did I tell you?" cried the first. He *is* a fool, for they are all fools at Narrheit."

"Well, then," exclaimed the Captain, "he is certainly a wise man for coming away! We must take him to the Baron, or we are all dead men!"

So they led him over the moss-grown drawbridge and up dark stone stairways into the great hall, where the dust lay on the floor as thick as a Brussels carpet. Moth-eaten tapestries flapped upon the moldy walls; the tall wax candles had all burned down so low that they had turned them upside down and were burning them the other way; while the very air itself had not been out in the sun for so long that it had turned yellow as saffron. Down in one cobwebby corner the Three Wise Men sat, hunting desperately through all the realms of science and philosophy for an answer. The walls were chalked full of mathematical problems so abstruse that it made Hans's head ache to look at them; and perched high up on his mildewed throne, the Baron frowned down with dust inch-deep upon his bristling brows, and his clothes so old-fashioned that they were just coming back into style.

"Gr-r-r!" he growled, impatiently pulling his musty mustaches. "Have you found those answers yet?"

"Oh, your Grace," gasped the first, as he fell on his knees, "I have gone through the arithmetic from fractions to cube root, and if—if—"

"And I," stammered the second, "have worked the whole algebra from theorems to quadratics, but — but —"

"And I," faltered the third, "have demonstrated every proposition in the geometry, and — and —"

The Baron gritted his teeth like a gross of slate-pencils. "I am tired of your arithmetical 'ifs,' your geometrical 'ands,' and your algebraical 'buts'!" he roared in a fury. "If you don't answer those questions in so many words by supper-time, I 'll — I 'll —"

Indeed, there is no telling what he might not have done; but just then he spied Hans.

"Hullo!" he cried. "What 's this? Another wise man? Gr-r-r! What do *you* know, sir?"

"I know that I am not a wise man," replied Hans, calmly.

The Baron stared, surprised. "Well, I vow," he exclaimed; "*that* is more, to begin with, than any of the others knew! But can you answer questions?"

Hans rubbed his head. "I cannot say that I cannot," said he.

"Why not?" demanded the Baron, astonished.

"Why, because," said Hans, "if I say that I *cannot* answer a question, it will prove that I *can*, for then I shall have answered the one you have just asked me."

"That 's so," mused the Baron, twisting his mustache; "I had n't thought of that! Perhaps I would better ask the questions, and see."

Hans bowed, and the Baron began.

"The king has forbidden my joking," said



"'WELL, I VOW!' EXCLAIMED THE BARON."

he, "because my jokes are too broad. Now, sir, tell me, how broad may a good joke be?"

"A good joke," replied Hans, slowly,—"a *very* good joke, may be just as broad as its wit is deep."

The Baron looked puzzled. "And pray," said he, "what is the depth of wit?"

"The depth of wit," returned Hans quickly, "is precisely the same as the height of the ridiculous."

The Baron looked more puzzled than ever. "Oh, come," said he, with a frown (for Barons do not like to be trifled with), "that is all true enough, no doubt; but tell me now, with no more trifling, what is the height of the ridiculous to a hair's breadth?"

"Five feet nine inches," said Hans, with a smile.



"'BUT I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING MORE TO ASK,' SNAPPED THE BARON."

"Oh, stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated the Baron. "How do you make that out?"

"Why," replied Hans, bowing modestly, "you think *me* ridiculous for giving such an answer,—and five feet nine inches is just my height!"

The Baron looked up at the ceiling, and then he looked down at the floor, perplexed. "We-e-ell," said he slowly, rubbing his chin, "that may be so, too; but—I don't see—what that has to do with the matter."

"Neither do I," said Hans; "that is for you to decide. I only give answers to the questions."

"That 's so," assented the Baron; "I had n't thought of that"; and he scratched his head. "You do answer them; and all your answers certainly seem fair, and plain enough, and easy to understand, so far as they go; yet I don't seem to have gotten to where I want to get. I suppose it must be the fault of the questions."

"You might ask something more," suggested Hans.

"But I can't think of anything more to ask,"

snapped the Baron. "We seem to have come to a sort of stopping-place."

"I am ready to go on," said Hans, accommodatingly.

"But I don't know how to go on!" roared the Baron. "I don't know where we are, nor how we got here, and I can't see how to get to anywhere else!"

"Well, you need n't shake your fist at me!" protested Hans. "It is not my fault."



"THE THREE WISE MEN CONSPIRED TOGETHER."

"That 's so," apologized the Baron, crossly; "I had n't thought of that. I suppose I may as well give up and take that for an answer; though I don't know any more about how broad a joke may be than I did before."

"I 'm sorry," said Hans; "I did the best I could for you. But let 's go on with the second question!"

"All right," said the Baron, brightening up. "Where can I find a buried treasure?"

For a moment Hans stood dumfounded. Then he suddenly remembered his five farthings. "Oh, that is easy enough," said he; "just dig under the old oak at the cross-roads."

Two regiments of soldiers and five huge wagons were sent galloping away in mad haste to the spot. In a short time they returned with the five farthings—one in each wagon.

"*Donnerschlag und Dunkelheit!*" sputtered the Baron, when he saw the five poor little rusty farthings. "Throw the rascal into prison!"

"Oh, come, that is n't fair!" cried Hans, indignantly. "Did they not find the treasure buried just where I said they would?"

"Oh, yes," stuttered the Baron; "but it is such a small treasure!"

"To be sure," said Hans, frankly, "it *is* small. But you did n't ask *how large* it was; you asked only *where* it was buried."

"That 's so," acknowledged the Baron, chagrined; "I had n't thought of that. It 's just my luck!" said he, disgustedly. "I might just as well have asked for a large treasure as not, while we were at it;" and he chewed his mustache ruefully. "Well," said he, at length, grinning gloomily, "you 've answered my questions, and I am neither the wiser nor the wealthier for being answered. But I 'm a man of my word, and you shall have a heaping peck of gold. But as for those wise men," he stormed, seeking a vent for his rage somewhere, "I shall discharge them and give their back pay all to you, together with their places."

Then the three wise men were furious. It was bad enough to lose a good job in hard times, let alone losing their back pay too. So they conspired together against Hans, saying to the



"'COME, COME!' CALLED THE BARON, 'HURRY UP YOUR QUESTIONS!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Baron: "If this fellow is wiser than we are, Sire, he can, no doubt, answer all the questions we can ask him."



"'HOW CAN YOU FIND A BURIED TREASURE WHENEVER YOU WISH?'"

"To be sure," nodded the Baron.

"And if he cannot," said they, craftily, "he is not so wise as we are, and you ought not to keep him in our places."

"That 's so," mused the Baron; "I had n't thought of that. Perhaps you would better ask him a question apiece—that would be a fair test."

Then the Three Wise Men took counsel together. "Now," said the first, "if we succeed in sending this fellow away, the first thing the Baron will ask, after he is gone, will be where to find another and a larger buried treasure—I know these Barons!"

"And then—pop!—off will go our heads!" groaned the second.

"Oh, dear, that will never do!" cried the third. "We can't be wise men without our heads! We must ask him how to find a buried treasure."

"What good will that do?" objected the first. "If he *does* tell us, it will be answering our question, so we will all lose our places."

"And if he *does n't* tell us," continued the second, "we shall keep our places—but we won't know how to find a buried treasure when he is gone."

"Come, come," called the Baron, growing impatient; "hurry up your questions!"

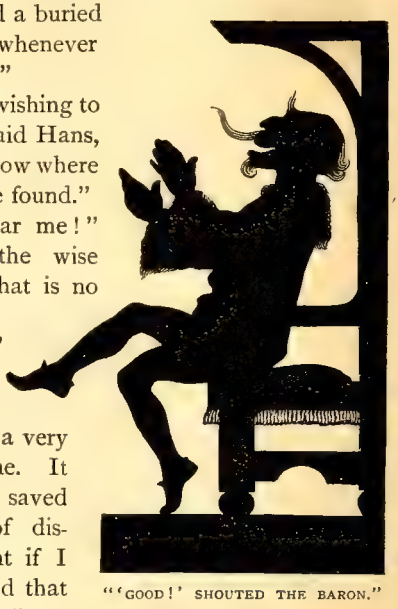
It was Hobson's choice with the wise men. So the first turned to Hans, and asked: "Can you find a buried treasure whenever you wish?"

"Yes," said Hans.

"How?" asked the wise man.

"Hold on," cried Hans, "you can't have two questions!" and the wise man sat down, biting his lips.

Then the second advanced, and asked: "How can you find a buried treasure whenever you wish?"



"'GOOD!' SHOUTED THE BARON."

"By not wishing to find one," said Hans, "until I know where one is to be found."

"Oh, dear me!" protested the wise man. "That is no answer!"

"Indeed," said the Baron, "I think it is a very sensible one. It would have saved me lots of disappointment if I had followed that plan at first."

They had just one more chance left. So the three put their heads together to find a question from which there could be no possible escape. And then the third arose, with a look of malicious triumph, and asked: "How

did you know that a treasure was buried under the oak at the cross-roads?"

"Why," said Hans, laughing merrily, "I knew that a treasure was buried under the oak because I buried it there myself."

The Baron threw himself back with a roar of laughter, for he dearly relished a joke — when it was on some one else. "Good!" he shouted. "Good enough! If you want to find a buried treasure, go bury it yourself! Ho, ho, ho! Why, you have outwitted the wits at their own game!" he cried in high glee. "I could n't have done it any better myself!" which was a great deal for a Baron to admit. And then said he to Hans: "Whatever you wish, sir, speak, and it shall be yours!"

"Then please let me go back to Narrheit," cried Hans, quickly. "I would rather be a fool in peace than a wise man in peril."

Then the Baron gave Hans a sack of gold, and sent him back to Narrheit in his own coach.

"Now, Johann Barthel," said Hans, as he stood in the door, "I have come back to stay."

"But there is no room!" cried Johann.

Hans threw his bag of gold on the floor.



"'NOW, JOHANN BARTHEL, I HAVE COME BACK TO STAY.'"

"Don't say there is no room," laughed he. "Just make the bench a little longer!"

And that is a saying in Narrheit to this day.

THE POET TO HIS CAT.

By Rev. W. N. Clarke.

Tuck in thy toes, prick up thine ears,
Assume a listening attitude,
And I will tell thee, happy cat,
The tale of thy beatitude;
And when I 've told thee all the truth,
Just rub my hand in gratitude.

What hast thou to be thankful for
Besides thy far-famed fatitude?
Thou roamest free, with ample room,
Not housed in cramping flatitude;
And thou hast beds luxurious
On couch and chair and matitude —
Beds which but for thy hairs would be
Adorned with neatest nattitude.
Thy days are passed in quietness,
Unteased by brawling bratitude;
Nor even are thy nerves outworn
By steady stream of chatitude.
Simple thy clothing, happy cat,
Unvexed by styles in hatitude.
Well may'st thou pity other cats,
Harried and worn by scatitude;
For friendly hands are stroking thee
With touch of gentle patitude,
And never once has cruelty
Stirred thee to pitapatitude.
Noble cat-pleasures fill thy life,
And swell to high ecstatitude:
Thou meetest oft thy cattish kind,
And join'st in feline spatitude;
And when the felines go for thee,
Thou giv'st them tit-for-tatitude;
And in the house thou mak'st thy boast
Of cellars cleared of ratitude.
Let other cats their homes desert
In folly blind as batitude:
Thou 'lt never seek divorce from thine
On grounds of incompatitude.

Now, cat, I 've told thee all thy lot
Of happy this-and-thatitude,
And I expect to see in thee
Appreciative catitude.



A Song Full of Children.

Robert Beverly Hale.

Children playing in the street,
Children pattering down the stair,
Children's voices, children's feet,
Children, children everywhere!



Children wading in the brooks,
Children caught in April showers;
Sober children reading books,
Jolly children picking flowers.





Children staring as you pass,
Children trampling flower-beds;
Funny children in the grass
With their feet above their heads.



Children out upon the bay,
Sailing off across the sea;
Children miles and miles away,
Children sitting on my knee.



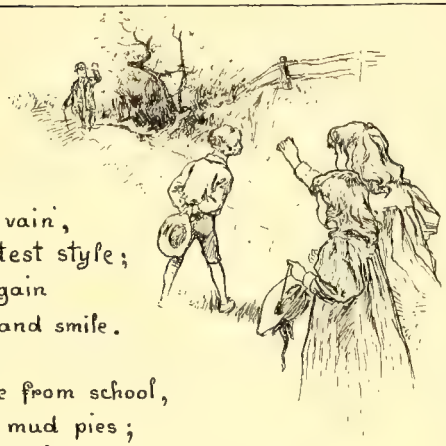








Children very proud and vain,
Dressed up in the latest style;
Children smiling back again
When I look at them and smile.





Children dancing home from school,
Children making nice mud pies;
Children fishing in the pool,
Children chasing butterflies.





Children laughing for delight,
Children crying for their bread;
Children in the streets at night
Children sound asleep in bed;

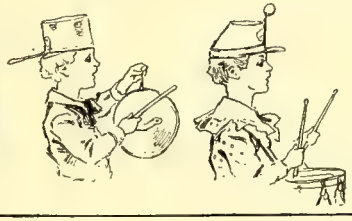






Children dressed like soldiers bold,
Marching with their flags unfurled—
Oh, our hearts have room to hold
All the children in the world!







AGROUND IN THE AMAZON.

By Captain S. A. Swinnerton.



Twenty years ago a British trading-steamer, the "Augusto," made a pioneer trip up the Amazon. She ascended the Teffe River, one of the tributaries of the Amazon, in the far western part of Brazil, and tried to enter a smaller river that flows into the Teffe.

As Captain Collyer, who commanded the Augusto, did not know the channel,— and, in fact, no white man knew it at that time,— he secured a native Indian pilot. Now, it happened to be the end of the rainy season, and the little river was much higher than usual — higher than it had been for ten years; and very likely the Indian pilot was misled by this. At all events, the Augusto ran upon a bank, and became fixed there so firmly that nothing could budge her

It was not strange that they could not dislodge her, for, as the water went down to its usual level, it was seen that the Augusto had run upon an island, and upon that island she remained for eight months, tilted so that the highest point of the keel was forty-five feet up in the air, as the picture shows.

The crew built themselves a house on the island, and moved into it. They could n't very well live in a ship that was tilted like a toboggan slide; and, besides, who knew when the

Augusto might slide down into the river among the hungry fish — to say nothing of the big-mouthed alligators?

Word of the ship's awkward fix was written to the owners and insurers, and they sent from London men called "surveyors," to find out what it was best to do. These wise men examined the Augusto, and returned to London to see whether some sort of ponderous machine could be sent out for rescuing the poor stranded steamer.

Meanwhile other surveyors examined the case, and advised that the Augusto should be sold for whatever anybody would be foolish enough to pay; and their advice was taken.

As soon as the vessel was thus abandoned, the master of the Augusto thought he would try *his* hand at getting her afloat.

The cargo was moved toward the stern; timbers were set up to support the vessel, so that her hull would not be strained; and then the Augusto's force-pumps were put to work, forcing water against the earth and mud just beneath her.

It was a case of

> Little drops of water,
> Little grains of sand.

Each little stream of water carried off a few grains of sand; and soon the uptilted vessel found herself sliding gently down the hill, while the stubborn earth that had held her fast for eight long months, and which would have defied any violence less than blasting, was gently persuaded not only to let the captive go, but even to make a road for her descent to the river.

Then the English flag was hauled down, for her new owner was a Brazilian, and the yellow diamond on a green ground was hoisted as a sign that the Augusto was henceforth to belong to the great South American Republic.

Certainly the steamer was fairly earned, for she had been rescued by one man's ingenuity.

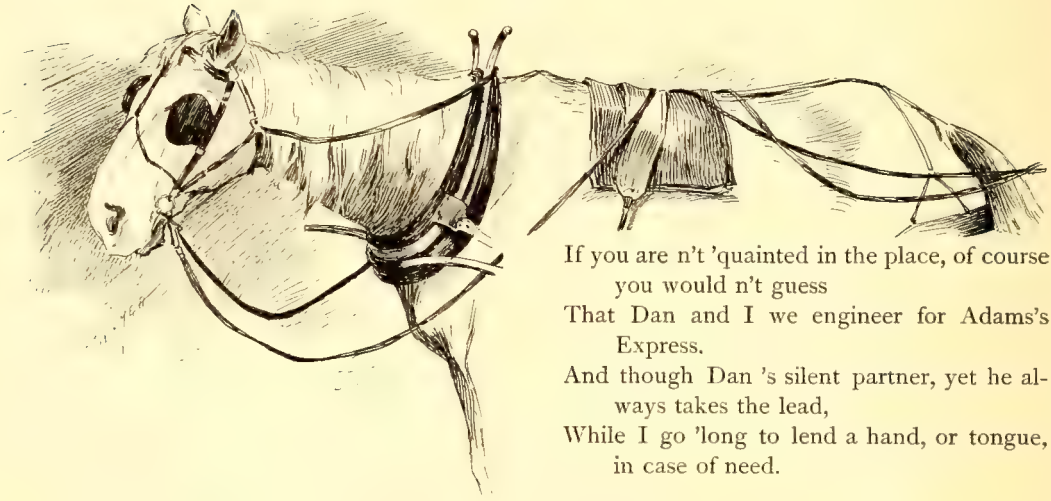
PLAYING DOMINOES.

By Amos R. Wells.

Mistress Morning — well she knows
How to play at dominoes
With the children, blithe and gay,
Wide awake at break of day.
First she shows her bluest skies,
Matched by Mary with her eyes.
Next she plays her breezes light,
Matched with Lucy's laughter bright.
Then she throws her sunshine true,
Matched with smiles by merry Lou.
Flowers come now, sweet white and red,
Matched by Josie's flower-like head.
For each charm the morning throws
In this game of dominoes
Something sweet the children bring,
Matching her in everything.
If the game goes thus all day,
Who will be the victor, pray?

A Silent Partner

By Mary A. Hoadley.



If you are n't 'quainted in the place, of course you would n't guess
That Dan and I we engineer for Adams's Express.
And though Dan 's silent partner, yet he always takes the lead,
While I go 'long to lend a hand, or tongue, in case of need.



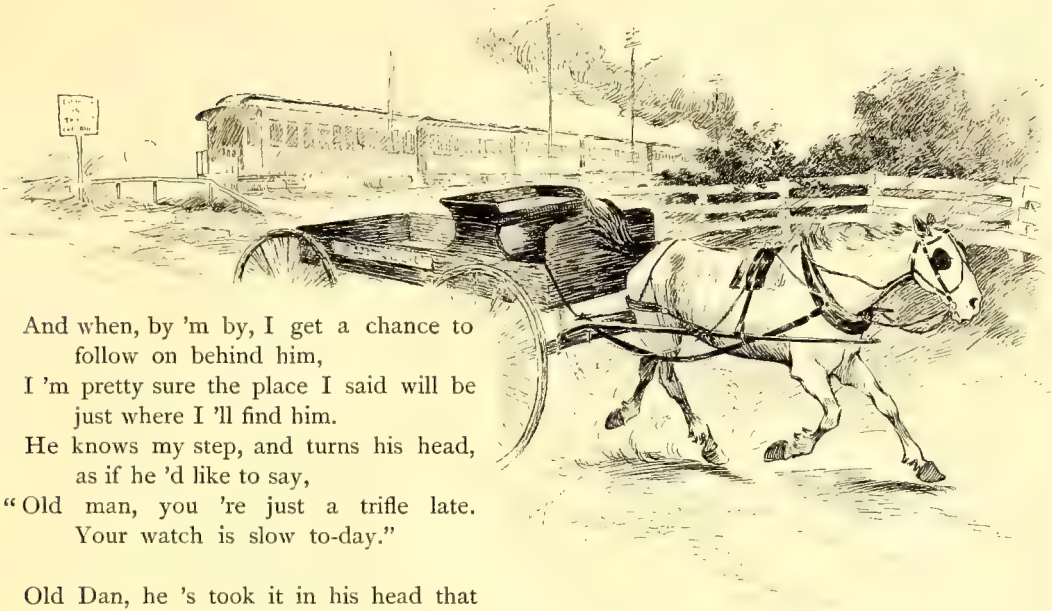
The 7:05 is late to-night; it 's a quarter after, now.
Come holidays, there 's extra work, the train-hands all allow.
But Dan and I know how to wait,—been at it all our days,—
And fretting never hurries trains nor helps out other ways.

We manage this way: Do you see the office next the track?
Well, there Dan leaves me when I throw the reins across his back,
And while I 'm making out the bills, he comes across the road,
And backs the wagon up for me all ready to unload.

Old Dan, he knows as well as I what trains bring in express.
This 7:05 's the last to-night. He 'd stand right there, I guess,
Till doomsday, waiting patiently; but when it once has come,
No power on earth can keep old Dan from making tracks for home.

What 's that? You think I ought to go and hitch my horse? Why, man!
None but a stranger in these parts would say that of old Dan.
If every human had the brains that that old horse has got,
There 'd be a scarcity of fools, so p'r'aps it 's better not.

Once in a while there comes a time when I am hindered here,
And Dan is wanted farther up, so I say in his ear,
"Old fellow, you go on ahead, and wait at such a place."
He takes the middle of the road and jogs his usual pace.



And when, by 'm by, I get a chance to follow on behind him,
I 'm pretty sure the place I said will be just where I 'll find him.
He knows my step, and turns his head, as if he 'd like to say,
"Old man, you 're just a trifle late. Your watch is slow to-day."

Old Dan, he 's took it in his head that there 's no kind of use
In living just to please yourself, and thinks there 's no excuse



For letting people go afoot when room 's to spare inside,
And, consequently, folks all know where they can catch a ride.

Though I don't like to notice it, I cannot help but see
Old age is laying hold of Dan, and has his eye on me.

So when Dan leaves the partnership I 'll send my resignation,
And then there 'll be two vacancies to fill at this 'ere station.

There goes the section-signal up! The train is in this block.
I hope I have n't bored you, sir, with all this foolish talk.
Yes, there 's your train. A half-hour late. Shake hands? Yes, *sir!* Good night!
Get up, Dan! Whoa! Gee off! Back up! Old fellow, *you 're* all right.





THE PIRATE'S LITTLE JOKE.

By Rudolph F. Bunner.

"You must not be a Pirate," said the King across the ocean;
"You must not be a Pirate," said the People on the shore;
"And if to chase a ship again you make the slightest motion,
When we catch you, we will hang you, as we should have done before."

Said the Pirate to himself, "Well, this spoils all my old trading;
I might as well sell clams — for I 'm a bucaneer no more.
But I 'll get even with their laws; they 'll pay for their upbraiding,
For I 'll start a pretty legend that I 'll tell along the shore."

So for many, many miles on the sandy, wind-swept reaches,
He told strange tales in whispers of the gold that he would hide,
And the people all went out with their shovels on the beaches,
And they dug on bay and shingle by the ebbing of the tide.

That was many years ago, but the legend it still lingers,
And the Pirate well might smile, for the ocean-beach is lined
With a band of earnest searchers whose strong arms and busy fingers
Dig for hidden golden treasures they will never, never find.

TEDDY AND CARROTS:

TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

By James Otis.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

Chapter X.

SKIP'S VENGEANCE.

It was necessary to shake the amateur farmer very rudely next morning before he could be awakened; and even after he had opened his eyes Teddy was obliged to repeat several times the well-known fact that they ought to get out of the yard before the shop was opened.

"Seems to me it 's taken half an hour to get you awake," he said, "an' now it 's time we was over the fence. I 've got stuff enough for breakfast in my pocket, an' we 'll eat as we go."

By this time Carrots was fully alive to the surroundings, and in a twinkling assumed his old character, which he fancied had been thrown off nevermore to be resumed.

As soon as they were in the street, and had begun breakfast while walking toward South Ferry, he asked his companion regarding business during his absence, and received a most satisfactory reply.

"I 've been gettin' along first-class," Teddy said; "an' we 've got a good big capital to begin on."

"But I 'm dead broke," Carrots replied mournfully. "I spent some of my money when I went out with the farmer, an' the rest of it while I was walkin' in yesterday."

"You can't be broke so long 's you 've still kept your interest in the firm, an' that eighty-six cents has grown to more 'n two dollars."

"But I don't own a share of it."

"Course you do, an' we won't have any talk 'bout it either. I 'lowed you 'd stay longer 'n you did, and so wanted you to take the whole of the cash; but you would n't, and we 're pardners jest the same 's if you 'd been here all the time, 'cause your money was in town even if you was n't."

"But I did n't do any work, did I?"

"It does n't make any more difference now than it did when I was locked up in the station-house. I did n't work then, but you made me take all the profits. It seems to me it would be a good idea to buy another box an' brushes. I 've had such luck with this, an' earned so much more 'n I did with only the papers, that we 'd better keep the two goin'."

"All right," Carrots replied enthusiastically. "I 'll get a new one, an' sell papers too."

"Do you s'pose you can buy a box ready made?"

"I reckon so. Let me have some money, an' I 'll snoop 'round City Hall, or down to Fulton Ferry. Some of the fellows will know of an outfit for sale."

Teddy handed him a dollar as he asked:

"Who 'll 'tend to the lawyer this mornin'?"

"I guess you 'd better, 'cause I might n't get my box in time, an' to-morrow I 'll start in reg'lar. Where 'll I see you this noon?"

"Come down to the ferry."

"I 'll be there, sure."

With this promise the two parted, and Teddy, quite as cautious regarding the possibility of meeting Skip as ever, went after his morning's stock of papers.

Half an hour later he was busily at work when Teenie Massey came running toward him, evidently in the highest state of excitement.

"Say, Carrots got home last night!"

"Well, don't you s'pose I know it?"

"Yes; an' so does Skip Jellison."

"How 'd you hear of it?"

"Reddy saw him down on Fulton street, an' Skip 's just wild. Says he 's goin' to thump the head off er Carrots if he shows hisself 'round this town to-day. You 'd better come right up to City Hall an' see if you can't help him!"

"Help who?"

"Why, Carrots, of course. Sid Barker said

he told one of the fellers that he was goin' up there to work, this forenoon, an' if somebody don't stop him there 'll be trouble."

"Skip won't dare to do any fightin' after the fuss with me."

"He says he will; an' he 's goin' to smash Carrots's box, so you 'd better go up."

"It seems as if I 'd only make the matter worse," Teddy said half to himself. "I don't b'lieve Carrots 'll be fool enough to show his nose round where Skip is, an' if I go there 'll be some kind of a row sure. Why can't you manage this thing, Teenie?"



CARROTS FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

"What could I do?"

"See Carrots, an' tell him to keep away."

"I 'll try it," Teenie said doubtfully; "but I don't b'lieve he 'll listen to me. You see, after I carried him that letter he 's got a idea I 'm standin' in with Skip, an' I ain't at all."

This reminder of "the warning" caused Teddy to think there was more in the threat of Master Jellison's than he had at first believed.

The letter which Teenie brought on the day prior to Carrots's departure for the farm had for a while escaped his mind.

Now, however, it seemed evident, and only reasonable, that after making such a threat Skip should try to carry it into effect.

He was sadly at a loss to know exactly what he ought to do, but urged Teenie to go in search of Carrots; and when that young gentleman had departed at full speed he muttered to himself:

"It 's too bad to knock off now, when business is so good, but I s'pose it 's got to be done; an' yet I 'd be in an awful scrape if I should get 'rested ag'in for more fightin'."

While he was thus debating in his mind, the meeting which he wished to prevent was already taking place.

On leaving his friend, Carrots had visited Fulton Ferry for the purpose of calling upon an old acquaintance to inquire if he knew where a second-hand box could be found for sale.

It was during this interview that Reddy saw him, and reported the fact of his arrival to Skip.

Failing in his purpose at this point, Carrots went boldly up to the City Hall with never a thought in his mind of the peremptory order to leave town which he had received.

One by one, he greeted the acquaintances whom he met, repeating the story which he had already told Teddy relative to his experiences

on the farm, and asked concerning the welfare of those friends whom he had left behind.

As a matter of course, all this required considerable time, and the forenoon was nearly half spent when he reached City Hall Park.

Business in the newspaper line was usually dull at this hour, and he found quite a party of his brother merchants in the vicinity of the park, with apparently no other idea than that of passing the time as pleasantly as possible.

Carrots approached as he would have done a week previous, and was soon in the center of the interested throng, who were listening to his views of country life in general and his own experience in particular, when a stranger approached him and whispered:

"Did you get that box you wanted to buy?"

"No," Carrots replied. "Have you got one to sell?"

"A feller I know of has, an' it 's a dandy!"

"Where is it?"

"Down on Rose street, under the bridge."

"I 'll go there in a minute." And Carrots turned to continue his story, when the stranger whispered:

"You 'll have to come quick, or he 'll be gone; and this is the biggest trade you ever saw."

It is probable Carrots would not have interrupted himself in the pleasing task of describing the incidents which happened on the farm during his presence there, but for the fact that he remembered what Teddy had said regarding the necessity of being industrious; and realizing that he had already wasted more time than his partner might approve of, he hurried away with the stranger, without once thinking to inquire how the latter could have learned he was in need of a bootblack's outfit.

The messenger went rapidly toward the point designated, and Carrots followed, never thinking of possible danger.

On reaching Rose street he saw no boy near the bridge, and was about to ask his guide if the alleged owner of the box had not gone to some other portion of the city, when he was suddenly seized from behind, and, turning his head slightly, he saw Skip's face.

"So you had the nerve to come back here, did you?" Master Jellison asked, working himself into a passion, which was not a very difficult task for him.

"Come back here? Where else could I go?" Carrots asked, frightened, and at the same time determined that the enemy should not see any signs of fear on his face.

"It does n't make any difference to me where you ought ter gone, so long 's you come here. Now I 'm goin' to serve you jest as I threatened. Hold him, Sid, while I see what he 's got in his clothes."

At this instant Sid, Reddy, and another boy came out from their hiding-places, and the transfer of the prisoner was quickly made.

Sid held Carrots by the hands in such a manner as to prevent the slightest movement save at the expense of considerable pain, and the stranger volunteered to act as sentinel during the punishment.

Skip understood that it was necessary for him to work very rapidly lest he should be interrupted by the guardians of the peace, and no pickpocket could have been more skilful than he in searching the prisoner.

"Here! don't you take that—it ain't mine!" Carrots cried as his enemy seized the dollar which Teddy had given him.

"Then, if it ain't yours, I reckon it 's mine."

"I 'll have you 'rested for stealin' if you don't put that right back!" Carrots threatened, struggling in vain to release himself from Sid's detaining grasp.

"I reckon you won't be able to do much of anything by the time I get through with you," Skip replied, with an exasperating chuckle. "This is jest about as much as I need to pay for the swell dinner we fellers want; an' when I see the owner I 'll give it back to him, if I feel like it."

Then, without further parley, he began to beat the helpless boy in the most cruel manner, and probably would have continued until Carrots had received serious injury had it not been for a warning cry from the sentinel.

Master Jellison was very careful of his own precious body. He had no idea of allowing himself to be captured, since he might be brought before the same judge to whom Carrots had told the story of his attack on Teddy; and therefore he delayed his flight only long enough to say threateningly:

"Now, if you an' that chump from Saranac don't get out er this part of the city before to-morrow mornin', I 'll fix you so 's you can't even wiggle." And, with a blow by way of emphasis, he started at full speed toward the water-front, Sid, Reddy, and the sentinel following close at his heels.

Poor Carrots was in a sad plight. His nose was bleeding, his cheek cut, and his head buzzing like a mill-wheel from the effects of the blows.

He seated himself on the curb-stone, and was giving full sway to the grief and anger of his heart, when some one touched him gently on the shoulder.

Looking up quickly, he saw Teenie Massey, who asked in surprise:

"Why, what 's the matter? Did Skip catch you?"

"Yes, he did; an' he stole a dollar that belonged to Teddy."

The enormity of this last offense caused Master Massey more surprise than if he had seen his friend in a much worse bodily condition. He had feared Carrots might get a whipping, but never believed Skip would be so bold as to commit downright robbery.

"How did it happen?" he asked solicitously.

Carrots told his story in the fewest possible words, and concluded by making the most dismal and bloodthirsty threats relative to what he would do to Master Jellison when the proper time should arrive — all of which had but little effect on Teenie.

When from sheer lack of breath the victim was forced to cease speaking, Master Massey asked in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Where do you s'pose you 'll live now?"

"Where will I live? Why, the same place I allers have, of course."

"But you won't dare to if Skip 's goin' to cut up this way."

"I 'll have him 'rested for stealin', an' then we 'll see how he 'll act. I guess he 'll get sick of tryin' to run fellows out er town!"

Teenie made no reply to this threat because he did not believe it would be carried into effect, but said in what he intended should be a soothing tone:

"It ain't likely he 'll try to do anythin' more to-day, so you 'd better brace up an' get some of the blood off of your face. I 've jest been down to tell Teddy what I heard Skip say he was goin' to do, an' you ought ter get 'round to the ferry, 'cause he 'll be huntin' for you."

"I 'm goin' to see that lawyer first, an' find out what can be done with Skip."

"Well, you want ter kind of spruce up a bit before you do that, for you don't look very fine now, Carrots."

"I 'll jest leave the blood all over my face till the judge sees it."

"Then you 'll stand a good chance of bein' 'rested for a pirate, 'cause you look like one." And Teenie, understanding that it would be useless to argue further with Carrots while he was in such a frame of mind, believed it his duty to notify the victim's partner that it was useless for him to neglect business, since the mischief had already been done.

Leaving the disconsolate victim of Skip's vengeance on the curb-stone, Master Massey walked slowly toward the City Hall; but before he was very far from the scene of the late encounter, he met Teddy.

A few words sufficed to acquaint the latter with all that had happened.

It certainly was discouraging, to say the least, that Master Thurston should be obliged to spend so much time just at this hour, when trade was most flourishing; but he did not neglect what was manifestly his duty, even though it cost him so much in the way of prospective profits.

His first thought on approaching his partner was to attempt to soothe him; but after a few moments he realized how useless such a task would be, and proceeded at once to more heroic measures.

"Now, see here, Carrots, this won't do at all. It ain't any good for you to try to have Skip 'rested for takin' that dollar, an' the lawyer 'll be mad, jest as likely as not, if you go to him 'bout it. Course it 's pretty hard to git sich a thumpin'; but it 's over now, an' we 've got to figger how we can git the best of that villain ourselves."

"He 's worse 'n a villain — he 's a heathen!" Carrots yelled.

"Well, call it a heathen then. We 'll square

up with him before we 're much older, an' that 's a good deal better 'n tryin' to get somebody else to do it for us. I 'll bet he has to give up that money before a week, an' we can 'ford to wait two or three days for the sake of doin' the thing right."

"I don't see how we 'll ever get the best of Skip. He 's always got his gang with him."

"We 'll find some way before long, so you 'd better fix yourself up and get to work. There 's all the more need of hustling now we 've lost a dollar."

"I did n't lose it! It was stole!"

"Well, it 's gone, an' we 've got to make it up. Now, be a man, an' to-night we 'll talk this thing over."

Teddy spoke so sternly that Carrots was forced to obey; and, walking slowly and mournfully to City Hall Park, he washed his face in the basin of the fountain, drying it as well as he could with the sleeve of his coat, for Teddy no longer carried his newspaper valise since he had a dwelling-place in which to leave it.

As a matter of course, Carrots's friends who chanced to be in the vicinity insisted on knowing exactly what had happened, and on being informed of the outrage denounced the perpetrator of the villainy in no measured terms.

"He 'll get hisself into trouble if he keeps on this way very long," one of the listeners said when the story had been told in all its details. "I 've got tired seein' him tryin' to run the whole town, an' it strikes me there oughter be enough other fellows that feel the same way to set down on him."

More than one expressed the same opinion, and Teddy was made happy by hearing suggestions as to what should be done to curb Master Jellison's ambitions; but although very much advice was given, no one volunteered anything in the way of assistance toward righting the wrong that had been done.

Vain threats and denunciations would not bring back the stolen money, and to Teddy this was more important than "squaring himself" with Skip. Therefore, after having waited for Carrots to talk with his friends as long as he thought absolutely necessary, he whispered:

"Now, see here, old man, I 've got to go to work. We must n't fool any more time away. Let 's earn what we can the rest of the day, an' to-night we 'll fix up some kind of a plan."

Carrots would have been better pleased to remain with his friends; but his partner was so peremptory that he could not refuse to go to work, and half an hour later the business associates were industriously engaged either in selling papers or blacking boots, according to the demands of their customers.

(To be continued.)

How The Godmother Failed

A Latter-Day Fairy Tale

By Guy Wetmore Carryl.

The Princess was fair as a maid could be,
And she bore the stamp of a high degree;
She lived in a palace, and dressed in blue,
As the daughters of Kings are apt to do;
And the palace had fir-trees round about
(The usual run of them have, no doubt).
The Princess loved a Prince in mail,
As one always does in a fairy-tale.

He was handsome and brave, but, just the same,
He had n't a cent to his royal name —
Which, as every one knows who knows a thing,
Is a fatal defect in a future king.
So the maid might weep and the maid might moan —
Her father's heart was as hard as stone.
He locked her up in a tower room,



All horrible spiders and darkest gloom,
To worry as if her heart would break;
And all for her penniless Prince's sake!
Perhaps it *was* mean of the stern old King,
But in fairy-tales it is quite the thing!

Well, the Princess had, as need scarce be told,
A fairy godmother, bent and old.
She came through the wall, with her magic wand,
And the situation she deeply conned,
And shortly evolved a brilliant plan,
As fairy godmothers always can.
At night, when the white stars filled the skies,
The Princess opened her great gray eyes;
And in at the window smoothly rolled
A fairy bicycle built of gold,
With cobweb spokes and a silver tire,
And its lantern filled with the glow-worm's fire—
A new invention, and, what is more,
Not met with in fairy-tales before.

So the Princess mounted, and through the air
She skilfully wheeled her way to where
The Prince was waiting among the firs
With another bicycle just like hers.
Away they sped like the whirling wind,
Leaving her father far behind.

Swift as he could the King pursued,
Uttering words that were highly rude;
But after a time he stopped to laugh,
For both of the wheels had snapped in half!
They tell me machines of the finest make
Sooner or later are bound to break;







So we cannot wonder in case we 're told
That a fairy bicycle built of gold,
With cobweb spokes and a silver bar,
Is not of much use to travel far!

Back to the dreary tower room,
Back to the spiders and darkest gloom,
The Princess went with the stern old King;
And the bronze door shut with a dismal ring,
And — alas for the maid! — her pauper swain
Was never so much as seen again.

Perhaps you will say, my little friends,
"What a horrible way this story ends!"
But you know the tales that you read in youth
Vary a bit from the strictest truth.
So my moral — at least the way it looks —
Is — *Sometimes it 's different from the books!*





THE MANATEE, TAPIR, AND PECCARY.

(Eighteenth paper of the series on North American Quadrupeds.)

By William T. Hornaday.

Of all the large animals of the American continent, none is more remarkable in form than the Manatee. While it is not by any means a quadruped, yet it is so large, so little known, and so interesting, as to fairly demand a place in these papers.

MANATEE.
(Man-a'tus A-mer-i-can'us.)

Although this strange creature is of goodly size, often reaching a weight of several hundred pounds, and sometimes attaining a length of thirteen feet, yet I venture to say that not more than one person out of every four thousand in the United States could now arise and correctly answer the question, "What is a Manatee?" Whenever you mention the name of the creature to any one save a student of quadrupeds, of a surety you will have that question to answer forthwith.

The Manatee is an animal that lives exclusively in the water, and while it is shaped somewhat like a seal, it is very far from being one. I mention the seal by way of comparison solely because it is the only quadruped which can be used. The heavy, bag-like body, short neck, blunt nose, and round head of our harbor seal do indeed suggest the form of the Manatee; but there the resemblance stops short.

Instead of having hind flippers like a seal, the body of the Manatee terminates in a very broad and very flat tail, which forms an admirable propeller. Its front limbs are simply big, flat paddles, by no means so shapely and useful as the front flippers of a sea-lion. It has no hair,—or, at least, none to speak of; a smooth, but very thick and tough skin, small weak eyes, and a blunt nose. Instead of having teeth like a seal, and feeding on fish, it has only a set of rather weak molars, and lives solely on aquatic plants.

It lives in the mouths and lower reaches of rivers that flow into the sea in tropical latitudes, and while it does not object to salt water, it is most at home in water that is either brackish or else quite fresh; and the latter is preferred because of its aquatic vegetation. Unlike the seal, it is quite unable to come out on land.

I am glad to be able to say that even to-day this remarkable animal is an inhabitant of one portion of our strangely diversified United States.

For some particular reason, probably the abundance of good food combined with a good depth of water, a number of Manatees have chosen to inhabit the St. Lucie River, Brevard Co., Florida, which flows into Indian River, eighteen miles above Jupiter Inlet. Their presence there has been well known for twenty years or so; but, fortunately for them, they possess neither the checkered-leather hide of the sad-eyed alligator, the spun-glass plumes of the unhappy egret, or the delicious flesh of the wild turkey; and so as yet they have not been entirely exterminated.

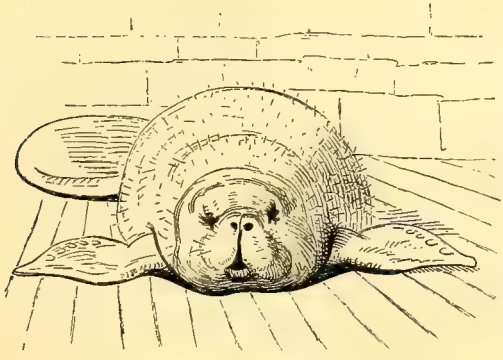
In 1888, plucky Captain Zellers, of Titusville, went a-fishing for them with a 300-foot net, made of rope, and caught four specimens alive and unhurt. Three were shipped in tanks of water to New York. During that year they were shown at New York and Cape May; but at the approach of winter all died from the want of a warm aquarium. The skeleton represented in our illustration, now in the National Museum, formerly belonged to a St. Lucie River Manatee, thirteen feet in length, which was collected, "for scientific purposes," by Mr. Shipman, of Rochester, in 1884.

The Manatee belongs to a mammalian order called *Si-re'ni-a*, or Sea Cows, which contains only three species: our Manatee, that of West Africa, and the dugong of Australia. As its clumsy form suggests, it is an animal of quiet

and even sluggish habits, entirely harmless, and easily taken when once its haunts are known. When at home, its food consists of tender aquatic plants and grasses, always eaten under water, and its presence is generally revealed by the bits of broken stems and grass which escape and float to the surface above where it is feeding.

In captivity it feeds on cabbage, lettuce, the leaves of the canna, celery tops, water-cress, spinach, and also certain kinds of ocean sea-weed. In the St. Lucie River, its favorite food is a luxuriant, trailing aquatic grass, called manatee grass, in which the Manatee finds not only good food, but good hiding-places from its human enemies.

The bones of this animal are massive, solid, and quite heavy (some hunters will tell you its bones are "solid ivory"), and its skin is as thick and tough as that of a hippopotamus. I have seen very good canes made of strips of manatee-skin, twisted like a lightning-rod, and dried. Its flesh is very good, and to me it tastes quite like lean pork. Curiously enough,



A PRETTY FRONT FACE.

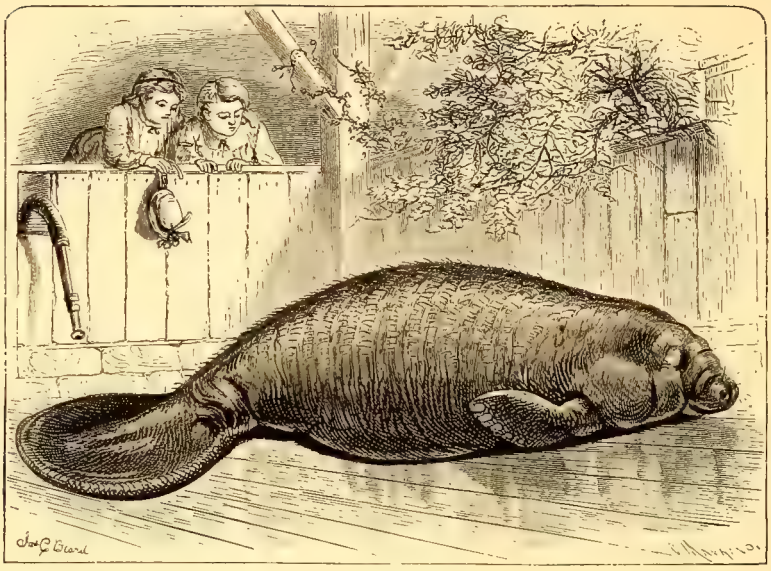
this strange creature actually sheds its outer skin every year, as does a serpent. The living specimens that from time to time have been captured and kept for exhibition in Demerara, Philadelphia, New York, and London, have in all cases been of small or medium size, varying in length from four to seven feet. The one which was shown in the Central Park Menagerie, in 1873, was 6 feet 9½ inches in length, and weighed 450 pounds, from which we may hazard a guess that Mr. Shipman's Manatee must have weighed between 1000 and 1200 pounds.

In Florida the Manatee once inhabited several localities on the Gulf Coast as far north as Tampa, if not even farther, and on the Atlantic side it is known to have been taken at St. Augustine. Whether it is still to be found alive on the west coast is a question; but I doubt it very much. At all events, it was once sufficiently abundant there to bestow its name upon a county, a river, and a thriving town at the mouth of Tampa Bay.

In more southern latitudes, the American Manatee is found at certain points on the coast of Cuba (I found it myself in the Isle of Pines, in 1875), and of Yucatan, Honduras, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and the coast of South America generally, but particularly the Guianas and the Amazon, as far south as southern Brazil. The feeling is a foolish one, I know, but for all that, as a patriotic American, I have always felt positively proud of the fact that we can count the Manatee as belonging to the mammalian fauna of the United States. But that is not a circumstance to the genuine joy I felt in the discovery of a true crocodile of huge dimensions in Southern Florida, and in forcing jealous and unbelieving foreign naturalists to accept the credentials of *Crocodilus acutus Floridanus*. At first they all seemed to feel that we had no right to have a genuine crocodile, fourteen feet long, all our own! But we have it, nevertheless.

Still less known in this country, and never seen, either in menageries or museums, are the two species of Tapir found in Central America. The sleek, plump-bodied, chocolate-brown Tapir of South America we do see occasionally, both alive and dead, but of BAIRD'S TAPIR there is *not even one adult stuffed specimen in existence*, either in this country or in Europe. A few skulls and skeletons, and two or three mutilated and unmountable skins are positively all the world possesses in representation of this species, and, what is still worse, no naturalist has yet had an opportunity to even write a description of the full-grown animal! The young animal is known to be of a reddish-brown

BAIRD'S TAPIR.
(*Tapi-rus Baird'i.*)



THE MANATEE.

color, marked with irregular white spots and stripes.

Our universal poverty in specimens of the Tapir named in honor of Professor Baird is not due to the extreme rarity of the animal, but rather to a lack of enterprise on the part of the intelligent white men who from time to time have had it in their power to procure and to preserve specimens. The animal is well known in Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Southern Mexico.

Although Tapirs are usually found along small and well-shaded rivers in the hot lowlands of the tropics, they are frequently found on forest-covered mountains as well. Dr. Frantzius informs us that in Costa Rica Baird's Tapir is found both in the lowlands and on the highest mountain ranges. He says also that "it is much hunted, for its flesh is very delicate; the backwoodsmen salt it, or dry it in the air, and thus provide themselves with large stores. Its thick hide is very useful. . . Tapirs are very fond of the salt-licks which are formed in the neighborhood of the numerous mineral springs by the evaporation of the saline water. Here they are either shot with bullets on moonlight nights, or are hunted down with dogs, and killed with spears."

In Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica there lives another species, known as Dow's Tapir, of

DOW'S TAPIR.
(*Tapi-rus Dowi.*)

which a little more is known than of the preceding. In Messrs. Salvin and Goodman's Biologia Centrali-Americana, there is a very excellent illustration which represents a nearly adult mounted specimen in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. The color of the animal is a nearly uniform blackish brown.

The food of the Tapir consists of the soft and fleshy plants which grow abundantly along the margins of tropical rivers, and in dense forests where the humidity is great. This animal is almost as fond of water as the capybara, and when attacked always heads straight for the nearest stream. It is very shy, very keen-witted, and without dogs is difficult to kill.



THE SKELETON OF A MANATEE.

Of the few American quadrupeds for which an intelligent hunter entertains a certain amount of respect, the Collared Peccary is one. Al-

COLLARED PECCARY.
(*Di-cot'y-les ta-jas'su.*)

though he is only a little flat-sided, high-shouldered hog, wild and uneducated, yet he is a plucky fighter when angry — and like a true child of the wild West, he gets mad quite easily. It always annoys him very much that any one should dare to go a-gunning for him, and Mr. A. B. Baker, of the Washington "Zoo," points to a long slit in the side of his leather leggings as an illustration of what a Texas Peccary can do when he is very angry.



SOUTH AMERICAN TAPIRS.

This species has a very wide range, being found from the Red River of Arkansas as far south as Patagonia. In Texas it is no longer abundant save in the low jungly bottom lands along the Rio Grande. It does not go in great droves, like the White-Lipped Peccary, and it is seldom that more than eight or ten individuals are seen together. The time was when they were much more ready to fight than they are now; but, like all other dangerous animals, they have learned to fear man and his deadly firearms.

Not long since, Mr. Baker visited Uvalde Co., Texas, for the purpose of collecting "Musk Hogs," as the Peccaries are there called, and the following is an extract from a very interesting letter he sent me from the seat of war:

> We are now camped in the low country, about fifty miles from the Mexican border. This country is one vast thicket of mesquite, "cat-claw," and prickly-pear. Everything has a thorn, and without leather leggings riding is impossible. I have had much difficulty in finding any one who would help me in getting the Hogs, as all are afraid of having their dogs killed; but at last I found a man who was willing to hunt with me.
>
> We have camped by a deserted ranch, which shelters us from the pouring rains, rise every morning before daybreak, and as soon as it is light enough to ride with safety, are in the saddle. Whenever the dogs find a hog-trail, we have a lively race, tearing after them through brush and thorns, until the trail ends either in a dense thicket, or a den in the rocks. In the latter cases we have had two or three lively scenes, in one of which an enraged Peccary, beset by the dogs, charged down upon me, and with a vicious sidewise swipe of his tusks, cut clean through my leggings. But for the thick leather, the little beast would have laid my leg open to the bone.
>
> Whenever the dogs brought a Peccary to bay, we would shoot it as soon as we could do so without the risk of killing a dog: but I regret to say that yesterday our best dog was nearly killed by a Musk Hog. However, we have already secured thirteen fine specimens.



THE COLLARED PECCARY.

The White-Lipped Peccary, of Central America generally, and southward to Paraguay, is more sociable in its habits than the other species, and is sometimes found in droves of from fifty to one hundred individuals. This species is quite pugnacious, possibly emboldened by the number of able-bodied fighters, and many stories are told of peccary hunters who have in turn been hunted, and forced to climb trees for safety.

WHITE-LIPPED PECCARY.
(Di-cot'y-les la-bi-a'tus.)

In its habits the Peccary is always a true hog, with an appetite for anything that can be chewed and swallowed. Naturally its principal source of food-supply is found in nuts, mast, roots, and fruits; but it also eats reptiles, worms, larvæ, eggs, young animals when available, and crops when any are within reach.

A LITTLE BOY'S VAIN REGRET.

By Edith M. Thomas.

He was six years old, just six that day,
And I saw he had something important to say
As he held in his hand a broken toy:
He looked in my face for an instant, and then
He said, with a sigh, and a downcast eye,
"If I could live my life over again,
I think I could be a better boy!"

WHO CARES?

By Harriet F. Blodgett.

Who cares what borders on Japan?
  Who wants the rule of three
When the sun is shining in the sky
  And birds sing on the tree?

Who cares for height of mountain-top,
  Just when a kite can fly
Above the highest clouds that float?
  I 'm sure it is not I!

And if ten men can dig a well,
  Now who would give a pin
To know how many days each one
  Would take to dig it in?

If Chinese people upside down
  Must walk — what matter, pray?
Or live on rats, and lie awake
  All night, and sleep all day?

If James and John have three pounds six,
  Whatever that may be
In cents and dollars, I am sure,
  Is nothing much to me!

If any boy or girl alive
  Cares for such things as these,
Let them come in, and we 'll go out,
  And thank you — if you please!





THE Howlery Growlery ROOM

By Laura E. Richards.

It does n't pay to be cross—
It 's not worth while to try it;
For Mammy's eyes so sharp
Are very sure to spy it;
A pinch on Billy's arm,
A snarl or a sullen gloom,
No longer we stay, but must up and away
To the Howlery Growlery room.





Chorus. Hi! the Howlery! ho! the Growlery!
Ha! the Sniffery, Snarlery, Scowlery!
There we may stay,
If we choose, all day;
But it 's only a smile that can bring us away.

If Mammy catches me
A-pitching into Billy;
If Billy breaks my whip,
Or scares my rabbit silly:
It 's "Make it up, boys, quick!
Or else you know your doom!"
We must kiss and be friends, or the squabble ends
In the Howlery Growlery room.

Chorus. Hi! the Howlery! ho! the Growlery!
Ha! the Sniffery, Snarlery, Scowlery!
There we may stay,
If we choose, all day;
But it 's only a smile that can bring us away.

So it does n't pay to be bad;
There 's nothing to be won in it:
And when you come to think,
There 's really not much fun in it.
So, come! The sun is out,
The lilacs are all a-bloom.
Come out and play, and we 'll keep away
From the Howlery Growlery room.

Chorus. Hi! the Howlery! ho! the Growlery!
Ha! the Sniffery, Snarlery, Scowlery!
There we may stay,
If we choose, all day;
But it 's only a smile that can bring us away.

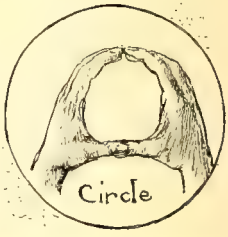
THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.



"VENICE! — AND MY PAPA 'S THERE, NOW!"

Finger Play.

By Edith Goodyear.



The little space 'twixt fingers & thumbs
Is round as a circle you see!
While in there, a tiny square
Shows corners four to me.





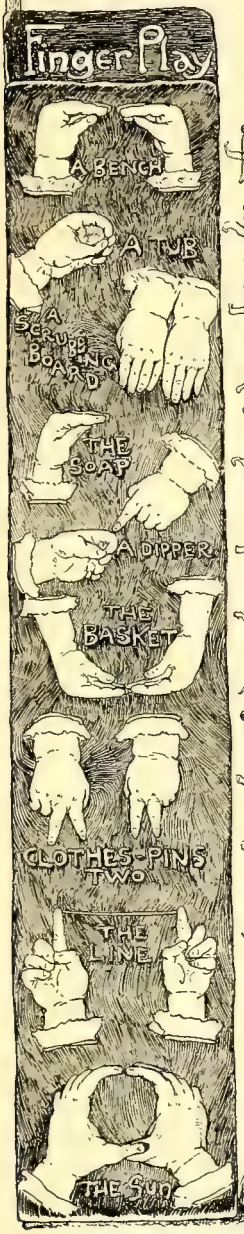
Circles are like the daisies white;
Like pennies candies and plates,
Like Grandma's cookies & pumpkin pies;
And best of all, the pretty blue
In Baby's laughing eyes.





The square makes me think of the rug where he sits
On the nursery floor at play;
Of the lawn where he rolls
in the sunshine bright,
And the dainty spread
that covers his bed
When he's fast asleep at night.

MONDAY



Here's a little wash-bench,
Here's a little tub.
Here's a little scrubbing-board,
And here's the way to rub.
Here's a little cake of soap,
Here's a dipper new.
Here's a basket wide & deep,
And here are clothes-pins two.
Here's the line away up high,
Here's the clothes all flying.
Here's the sun so warm & bright,
And now the washing's drying.

Edith Goodyear.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BACK again to school,
Hear the bells a-ringing!
Feet a-dancing, heads a-whirl,
Shouting boy and smiling girl,
Apron trim and shining curl,
Here they come a-singing
Back again to school.

Back again to school,
Clear September weather,
Wayside goldenrods ablow;
Eyes a-sparkle, cheeks aglow,
Down the grassy ways they go,
Merry mates together
Back again to school.

So sings your friend Dorothy Deane in a song lately sent you in Jack's care, my young book-devourers; and your Jack heartily joins in the invisible chorus of good will and fine spirits.

CORKS.

WHO knows where corks come from? This question was asked of the children of the red school-house one day, and some funny answers came.

One child said, "From bottles"; another timidly shouted, "The druggist's"; another said, "Off of trees"; and the dear Little Schoolma'am began to feel rather discouraged. Suddenly a freckled little fellow of eight summers held up his hand.

"Well, Eddie," said the Little Schoolma'am, encouragingly.

"I think corks are trees,— I mean there are cork-trees,— and all sorts of things are made out of them, such as life-preservers and everything."

"Very good," said the dear Little Schoolma'am. And then she read to the class a little paper about the cork-tree.

To-day every one of those children knows that Spain is a great country for cork-trees. Some of them know more yet on the subject, for they have inquired, and also have looked in the cyclopedia. You may follow the same plan, my chicks, whenever you feel like doing so.

What sort of tree is it, I wonder, big or little? does it bear flowers? Is the trunk all cork, or is the cork only the bark, or else the center of the trunk? My birds don't seem to know. One traveled fellow says that the cork-tree is "a kind of oak." Now, is that possible, my wise ones?

THAT FLORIDA LEAF.

MANY letters have come to this pulpit in answer to the message I gave you in April from Lutie E. D. I should like to show all these notes to you, my friends, but that is not practicable. Rita C., who writes pleasantly from St. Leo, Florida, says that her papa calls the plant the Bryophyllum; Ida May Ingersoll sends word from Florida that where she is living, and in Cuba also, it is called the Chandelier plant; E. J. H., now in Pernambuco, Brazil, says: "I have seen hundreds of these wonderful plants growing here in Brazil. I often pick one and put it away in a drawer, and in two weeks instead of one leaf there are many."

Next comes Cecil Barr, whose letter tells us about the leaf. He says:

I have read of a sprig of this life-leaf plant about fifteen feet long, cut from a banyan tree on this island of Nassau, which sprouted three months after it was cut, without water or earth, and with no other culture than being first packed in a trunk, and then hung up on a nail!

Last of all comes a delightful letter from a young girl of fourteen. It is so satisfactory and interesting, you shall have it entire:

MY DEAR "JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT": I think this is the first letter you have had from Uruguay or even from South America, because I have never seen any from here among the letters to you. I am writing in answer to the letter about the "Florida Leaf" in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS, 1895. From the description given I think it must be "The Life Plant," or "Leaf of Life" (Bryophyllum calycinum, natural order Grassulaceæ— Stone Crop and House-Leek family). It is a native of Asia, found in the Malaccas; it is a tall plant and grows to about three feet high with thick, bright green, succulent leaves, notched, leaving rounded segments; the stem of the plant is a pinkish brown color, the flowers are large and pendulous, of a greenish yellow, sometimes turning to purple. It is a greenhouse plant, but grows wild in Jamaica, West Indies, Brazil, and in Entre Rios, Argentine Republic. In Jamaica it is considered a great curiosity by the Creoles on account of its tenacity of the living principle, whence it is called the "Leaf of Life." A single leaf, if broken off and hung by a thread in a room, or put into a box or book, will begin to grow from every notch in little pink buds that soon turn green and form little leaves with long rootlets like threads. It grows if thrown upon the ground even if the leaves are cut in halves. It can only be dried to be put in a herbarium by first killing it with a hot iron or by boiling water. In its native country it grows in the hottest, stoniest places. Here, where I live, it grows very well, although it does not belong to this country and has not yet flowered. The hot climate suits it, and a small sprig that was brought here from Rio Janeiro nearly two years ago has given us about a hundred plants.

I am fourteen years old and live on an Estancia (that is a cattle and sheep farm, which corresponds to the ranches in North America). I was born here, but my father and mother are English. The Estancia is one of the largest; it is nine square leagues in size and has lovely woods as well as treeless parts (pampas); it is nearly surrounded by rivers, one of which is the Uruguay. There are 10,000 cattle, 40,000 sheep, 700 horses and about 2,000 ostriches. The men on the place speak only Spanish and are called "Lyanchos" and have a very picturesque dress; they nearly all ride well, and some of them are horse-breakers. My sister and I have only just begun to take ST. NICHOLAS, but for ten years we have had it given to us in bound numbers and we like it very much. I will write to you again soon and tell you more about this country and the house I live in. I am very interested in "The Boy of the First Empire"; I like stories of that time. Your loving reader,

FLORENCE M. RICKETTS.

THE WISE DOGS OF HOT MEXICO.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have just read in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS, a letter from a reader which states that the native Mexican dogs have no hair. This is true, as I can testify, having myself seen one of these curious dogs.

There is no hair on any part of the body except a tuft of down on top of the head and on the tip of the tail.

Very sincerely your friend,

FLORENCE W——.

WHITE-WINGED ANTS.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Here is something I want to tell you about. After the first autumn rain here, millions of white-winged ants throng the air. They generally come in flocks and you will see patches of them on the sidewalks when you are only too close to them. They do not sting, but they stick like burrs.

For a while after you will see countless wings lying upon the ground, but their owners have disappeared.

What causes the ants, and where do they come from? I think they come from the trees, for you find them most on the tree-shaded sidewalks.

Hoping to get an answer from yourself or some of your congregation, Your devoted hearer,

HARRIET E. G——.

WORK AND PRIZES FOR SPELLERS.

FIFTY BRAND NEW ONE-DOLLAR BILLS.

HERE is a story in verse that has given the dear Little Schoolma'am quite a shock. Though written expressly for you by her bright and honored friend, Mrs. E. T. Corbett, the precious little lady says she "*cannot stand it.*"

Think of that! Well, finally, with Mrs. Corbett's cordial consent, the Little Schoolma'am asks each and all of you boys and girls to "go carefully over" this story,—so full of queer, inappropriate spellings,—and write it out for her with all the words given correctly. I tell her she 'll have hundreds of copies, and surely she needs only one; but the dear soul says there cannot be too many. The more the merrier. And she is going to have judges who will examine all the copies and award prizes for the best twenty-four,—prizes of brand new one-dollar bills: ten of them for the very best one sent; five each for the three next best; two each for the five next best, and one each for the fifteen next best in order.

Well, here is the story. For further particulars concerning the spelling contest, I am requested to refer you to THE LETTER BOX* of this month.

MARION'S ADVENTURES.

A LITTLE made wanted two go too a bawl.
Said mamma: "Ewer to young;" butt she cried:
"Knot at awl—
I'll where my wight frock, with read gloves, I suppose;
My blew shoes will bee suite with rows-colored beaux,
And there 's my knew wring—'t is all that eye knead.
I 'll be dressed in grate stile, and seam lovely indeed."

To the garden she flue, saying: "No thyme to spare;
I must chews a nice flour to put in my hare."
But the garden was bear, and Marion side.
Neither bury nor bud in the boarders could hied.
She stood on the path four a minute, I wean,
But a beat and a bolder alone could be scene.
A cent from sum leaks was born on the gale.
"I 'll go," she exclaimed; "to the would and the veil."

Sew she went on her weigh, but she went fourth in vane.
She caught a bad cold, she was horse and in pane;
She would clime on a bow:—wen it broke with her wait,
She regretted the feet, for she could n't walk strait.
She uttered a whale—"Owe! my heal and my tow!
I 've injured my gate—I 've dun it, I no!"
A rye face she maid, and grate tiers did she shed—
Then homeward she limped, hart heavy as led.

As she hide to her rheum the clock peeled out ate,
And Marion fane wood have dressed for the fate,
But she fell in a feint. When her farther was tolled
The sad tail, he turned pail: "If our hoarse wasn't soled,
And the whether so fowl—air an our it will rein—
I 'd caul for the doctor to lessen her pane."
So Marion wept—she had mist the gay bawl,
And she gave a deep grown that was herd inn the haul.

* See page 1052.

THE STATES IN RHYME.

By Garrett Newkirk.

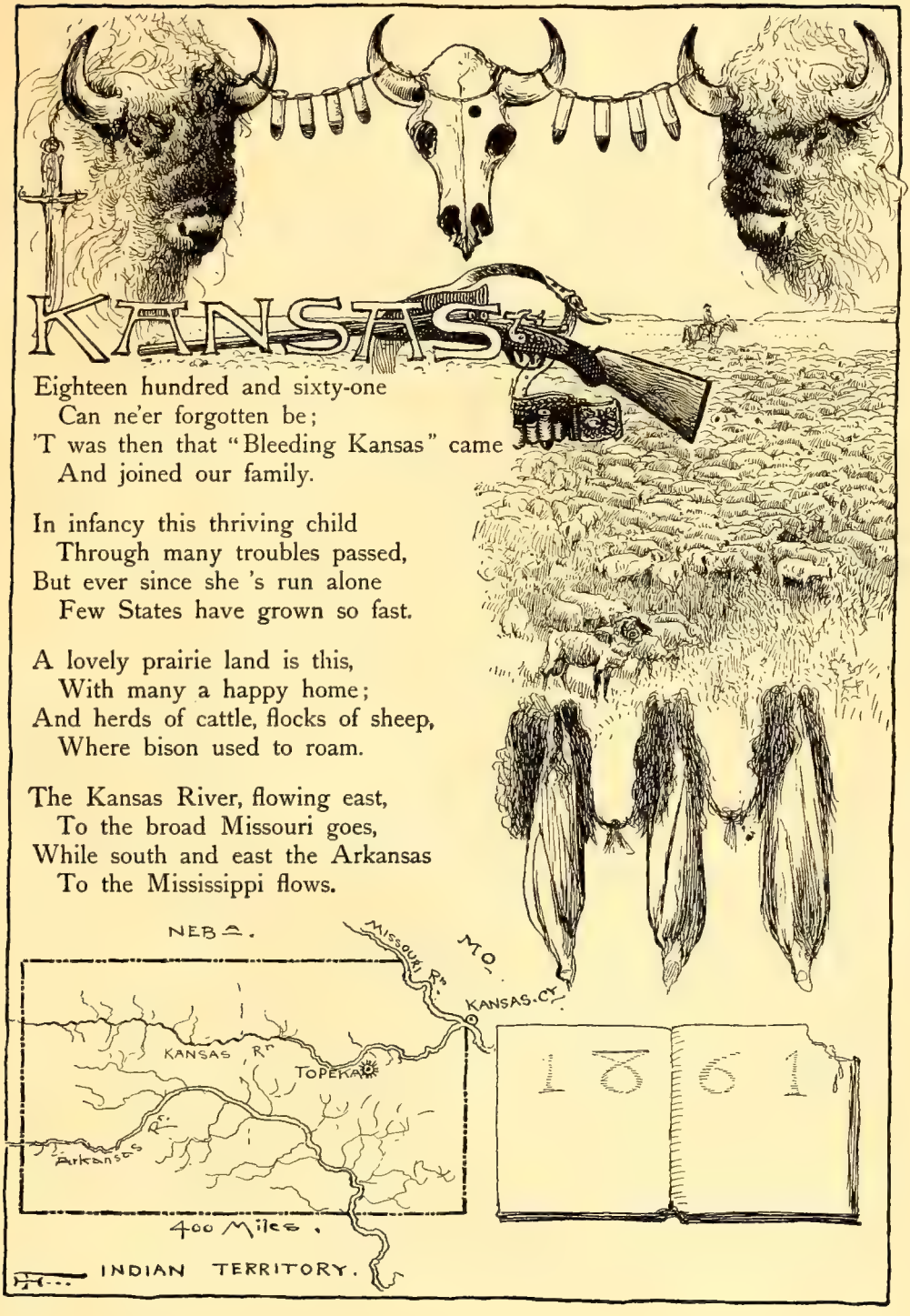


From Kansas, going north, we come
Upon Nebraska State,
Where people start from Omaha,
En route for the "Golden Gate."

Sometimes along the river Platte
Five hundred miles they ride;
Sometimes upon the higher ground
Through prairies rolling wide.

Nebraska's fertile prairie lands
Are good for corn and wheat;
And many tons are made each year
Of sugar from the beet.

Oh, mighty prairies of the West,
So boundless and so free!
How glorious roll your waves of green,
Like billows of the sea!



Eighteen hundred and sixty-one
Can ne'er forgotten be;
'T was then that "Bleeding Kansas" came
And joined our family.

In infancy this thriving child
Through many troubles passed,
But ever since she 's run alone
Few States have grown so fast.

A lovely prairie land is this,
With many a happy home;
And herds of cattle, flocks of sheep,
Where bison used to roam.

The Kansas River, flowing east,
To the broad Missouri goes,
While south and east the Arkansas
To the Mississippi flows.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

We are sure that all our readers will welcome the announcement in the Jack-in-the-Pulpit pages this month of a prize competition; and the exercise in spelling offered by the ingenious verses, "Marion's Adventures," will be found very entertaining and not really difficult.

In sending copies of the verses, all young competitors must be careful to write on only one side of the paper, and to sign the full name and address in every instance. Do not write letters or notes that require any reply, as we cannot undertake to answer questions. The conditions of the contest are fully stated in the Little Schoolma'am's offer and in the following paragraphs:

The competition is limited to subscribers and regular readers of St. Nicholas from the ages of ten to sixteen inclusive; and in awarding the prizes, not only the correctness of the version will be considered, but also the age of the sender, the general neatness of the copy, penmanship, and the time of receipt (allowing for the distance of the sender's residence from New York). All copies of the verses for this competition must be in hand by October 20th, and no competitor can submit more than one copy. For the protection of all, moreover, each copy offered must be signed by a parent, guardian, or teacher of the sender, with these words: I hereby certify that this is the unaided work of ——— (name) of ——— (address), aged ——

While the Little Schoolma'am of course hopes to obtain a large number of correct copies, it is possible that an absolutely correct version may not be received, and so some of those containing a few errors may still succeed in winning a prize. To many boys and girls the work will be easy, and from all it will require only care and patience. No reader of St. Nicholas, therefore, need hesitate to enter into the competition, and the Little Schoolma'am hopes to hear from a great many young folk, eager to set their wits to work and win a prize.

Address all communications for this competition to The Little Schoolma'am, Care of St. Nicholas, The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

The report awarding the prizes will appear in the December number.

SUMMARY OF PRIZES OFFERED.

1 First Prize.— $10.00 for the best answer.
3 Second Prizes.— $5.00 each, for the three next best.
5 Third Prizes.— $2.00 each, for the five next best.
15 Fourth Prizes.— $1.00 each, for the fifteen next best.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have traveled a good deal in Europe and other countries these last few years, and have seen many famous buildings.

In India we saw lots of curious things and had a delightful time, except for the inconvenience of not having any drinking-water, or at least any that Americans would call fit.

When my mother and father went out to a dinner-party they each had to take a servant to stand behind their chairs and wait on them. It must seem queer to most people over here, but there it was the regular custom and is considered only polite.

Most of the houses there are very picturesque with all of their beautiful eastern hangings, panels, and various draperies.

We spent six months in India and then went to Dresden, where the wonderful gallery of art is, and we saw the beautiful pictures. I think that Dresden is a lovely city, but I had more fun in India, where everything was so new and strange.

I enjoy you immensely and had my cousin forward you to me when I was abroad, for you see I changed my address so often. I remain your faithful reader,

Alice N. S——.

Somerville, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: I want to tell you about a nice time I had last summer when I was down on Cape Cod.

Mama, my sisters, some friends, and myself went out for a row on the river; we rowed for quite a while, when all of a sudden we found we could row no further; the tide was low and we were stuck on the sand.

We enjoyed ourselves for about an hour watching the fish and eels that were covered with phosphorescence; they sparkled and rather frightened us for they would dart so quickly when we least expected it. We played games until mama thought we had better row home. A friend stood up in the bow of the boat to tell us what way to go. We stuck several times but finally got out where the water was deep. Every time we rowed a stroke the water would glisten with phosphorescence.

I am your interested reader, Florence D——.

Montgomery, Ala.

Dear St. Nicholas: For over a month I have been wishing to write and tell you what a comfort you were to a poor "sister," when there were two little girls and a small, but very energetic, boy to be amused through an attack of the measles. They all were sick at the same time, and upon me fell the pleasant duty of reading aloud, as our mother had her time sufficiently occupied making chicken-soup and blanc-mange for the invalids.

I don't know what I should have done without the piles of old St. Nicks in the children's-room, for many and varied were the subjects I was requested to read about. And little Dick spent most of the time, when he was not occupied in dropping things over the ledge of his bed for the fun of standing on his head to reach them before I

caught him, hunting up articles he thought would be specially interesting, and as soon as I came in the room he would point to a heap of ten or twelve numbers and wave me to a chair with a graceful gesture of his little speckled legs. And he would really keep quiet as long as I read.

All of them are well now, and planning for fun when they go to visit our aunt; but little Dick is pegging away at his first reader so he can learn to read "The Boy of the First Empire" to himself.

I am so glad vacation has come, for I studied a good deal last winter preparing for college, and I went to my tutor in the evening instead of morning and found it very inconvenient, because when I was free my friends were at school and vice versa.

I am afraid this letter will be too long, but I want to tell you something my little sister said one day. She was walking down the garden walk with mother and stopped to admire a beautiful butterfly poised, with quivering wings, on a rose: "Mama," she said with a puzzled look, "what makes this flutterby wink his leaves so?"

I must close now, as there is some more practice "to make my hair straight and make my nose curl" to be done by your devoted reader, "KITTYWINKS."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend lent me some of your lovely magazines, and I like them so much mama is going to buy them for me every month. I have nothing much to do but read, and I enjoy them very much.

I am an invalid. I have been in bed a year, but the last few months I have been in a wheel-chair so that now I can look out of the window and be rolled from one room to the other.

I fell on roller skates about six years ago which caused a disease of the spine. I am sixteen years old. I have not been to school in four years. From one of your loving readers, FLORENCE MAUDE K——.

PARIS, FRANCE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl living in Paris and go to a convent school. Papa goes across the river to the other side of the city every month, expressly to get you, for I really think I could not do without you.

With my brother I have great times going over the scenes described in your story of the "Boy of the First Empire." It seems more real to see the actual ground.

Some time ago I was taken to see the grave of General Lafayette, which is in a cemetery back of the grounds of the Convent of Picpus, in a far-away part of Paris. We entered the gate of the convent and there were met by the concierge, who was a very good-hearted little old woman, and showed us first the very wall that Victor Hugo, in "Les Misérables," says Jean Valjean climbed over with little Cosette on his back. Then she led us down through some beautiful gardens, which were kept very neat and clean, and through a gate in a wall. We were now in a little cemetery where several noble families are buried. In a far corner we found the tomb of dear Lafayette. A large, flat, plain-looking gray slab of stone covered his grave. A small United States flag stood at one side, and a neat grave-decoration presented by the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America was on the other side. Beside him lay his wife, who had a tombstone very much like his own, and several of his family were buried near by.

To the left of the grave was an iron gate in a high wall. Through this we could see a monument in the midst of beautiful bushes and flowers. In this little quiet corner of Paris are buried thirteen hundred or more people who were beheaded during the terrible Revolution of 1789. Their bodies were thrown into a pit here. Among them was the body of General Beauharnais, the Empress Josephine's first husband. His head was cut off during the Reign of Terror.

We felt very sad as we stood by the grave of Lafayette and thought over this horrible history; but we felt glad also that, after all the great Lafayette did for our country, his fate was not so terrible. A peaceful death brought him to this quiet grave, where all true Americans who can should come to honor his name.

Coming out we saw two funny little fat nuns dressed in gray, going around muttering prayers. The concierge gave me two beautiful pansies, plucked from the garden, which I shall always keep in remembrance of Lafayette's grave.

With many wishes for your prosperity, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I remain your devoted reader,

ANNA LOUISE LEHMAN.

OUR readers will find in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1892, page 643, an interesting story by Victor Mapes, of two patriotic American boys who decorated Lafayette's grave one Fourth of July in Paris a few years ago.

PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am not quite seven years old but I have been reading your magazine a long time. I have six brothers but no sisters. We are spending the summer on the seashore. I love to wade and catch crabs. We had a big time on the Fourth of July, I never saw fireworks before in summer. We always have them at Christmas. Your constant reader,

EMILY M——.

THE MANSE, QUEENSTOWN, CAPE COLONY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of thirteen years of age. I am a constant reader of your magazine, but I have never written to you before. I have read many interesting letters which have been published in your Letter Box, but none from Cape Colony. I dare say some of your readers would like to hear something of life in this country. The town I live in is a border town. It is surrounded by a chain of mountains, and it is about 160 miles from the sea. A few miles to the east of it is Kaffir Land. The town is the center of a wide agricultural district. Many of the farmers in the neighborhood keep ostriches. I would like to tell you of a little adventure I once had with an ostrich when I was on a visit to a farm with my father. I had an air-gun and wished to use it. I got tired of waiting for my father to come out with me, as he was speaking to the farmer so I slipped away by myself. I went into one of the camps to try to shoot some pigeons which I saw there. They flew off to some little distance and I followed them up, but each time I came within range of them they flew a little further on. I had followed them up for about 200 yards when I suddenly became aware of a large ostrich about 300 yards in front of me. He was coming along toward me, but as I had often been in the camps before, and had found the ostriches harmless, I took no notice of him. But this time a pair of them had a nest, and this was the male bird of the pair. Presently he began to run toward me, then lay down and flapped his wings on the ground. I was rather surprised and alarmed at this proceeding, and, turning round, I ran as hard as I could toward the nearest fence; but as soon as he saw me turn he got up and charged after me. The harder I ran the faster he came on. After I had run about fifty yards I looked over

my shoulder and just behind me was the ostrich, a great mass of fluttering feathers. In another second I received such a blow on the back that I shot forward about ten yards and then fell, plowing along the ground for some distance. Fortunately, the ostrich had been running too fast to kick at me, and had simply run over me, striking me with his breast. He could not stop at once but ran on some distance ahead, then turned and came back to where I was lying. He then proceeded to jump on me, coming down with his full weight on my side. He repeated this several times, and then I became unconscious. When I came to my senses there were several Kaffirs with my father and the farmer standing round me. Each Kaffir had a long, forked stick keeping off the ostrich that still careered round about us. They helped me home to the farm and I lay in bed nearly all day. I had received two ugly gashes on the side of my forehead, and my ribs were so sore that I could hardly walk from the pain in them. This is an experience which I think none of your American readers can have had. I hope this account of my adventure will be interesting to them. I am your interested reader,

DOUGLAS R. R——.

BRISTOL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am spending the summer in Bristol and it is a very interesting place. There is part of the old house Captain Benjamin Church used to live in who killed King Philip on Mt. Hope. The house is two hundred and fourteen years old.

The other day I rode to Mt. Hope and saw the chair, made of rock, King Philip used to hold his councils in, and also the place where he was killed.

He was killed near a spring, so it is called King Philip's Spring. Hoping you will publish this I remain, your great admirer, HELEN C. R——.

DIGBY, NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is our second summer in Digby. Digby is a little town on the Annapolis Basin about six miles from the Gut, a strait connecting the Basin with the Bay of Fundy. On each side of Digby is a deep bay, one called the Racquette, the other the Joggin. The tide here rises from twenty-six to thirty feet and at low tide both bays are bare. At high tide the two- and three-masted schooners, which were stranded in the mud, float and sail out in safety.

We were told, the other day by a "city chap," that the tide rises and falls twice in the twenty-four hours. He seemed to think it was something extraordinary and unheard of. I wonder where he came from.

Digby is a very interesting town. It boasts four or five hotels. But the chief interest is the fishing village.

On the Racquette there are six wharves, all in a state of fishiness and oldness, more or less. To these wharves come the fishing-boats with their crews of jolly fishermen and their barrels of fish. Some are dirty, some are clean. When the former come in it is best to go to another wharf.

Yesterday a small sloop came in. The crew, four with the captain, stood on deck with the ropes, one out on the bowsprit ready to jump on shore. The men leaped on shore and fastened the ropes, and then they put on their oil-skins preparatory to unloading the fish.

Then with pitchforks they threw the fish up on the wharf. The fish, cleaned and partly salted, slipped and slid in all directions, but the men did not care, catching them up they tossed them on the wharf again. It was Saturday afternoon so the fish were not weighed but covered with a sail. They still lie on the wharf while the men saunter about, for it pours to-day.

Digby is beautiful! There is no such air anywhere! Though we wear our "red, white, and blue," and remember "Uncle Sam" and our dear New York, we shall be sorry to leave Digby.

Friday at an entertainment they ended with "God save the Queen." The Queen's flag floats from boats and houses; but our flag, "The Star Spangled Banner," proudly beckons to the breezes from the mastheads of many pleasure-boats, and the tops of the cottages taken for the summer by families from the States.

Yours sincerely, VIRGINIA O——.

NATURAL BRIDGE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICK for more than ten years and know I could not get along without it. And I like especially the letters, but I have never yet seen one written from this place.

I like "Jack Ballister's Fortunes" better than any story published, and after that "A Boy of the First Empire." I live within one hundred yards of the Celebrated Natural Bridge, the "Seventh Wonder of the World." Looking from our front porch one can see, in the distance, Thunder Ridge, the highest point of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and at its base winds the historic James River. We have three dogs: "Flush," an Irish setter, a Scotch collie named "Glory," and "Chimmie Fadden," a yellow bull-pup. I remain your constant reader, H. G. E——.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

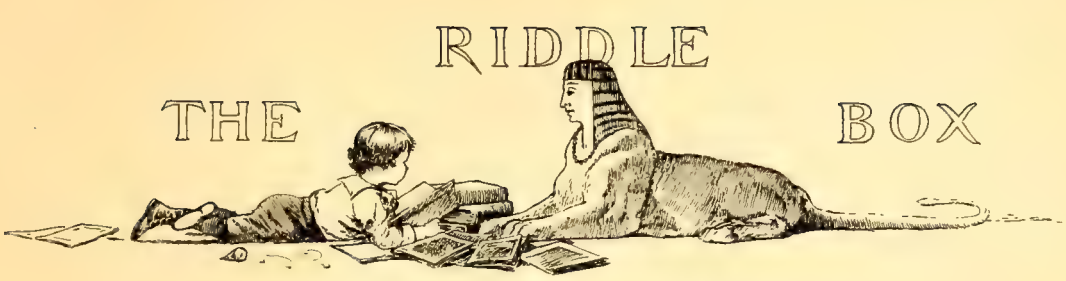
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in San José, the "Garden City," which is about fifty miles from San Francisco.

I used to live in Columbus, Ohio, but my parents moved to San José when I was eight years old. I live about twenty-two miles from Mt. Hamilton on which is situated the Great Lick Observatory. I went there once and stayed all day and it was all explained to me. Professor Barnard showed us the Dog-star through the twelve-inch telescope. But we were not allowed to look through the large one as they only allow you to look through the big telescope on Saturday nights. We can see the domes, in which are the telescopes, every day. There are a great many interesting things to see there. I saw the wind-machine that tells how fast the wind blows an hour, and the machine that measures the rainfall, and the great tall clocks that keep time for all California.

I remain, Your little friend, MARIE B——.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them:

Corinne DeZeller, Ethel Ames Tyler, Josie A. S., Oscar Baumgart, Lambert H., Florence Strong, Bertie B., Russell Fawcett, Winifred Warner, Myra Lloyd Musser, Mary A. Spencer, Lucy B. G., Alice M., Marie Baldwin, Clara V. Becker, Mary Chandler Draper, Willie C. E., Georgette P. P., Natalie C. O., C. V. Briggs, C. Evstaphieve C., Jean Aiken, Maynard Grover, Elizabeth B. S., Alice G. E., Ellen S. A., Sadie A., Kate H., William P., Dunham Jackson.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. B. 2. Mob. 3. Mourn. 4. Bouquet. 5. Brunt. 6. Net. 7. T.

STAR PUZZLE. From 2 to 1, needs; 3 to 2, grain; 3 to 4, guess; 4 to 1, soars; 5 to 4, files; 5 to 6, fakir; 6 to 1, rends; 7 to 6, floor; 7 to 8, fears; 8 to 1, stars; 9 to 8, opals; 9 to 10, opera; 10 to 1, atlas; 11 to 10, aroma; 11 to 12, alter; 12 to 1, rills; 12 to 13, refer; 13 to 2, ripen.

PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES. 1. K-in-k. 2. Y-earl-y. 3. S-par-s. 4. S-light-s. 5. S-pore-s. 6. T-wis-t. 7. S-team-s. 8. Y-east-y. 9. S-late-s. 10. S-wing-s.

RHOMBOID. 1. Bane. 2. Tome. 3. Dial. 4. Trim. 5. Near. 6. Fret.

OCTAGONS. I. 1. Bat. 2. Blurt. 3. Augur. 4. Truly. 5. Try. II. 1. Net. 2. Norah. 3. Erase. 4. Tasty. 5. Hey.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Irving. 1. Ink. 2. Rabbit. 3. Vulture. 4. Ibis. 5. Nut. 6. Guitar.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Good humor may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society."

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARE. I. 1. Able. 2. Boil. 3. Link. 4. Elks. II. 1. Card. 2. Away. 3. Race. 4. Dyer. III. 1. Sand. 2. Afar. 3. Name. 4. Drew. IV. 1. Wood. 2. Ogle. 3. Olga. 4. Dear. V. 1. Wren. 2. Ripe. 3. Epic. 4. Neck.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, bream; 1 to 3, baked; 2 to 4, match; 3 to 4. ditch; 5 to 6, naked; 5 to 7, nizam; 6 to 8, dated; 7 to 8, moved; 1 to 5, ban; 2 to 6, mad; 4 to 8, hod; 3 to 7, dim.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Horseshoe. Cross-words: 1. boHea. 2. alOne. 3. caRts. 4. baSin. 5. crEek. 6. baSte. 7. apHis. 8. clOgs. 9. blEnd.——WORD PUZZLE. Head.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from M. McG.—G. B. Dyer—"Tod and Yam"—Walter L. Haight—"Shrimp"—Florence E. Goldschmidt—"Clive"—Blanche and Fred—R. S. B. and A. N. I.—Pearl F. Stevens—"Owl's Nest Club"—Josephine Sherwood—Franklyn Farnsworth—Grace E. Sherman—"Jersey Quartette"—Paul Reese—Emily B. Dunning—Harold M. Case—Donald S. and Isabel H. Noble—"Four Weeks of Kane"—Emily Russell and Nicholas Bleecker—"Merry and Co."—Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher—Daisy B. Allen—Helen C. McCleary—Robert S. Clement—Mary Lester and Harry—"Fallsburg"—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from "Connecticut Trio," 1—Anna M. Lewis, 1—"Wisdom," 2—Howard Dingle, 1—Theron G. Yeomans, Jr., 2—"Coquettes," 3—G. C. R. Kelly, 1—Lydia and W. Maxwell Moore, 2—Alida F. Brown and Mary E. Bogardus, 1—M. E. H., 2—Chas. J. Harriman, 1—Ruth Cutter, 9—Ingeborg, Margaret. Sinclair and Co., 5—Anna A. A. Coleman, 3—"Flower that Blooms," 2—Marjorie Lewis, 1—Robt. M. Mathews, 1—"Trudie Wah, 6—Lelia M. Tyler, 1—Grace Busenbark, 1—Helen Jones, 2—Margaret M. Reeve, 3—Alfred G. B. Steel, 1—Herbert S. Abraham, 4—Clara W. and Bessie C. Chambers and Robt. E. Hopkins, 5—Katharine E. Selden, 1—"Trilby," 3—C. L. L. F., 1—C. L. Field and G. A. Lawlor, 1—Edith Fernald, 1—J. Bertram Mitchell, 1—Meta Mencke, 3—J. Merchant, 2—E. Marion Prescott, 1—H. O. Koerper, 4—"Two Huckleberries," 7—Emily Hunter, 1—Samuel G. Friedman, 1—Abby S. Howell, 1—Oscar Baumgart, 1—Arthur K. Porter and Louise H. Merritt, 2—N. C., 4—Louisa E. Jones, 8—Uncle Will and Ed, 3—Uncle Will and Fannie, 8—Helen Richards, 1—J. Honora Swartz, 7—Dana Crawford, 10—Lucius Tuttle, 9—"Nip and Tuck," 3—"Goosequill," 2—L. B. Shaw and B. B. and K. Lyon, 1—Roger Toll, 3—M. B. Twelner, 2—John Coolidge, 9—C. V. Briggs, 2—"The Trio," 4—Edith De Baun, 2—E. D. P., 2—George Heyl Adams, 9—"Knott Innit," 9—Georgia Bugbee, 10—George S. Corlew, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 10—"Trenton Trio," 9—Alma Steiner, 5—Rebecca W., 2—Charles Travis, 10—Katharine D. Hull, 2—"Five Cousins," 7—"Sporting Pig," 3—Mary Pratt, 4—Mama and Marguerite Feldpauche, 1—"Devonites," 4—"Jacobii," 10—"Gabrielle-Marie," 3—Marguerite Sturdy, 8—Ellen Jewett, 5—Helen Rogers, 10—Catharine G. Welch, 1—"Houltonites," 4—M. S. Williams, 5—"Two Little Brothers," 10—Adelaide M. Gaither, 1—Burgess and Almé St. J., 9—Dorothy Green, 10—M. Louise Baldwin, 4—Harry and Roy Williams, 10—"Two Romans," 8—Eugene T. Walter, 1—Laura M. Zinser, 6—Oskytel H. C., 1—Paul Rowley, 9—Ethel and Edna, 2—Bob Bright, 7—James Maynard, Jr., and his father, 10—Azro and Charles Lewis, 2—O. S. W., 9—"Three Little Maids from Edgewater," 10—Frederica Yeager, 8—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 10—"The Butterflies," 9—"Tweedledum and Tweedledee," 7—Hans and Otto Wolkwitz, 7—No Name, Hackensack, 9—"The Quartette," 3—Herbert A. Alex. and H. George H., 3—Jo and I, 10—Albert Smith Faught, 9—Harry and Helen, 8.

HIDDEN GRAINS OF CORN.

EXAMPLE: Find a grain of corn in the name of a famous French author. Answer, Corn-eille.

1. Find one in the name of one of Shakspere's heroines.
2. Find one in a musical instrument.
3. Find one in the fruit of an oak.
4. Find one in an English poet's pen-name.
5. Find one in a retired place.
6. Find one in an emblem of abundance.
7. Find one in an architectural projection.

JULIA B. CHICK.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name given to quite a large body of water.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A common quadruped. 2. Wisdom. 3. Freighted. 4. To deserve. 5. To entertain with food or drink. 6. A heavenly body. 7. Separates. 8. A mistake. 9. A small venomous serpent. 10. To disturb or irritate. 11. Liberated. 12. The best part of a joke. 13. A cross, ill-tempered woman.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

QUINCUNX.

. . .
. .
. . .
. .
. . .

ACROSS: 1. A Shakespearean character. 2. To take food. 3. To be delirious. 4. The evening before a holiday. 5. Certain days in the Roman calendar.

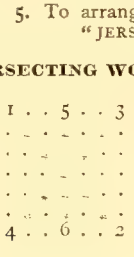
Diagonally, beginning at the lower, left-hand. 1. A letter from Russia. 2. A color. 3. To go away from. 4. The lower edges of a roof. 5. The goddess of revenge. 6. A letter from Russia.

HULME.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A FRAGMENT. 2. An article of furniture. 3. To lift. 4. A passage. 5. To arrange, as birds arrange their feathers. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

INTERSECTING WORDS.



CROSSWORDS: 1. By degrees. 2. Cooked over coals. 3. A storehouse for grain. 4. To injure by false reports. 5. Pacified. 6. Items entered in a book. 7. Conjectured.

From 1 to 2, bestowed; from 3 to 4, tendency; from 5 to 6, certain meals. HERBERT W. ELLIS.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters; when rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a celebrated American writer.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and forty-nine letters, and form a quotation from Colton's "Lacon."

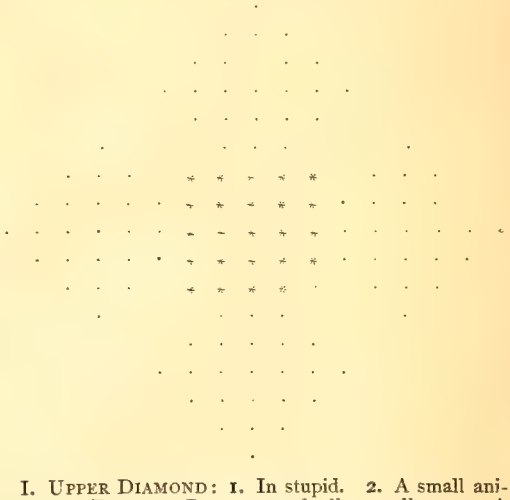
My 64–13–39–23 is delicate. My 121–109–57–47 is network. My 92–30–107–18 is crippled. My 7–100–88–147–103 is quaked. My 25–97–33–111–15 is a quick puff of smoke. My 74–2–137–143–70 are useful animals. My 135–21–67–52–50 is part of a saw. My 115–94–5–118–82 is much discussed by bicyclers. My 41–90–72–76–43 are freaks. My 86–145–35–140–132 is a very hard metallic substance. My 11–49–54–28–129 are animals of the hog kind. My 37–9–127–122–14 is a bundle of grain or straw. My 89–113–80–149–32 is a cub. My 22–124–61–45–78 is a large quadruped. My 120–105–59–144–65–133–16 is a prickly plant. My 46–101–63–83–26–142 is the name of several cereal and forage grasses. My 68–131–117–1–95–19 is to hurry. My 99–96–85–108–75–36 is writhes. My 71–81–55–112–66–114–4 is a large animal belonging to the cat family. My 29–93–38–139–104–141–84 is rumor. My 146–110–42–20–56–3–79 is the golden-winged woodpecker. My 31–98–87–106–24–6–148–123 is attitude. My 12–73–119–116–138–34–91–102–126 is artful. My 58–48–77–8–136–62–128–10–125–53 is outlandish. My 40–17–51–60–27–44–69–130–134 is an animal with a big hump on the back. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."

BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS.

1. READ forward, I am a time of feasting and jollity; read backward, I am a mechanical power.
2. Forward, a little article found in every work-basket; backward, folds or doublings of thread.
3. Forward, an enlarged root; backward, to repulse.
4. Forward, dress; backward, to boast.
5. Forward, a dull color; backward, a poet.
6. Forward, a popular sport; backward, to whip severely.
7. Forward, to subsist; backward, wrong-doing.
8. Forward, a blow with the hand; backward, vulgar associates.
9. Forward, guardianship; backward, to sketch.
10. Forward, a planet; backward, rodents.

PLEASANT E. TODD.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In stupid. 2. A small animal. 3. Fast. 4. Became gradually smaller. 5. A rod with a short crosspiece at the end. 6. A cave. 7. In stupid.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In wrapped. 2. A label. 3. An instructor. 4. Irrigated. 5. Pierced. 6. A color. 7. In wrapped.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A portable chair. 2. In good season. 3. Musical instruments. 4. Egyptian dancing-girls. 5. A genus of trees or shrubs.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In coast. 2. To cover the top or end of. 3. A fowl. 4. Useful in cleaning. 5. One of the Anthozoa. 6. To bite. 7. In coast.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In doses. 2. A play upon words. 3. Attendants. 4. Sweetened. 5. Courage. 6. To notice. 7. In doses. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

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A Joyful Easter

